★ Sept. 23, 1939

THE NEW YORKER

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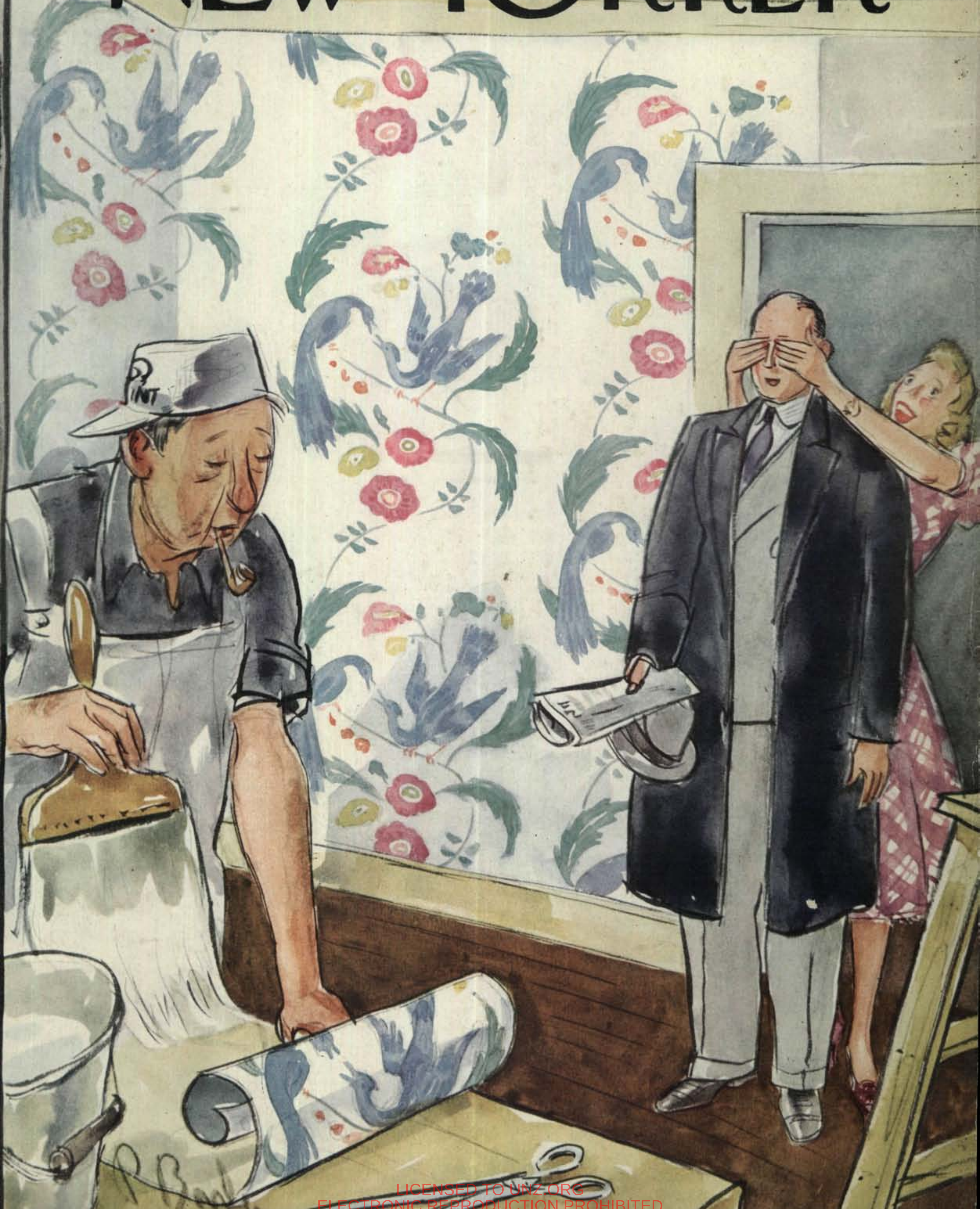

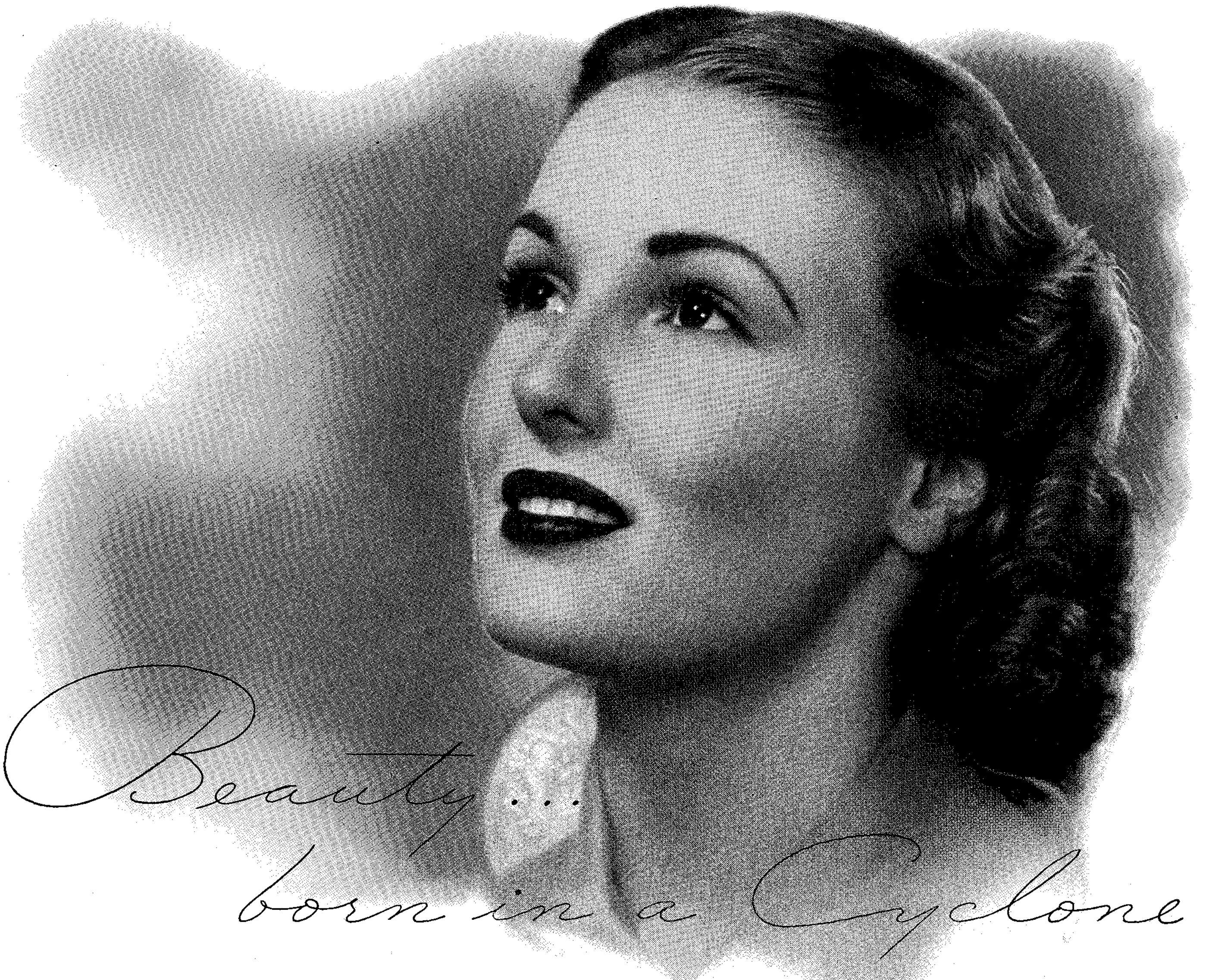

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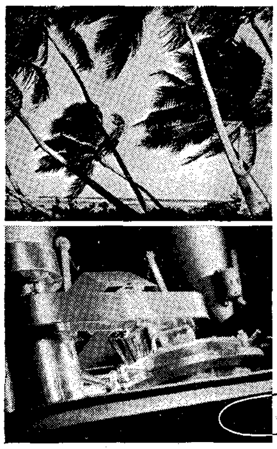

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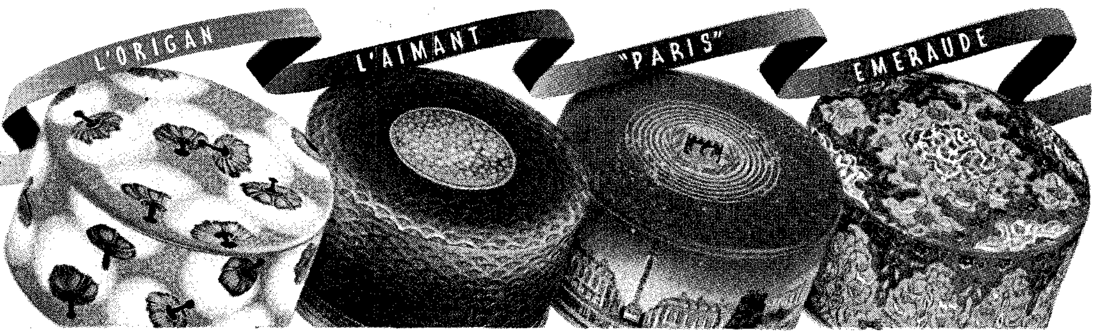

FRAGRANCE GUIDE

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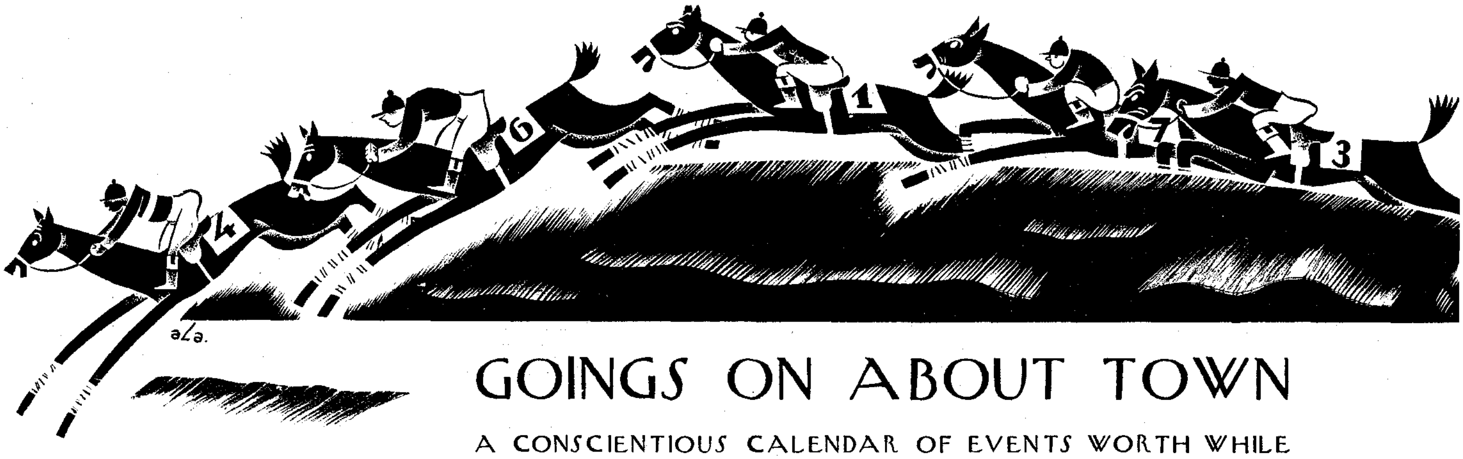

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPT. 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPT. 30. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, AND EASTERN STANDARD AFTER THAT DATE.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—Robert E. Sherwood's fine play about the early years in New Salem and Springfield *won this year's Pulitzer Prize, and* deserved it. The cast includes Richard Gaines, Adele Longmire, and Muriel Kirkland. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:35. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

THE AMERICAN WAY—An enormous pageant of American small-town life over the past forty-odd years, thrilling to watch and worth having on the record. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Ruth Weston, and McKay Morris. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Sept. 23.)

THE LITTLE FOXES—A good, solid play about a Southern family who always have their hands in each other's pockets. Tallulah Bankhead in a fine rôle, aided by Patricia Collinge and Frank Conroy. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

NO TIME FOR COMEDY—Katharine Cornell magnificent in S. N. Behrman's comedy about a playwright who couldn't make up his mind whether to be funny or profound. Also, Francis Lederer and Margalo Gillmore. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Closes Sat., Sept. 30.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY—Philip Barry's agreeable comedy of an heiress who learned about life from a magazine writer. Katharine Hepburn is splendid in the leading part; also in the cast are Van Heflin, Vera Allen, and Joseph Cotten. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Sixth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Willie Howard, Ella Logan, Ann Miller, the Three Stooges, and a lot of very appetizing girls fooling around in a revue that ranges from fairly gay to good and dirty. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

HELLZ-A-POPPIN—Olsen and Johnson and their private madhouse. Stay away if your nerves are weak or your sense of humor is dainty. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

PINS AND NEEDLES, 1940—Better see this again, if only for the "Red Mikado" sketch that's been added. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-3824. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE STREETS OF PARIS—A somewhat more rational version of "Hellz-a-Poppin," but pretty strange and wonderful still. The cast includes Bobby Clark, Luella Gear, Abbott and Costello, and a Brazilian girl called Carmen Miranda, who is disturbing all the gentlemen terribly. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

YOKEL BOY—A rather simple-minded musical comedy, with plenty of girls in it, that ought to be all right *for a dull night in your life.* Buddy Ebsen, Judy Canova, and Dixie Dunbar, among others, are in the cast. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

JOURNEY'S END—A revival of R. C. Sherriff's drama, with Colin Keith-Johnston, Reginald Mason, A. P. Kaye, and Glenn Hunter. Produced by Leonard Sillman. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates.)

THE STRAWHAT REVUE—A new Shubert show, with Imogene Coca, among others. Opens Tues. Eve., Sept. 26. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 6-9500. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

SEE MY LAWYER—Milton Berle, Teddy Hart, Eddie Nugent, and others in a new show by Richard Maibaum and Harry Clark. Produced by George Abbott. Opens Wed. Eve., Sept. 27. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

BARTER THEATRE—Robert Porterfield's group from Abingdon, Va., presents a one-act version of "Romeo and Juliet," by Ethel Park Richardson, and "Country Jig," by Fred Stewart: Sun. Eve., Sept. 24, at 8:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.)

SUMMER STOCK

(No matinées, unless otherwise noted.)

MILLBURN—"Flight Into China," a new play by Pearl Buck: through Sat., Sept. 23. Rudy Vallée in "The Man in Possession": Mon. through Sat., Sept. 25-30. (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat.)

MOYLAN—"Candida": Thurs., Sept. 21. "In Abraham's Bosom": Fri., Sept. 22. "The Emperor Jones": Sat. and Mon., Sept. 23 and 25. "Heartbreak House": Tues., Sept. 26. "Honey!": Wed., Sept. 27. "The Nuremberg Egg": Thurs., Sept. 28. "Man and Superman": Fri., Sept. 29. "Beloved Leader": Sat., Sept. 30. (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan-Rose Valley, Pa. Sept. 29 at 7:30; other Eves. at 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Sat., Sept. 30.)

NEW HOPE—"Ah, Wilderness!," with Taylor Holmes and Florence McGee: through Sat., Sept. 23. "The Happy Ending," a new play by Ralph and Eugene Burton: Mon. through Sat., Sept. 25-30. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

SKOWHEGAN—"Spring Meeting," closing show: through Sat., Sept. 23. (Lakewood Theatre, Lakewood, Skowhegan, Me. 8 o'clock. Mat. 2:30, Sat.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of places where, with a few noted exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. *Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there* on Mon. Eves.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat with plashing fountains, and music for dinner dancing by Ramon Ramos's orchestra.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Horace Heidt and his orchestra play for dancing at the Roof until it closes Tues., Sept. 26, and then will move downstairs to the Bowman Room, which reopens the following night.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—A cozy little spot to try if you want to have a casual good time. George Sterney's orchestra, the Tisdale Trio, and Anne Francine are on hand to help you out.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Plenty of room to dance in pleasant, if sedate, surroundings. Music by Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A favorite place of the uptowners, with Hal Saunders' *orchestra supplying the music.* Downtowners who make the trip seem to like it, too.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room reopens Thurs., Sept. 21, with Nicholas D'Amico and his orchestra playing for dinner dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—As stately and spacious as ever, and still just as high up. Jack Cole and his dancers, the Revuers, Anne Gerard, Al Donahue's orchestra, and Eddie Le Baron's rumba band are on more or less revolving duty. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra plays in the informal Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Viennese Roof has frothy entertainment and two orchestras—Jules Landé's and Joseph Rines'. Saccharine, but fun. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . The new Hawaiian Maisonette *(it was the Maisonette Russe last year)* opens Thurs. Eve., Sept. 28.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is all the patrons ask for at the Café Lounge, and, with the exception of Emile Petti's orchestra, she's all they get. Her songs are well worth a hearing.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Music by Sonny Kendis's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Sophie Tucker heads the new show here. Music by Maximilian

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XV, No. 32, Sept. 23, 1939. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1939, by the F-R Publishing Corporation in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

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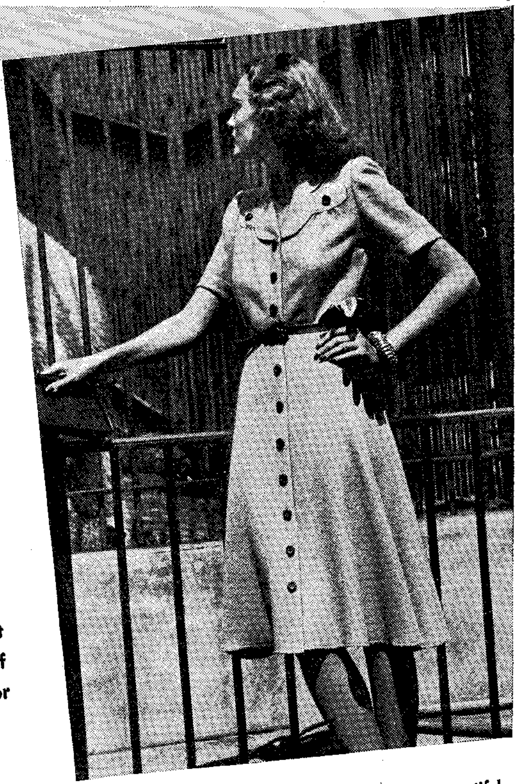
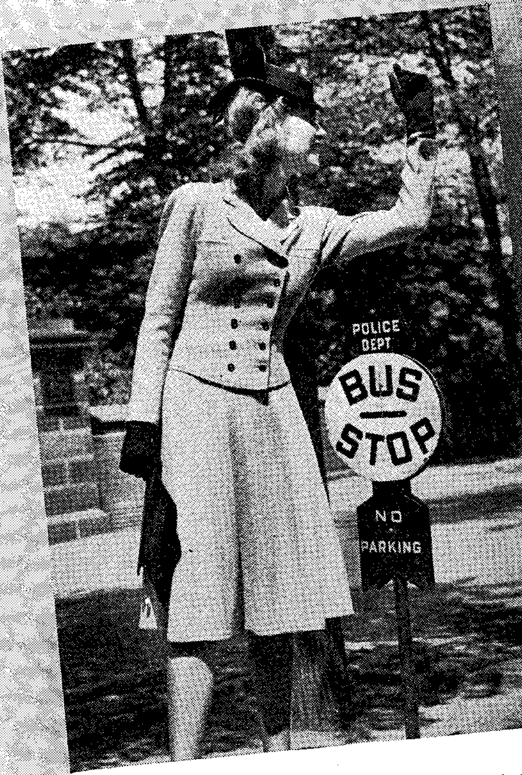


CASUAL LINES, a clever collar and beautiful shoulders will make this your standby for many seasons to come. Davois blue, maple, thistle pink, heather rose. Sizes 12 to 20. **29.95**



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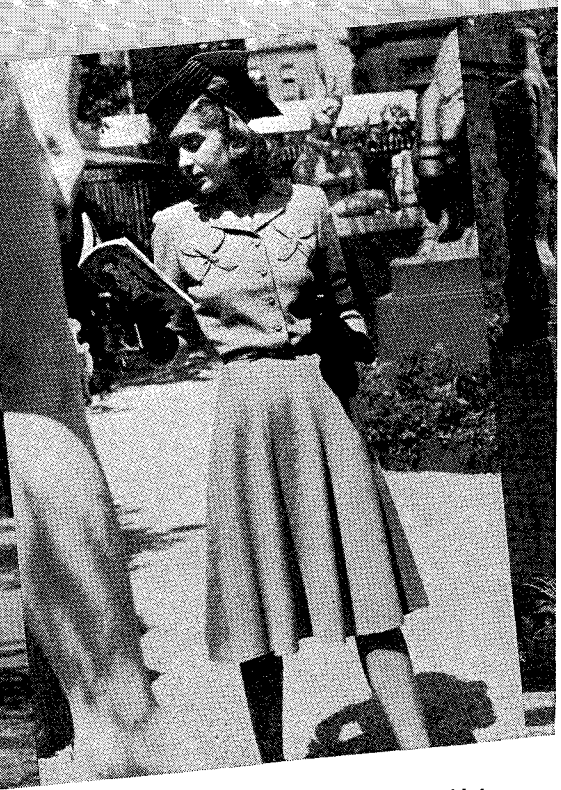

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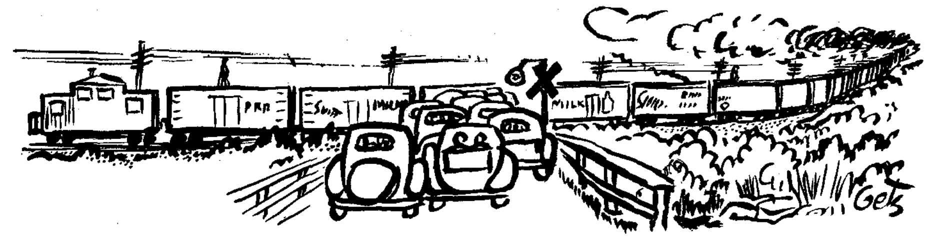
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The vast Starlight Roof has Hal Kemp's orchestra and, *during the supper hour,* Xavier Cugat's rumba band. . . . Cugat plays in the Sert Room for dinner dancing, and there, too, are Georges and Jalna.

Note—The new supper club, Ciro's of London, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 5-7525), is scheduled to open Wed. Eve., Sept. 27, with Jerome Zerbe as host and music by John Gart and his orchestra. Formal dress required.

Miscellaneous—Shep Fields is playing at the **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000). . . . The **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300), has Leighton Noble and his band. No dancing Mon. . . . Eddie Varzos is at the **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800). Fill-in band Mon. . . . Basil Fomeen's orchestra plays at the **GLASS HAT,** 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200). Fill-in band Mon. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-1967), specializes in swing, with, except Mon., Bud Freeman and his orchestra and, except Tues., the Zutty Singleton Trio. . . . Louis Prima has a hot band at the **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524). . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737), has Stuff Smith's band and Coleman Hawkins' quartet. . . . The **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910), gives you gipsy music and, if your table is a good one, a view of Central Park. . . . Vincent Bragale's and Frank Mandella's orchestras are playing at **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760). . . . The **KIT KAT CLUB,** 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543), keeps right on with Negro entertainment and Connie McLean's band. Better go late. . . . You may dine either indoors or out at the **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600), and listen to Arthur Ravel's orchestra. . . . *There's a fine view of the harbor at* the **BOSSERT MARINE ROOF,** Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100), where Terry Shand's orchestra is playing.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—Billy Rose has a Gay Nineties revue at his **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500). . . . The show at the **INTERNATIONAL CASINO,** B'way at 44 (CH 4-2244), is as elaborate as ever. . . . Emery Deutsch's orchestra plays for the girl show at the **PARADISE,** B'way at 49 (CI 7-1080). . . . At Jack White's **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858), there is Jack White, of course, and Gordon Andrew's orchestra. . . . The **COTTON CLUB,** B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000), has Cab Calloway and Bill Robinson heading the show.

Greenwich Village—There is lots of singing and piano-playing at **BARNEY GALLANT'S,** 86 University Place (ST 9-0209). . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414), is a lively late spot for the sturdy. . . . The **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355), now has some Calypso singers. No entertainment Mon.

Harlem—It's fun to watch the dancing of the regular customers at the **SAVOY BALLROOM,** Lenox at 140 (ED 4-0271), where Erskine Hawkins' orchestra is playing. . . . If you go to **DICKIE WELLS,** 169 W. 133 (AU 3-8060), go late.

Foreign Flavor—Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Spanish: **HAVANA-MADRID,** 1650 B'way, at 51 (CI 7-3461); **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980); **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—Ben Riley's **ARROWHEAD INN,** Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra. . . . **CHANTICLER,** Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Mace Irish's orchestra. . . . **MERRY-GO-ROUND,** Atlantic Beach, L.I. (Cedarhurst 8860): George Edmund's orchestra. . . . **PERONA FARM,** Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Vincent Howard's orchestra.

Dinner in the Country—Pleasant places to dine (without dancing) while motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.:** The Hedges, on Main St. (East Hampton 420). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . **HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371). . . . **PEEKSKILL, N.Y.:** Anna Held's, on the Bronx River P'kway, at Crompond Rd. (Peekskill 3133). . . . **AMAWALK, N.Y.:** Benedusi's, on Route 100 (Yorktown 984). . . . **DOBBS FERRY, N.Y.:** Dixie Inn, at 19 Livingston Ave. (Dobbs Ferry 206). . . . **NEW CITY, N.Y.:** French Farms (New City 196). . . . **COLD SPRING, N.Y.:** Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., near Route 301 (Cold Spring 295). . . . **MT. KISCO, N.Y.:** Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . **GREENWOOD LAKE, N.Y.:** New Continental Hotel, on Route 210 (Greenwood Lake 63). . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 68). . . . **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.:** Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616). . . . **CROTON, N.Y.:** Tumble Inn, on the Albany Post Rd. (Croton 931); dancing Sat. and Sun. Eves. . . . **SLOATSBURG, N.Y.:** Vailati's, on Route 17, near Tuxedo (Sloatsburg 245). . . . **HAWTHORNE, N.Y.:** Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Cobb's Mill, on Route 57 (Westport 3939); dancing Wed. and Sat. Eves. . . . **BRIDGEWATER, CONN.:** Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 882); dancing Sat. Eves. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88). . . . **REDDING RIDGE, CONN.:** Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . **SOUTHPORT, CONN.:** Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd. (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 1577). . . . **ALPINE, N.J.:** Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788). . . . **BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.:** Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70). . . . **DOYLESTOWN, PA.:** Water Wheel Tavern, Route 611 (Doylestown 627, Ring 1).

ART

Americans—At the **WALKER,** 108 E. 57: paintings by John Steuart Curry, George Grosz, Walt Kuhn, and ten others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 29. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS',** 711 5 Ave., at 55: etchings and lithographs by Thomas Benton, Grant Wood, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Luigi Lucioni, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 5. . . . **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: early American portraits and landscapes. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 14.

Chinese—*Benefit loan show of art objects from the* Imperial Palace at Peiping: Arden, 460 Park, at 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 28.

French and American—Prints, water colors, and oils in a more than ordinarily interesting exhibit that ranges from Courbet and Delacroix to John Sloan and Louis Bouché: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sept. 30.

French Painting—At the **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64: a big loan exhibit of fifteenth- to nineteenth-century pieces. Worth seeing. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **HARRIMAN,** 63 E. 57: paintings by Seurat, Cézanne, Degas, and other moderns, with an excellent Renoir. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sept. 30. . . . **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: oils by Cézanne, Derain, Renoir, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: recent works by Rouault, Braque, Vlaminck, Utrillo, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 3.

Groups—At the **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: nice seascapes by Jonas Lie and Antonio Martino in a better-than-average collection. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58. oils, water colors, and sculptures by this gallery's regular exhibitors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Portraits, genre studies, etc., mostly loans, illustrating 300 years of American life. Highly interesting. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 29.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An attractive *show of contemporary art in many forms.* Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 29.

Non-Objective Art—Large selection of abstract paintings from the Solomon R. Guggenheim collection. It's cluttered with Rudolph Bauers, but there are several really beautiful Kandinskys: 24 E. 54. Tues. through Sat., 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. and 2 to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 1.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Twentieth-century American paintings, sculpture, and graphic arts from this downtown institution's permanent collection. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 3.

Women Painters and Sculptors—The National Association's fiftieth anniversary exhibition: American Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Miscellaneous—At the **BUCHHOLZ,** 32 E. 57: works by various European painters and sculptors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., through Oct. 7. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt, at 43: exhibition of paintings and sculpture by a hundred or more Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 7. . . . **DECORATORS CLUB,** 745 5 Ave., at 58: group show of sculpture. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 2. . . . **MONTROSS,** 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils and water colors by Revington Arthur. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: water colors of the World's Fair by Margaret Huntington. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **NEUMANN-WILLARD,** 543 Madison, at 55: various works of art from the fourteenth century up to the present. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

MUSIC

Madrigal Singers—Engel conducting: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Sept. 26, at 8:30. (BR 9-9447.)

Opera—San Carlo Opera Company in "La Traviata," Thurs. Eve., Sept. 28; "Carmen," Fri. Eve., Sept. 29; "Madama Butterfly," Sat. Aft., Sept. 30; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., Sept. 30: Center Theatre, 6 Ave. at 49. Eves. at 8:30. Afts. at 2:30. (CO 5-5474.)

N.B.C. Symphony—Schneevoigt conducting an all-Sibelius program: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Sept. 28, at 8:30.

Out of Town—The Gordon String Quartet concludes its chamber-music concerts at The Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Aft., Sept. 24, at 4.

SPORTS

Baseball—Games Mon. through Fri. at 3:15 P.M.; Sun. at 3 P.M.; Sat., Yankees at 2:30 P.M., Giants at 3 P.M.—**YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Thurs., Sept. 21; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 28-29 (doubleheader, Sept. 28, at 1:30 P.M.); Yankees vs. Boston, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 30-Oct. 1. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Boston, Sat. through Mon., Sept. 23-25 (doubleheader, Sept. 24, at 2 P.M.); Giants vs. Brooklyn, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27.

Dog Shows—Suffolk County Kennel Club, Huntington, L.I., Sat., Sept. 23. . . . Eastern States Exposition, Springfield, Mass., Sat., Sept. 23. . . . Westbury Kennel Association, Westbury, L.I., Sun., Sept. 24. . . . Devon, Pa., Sat., Sept. 30.

Football—Sat. Aft., Sept. 30—Fordham vs. Waynesburg, Randalls Island, at 2. . . . Army vs. Furman, West Point, at 2:30. . . . Navy vs. William and Mary, Annapolis, at 2:30. . . . Dartmouth vs. St. Lawrence, Hanover, at 2:30.

Golf—Westchester Amateur-Pro Match Play Championship, Green Meadow Club, Harrison, Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 28-30.

Horse Shows—Bryn Mawr, Pa., through Sat., Sept. 23. . . . Brookville, L.I., Sun., Sept. 24. . . . Piping Rock, Locust Valley, L.I., Wed. through Sat., Sept. 27-30. . . . Montclair, West Orange, N.J., Fri. and Sat., Sept. 29-30.

Hunt Race—Whitemarsh Valley, Flourtown, Pa., Sat. Aft., Sept. 23, at 2:15. . . . Meadow Brook Steeplechase Association, Westbury, L.I., Sat. Morn., Sept. 30, at 11:30.

Polo—National Open Championship final, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., Sun Aft., Sept. 24, at 3:30. . . . Waterbury Memorial Cup final, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Wed. Aft., Sept. 27, at 3:30.

Racing—Belmont Park: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. Matron Stakes, Sept. 23; Ladies' Handicap, Sept. 28; Champagne and Lawrence Realization Stakes, Sept. 30. (Special trains leave Pennsylvania Station frequently between 12:20 and 1:50 P.M.)

Yachting—Championship race, Echo Bay Y.C., Sat., Sept. 23.

OTHER EVENTS

Cordell Hull—The Secretary of State speaking at the Pan-American Day ceremonies: World's Fair Court of Peace, Thurs. Aft., Sept. 21, at 3.

Police Show—The Police Department, in its annual stab at theatricals, demonstrates that it's not to be caught napping. Madison Square Garden, Wed. through Sat. Eves., Sept. 27-30, at 8:30; and Sat. Aft., Sept. 30, at 2:30.

Danbury Fair—Rustic Connecticut's annual pride and joy: Sat., Sept. 30, through Sat., Oct. 7.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Furniture, porcelains, paintings, and rugs, belonging to Miss Helen Divine, the estate of Mrs. A. E. Norman, and others, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Sept. 29-30, at 2.

Note—Daylight Saving ends Sun., Sept. 24, at 2 A.M. Set your clocks back one hour.

ON THE AIR

Special Session of Congress—A broadcast from the floor of the House of Representatives: Thurs. Aft., Sept. 21, at 12:45, WEAF, WJZ.

Cordell Hull—The Secretary of State, speaking from the World's Fair: Thurs. Aft., Sept. 21, at 3, WJZ.

Polo—National Open Championship final: Sun. Aft., Sept. 24, at 5:30, WABC.

Lawrence Tibbett—Soloist with the Ford Symphony, Ormandy conducting: Sun. Eve., Sept. 24, at 9, WABC.

Boxing—Billy Conn vs. Melio Bettina, for light-heavyweight title; Forbes Field, Pittsburgh: Mon. Eve., Sept. 25, at 10, WJZ.

News Commentators—H. V. Kaltenborn, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 6:30, WABC. . . . John B. Kennedy, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 7:15, WEAF. . . . Elliott Roosevelt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., at 7:15, WOR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves., at 10, WOR.

Television—"Death Takes a Holiday," with Martha Scott and Kent Smith: Thurs. Eve., Sept. 21, at 8:30, W2XBS.

Some Weekly Features—(Times P.M., unless otherwise noted.)

THURSDAY—Toronto Promenade Symphony, Stewart conducting, 9, WJZ.

FRIDAY—WOR Symphony, Delamarter conducting, 8:30, WOR.

SATURDAY—"Your Hit Parade," 9, WABC. Benny Goodman, 10, WEAF.

SUNDAY—Perolé String Quartet, 12 noon, WOR. Columbia Symphony, André Kostelanetz conducting, 3, WABC. N.B.C. Symphony, Wallenstein conducting, 8, WJZ. Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. Orson Welles' Playhouse, with Helen Hayes, 8, WABC.

MONDAY—André Kostelanetz, 8, WABC. Herzer and Zayde, 9:30, WQXR. Guy Lombardo, 10, WABC.

TUESDAY—"Information Please," 8:30, WJZ. Artie Shaw, 9, WJZ. Bob Crosby, 9:30, WABC. Hal Kemp, 10, WABC. Bob Hope, 10, WEAF.

WEDNESDAY—Gilbert and Sullivan operas, 7, WQXR. Paul Whiteman, 8:30, WABC. Tommy Dorsey, 8:30, WEAF.

MOTION PICTURES

Beau Geste—The old Foreign Legion relic again, and dating perhaps a bit. With Gary Cooper. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., Sept. 22. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Sept. 23. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 23-25. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 27-28.)

The City—Pare Lorentz's film, which tells us what life will be like someday in town, and also what it was and what it is now. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; continuous from 12 noon.)

Each Dawn I Die—James Cagney and George Raft in a study of prison life that is about as grim as anything yet shown us. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 21-22.)

Fifth Avenue Girl—Just a casual little comedy, with Ginger Rogers. (Colonial, B'way at 62; Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 26-28. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 27-28.)

Four Feathers—The thin red line—in Technicolor. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 22-24. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 22-25.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—A successful, beautiful film of the James Hilton story, with Robert Donat highly expert as the teacher in an English school. (Astor, B'way at 45; continuous from 9:30 A.M. on weekdays and from 11:30 A.M. on Sunday.)

In Name Only—A well-paced tale of love and greed in the rumpus-room set. With Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Sept. 23.)

Nurse Edith Cavell—A very fine film of the famous Cavell tragedy, with Anna Neagle in the title rôle. Also with Edna May Oliver, May Robson, and ZaSu Pitts. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; opening Thurs., Sept. 21.)

The Old Maid—Sober adaptation of the 1935 Pulitzer Prizewinner, with Bette Davis. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., Sept. 21.)

On Borrowed Time—Lionel Barrymore and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in a careful version of the philosophic dissertation on death and its meaning. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Wed., Sept. 25-27. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Sat., Sept. 26-30.)

Prison Without Bars—A film of life in a women's reformatory near Paris, with Edna Best. A Korda production, which might have been more impressive without so much romance. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 21-27.)

Pygmalion—The Shaw play and a Shaw script, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. A very pretty film and not in the least old-fashioned. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 27-29.)

The Real Glory—A Gary Cooper story of the Philippines in the days after the Spanish-American War. Native difficulties. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; continuous from 9:30 A.M. on weekdays and from 11:30 A.M. on Sunday.)

They Shall Have Music—A film of lower East Side life which can hardly be called usual since Jascha Heifetz wanders in and out of it. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 23-26. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Sept. 26-30.)

When Tomorrow Comes—Irene Dunne is a class-conscious waitress and Charles Boyer is a concert pianist. You won't be bored, even if you don't believe it. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 21-27.)

The Women—Rowdy business and pretty noisy, but with laughs. Among the ladies: Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and Rosalind Russell. (Capitol, B'way at 51; opening Thurs., Sept. 21.)

Young Mr. Lincoln—A minor anecdote in the great man's history, yet a generally pleasing film. With Henry Fonda. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 23-25.)

Note—The March of Time film about New York City may be seen at the Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 21-23.

REVIVALS

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. and Sat., Sept. 29-30.)

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair film. French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 27-29.)

Ballerina (1938)—French, with Mia Slavenska. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 22-25.)

The Citadel (1938)—Rosalind Russell and Robert Donat. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 21-23.)

Conquest (1937)—Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Fri., Sept. 26-29.)

The Count of Monte Cristo (1934)—Robert Donat and Elissa Landi. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 22-24.)

Crime Without Passion (1934)—With Claude Rains. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Thurs., Sept. 21.)

Generals Without Buttons (1938)—French film. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Fri., Sept. 26-29.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—René Clair film, with Robert Donat. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Thurs., Sept. 21.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—French, with Eric von Stroheim. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 26-28.)

The Great Waltz (1938)—Luise Rainer, Miliza Korjus, and Fernand Gravet. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 24-26.)

Love Affair (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (World, 153 W. 49; Thurs. through Tues., Sept. 21-26. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., Sept. 22.)

The New Gulliver (1936)—Russian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. and Sat., Sept. 29-30.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Carole Lombard, Walter Connolly, and Fredric March. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., Sept. 22.)

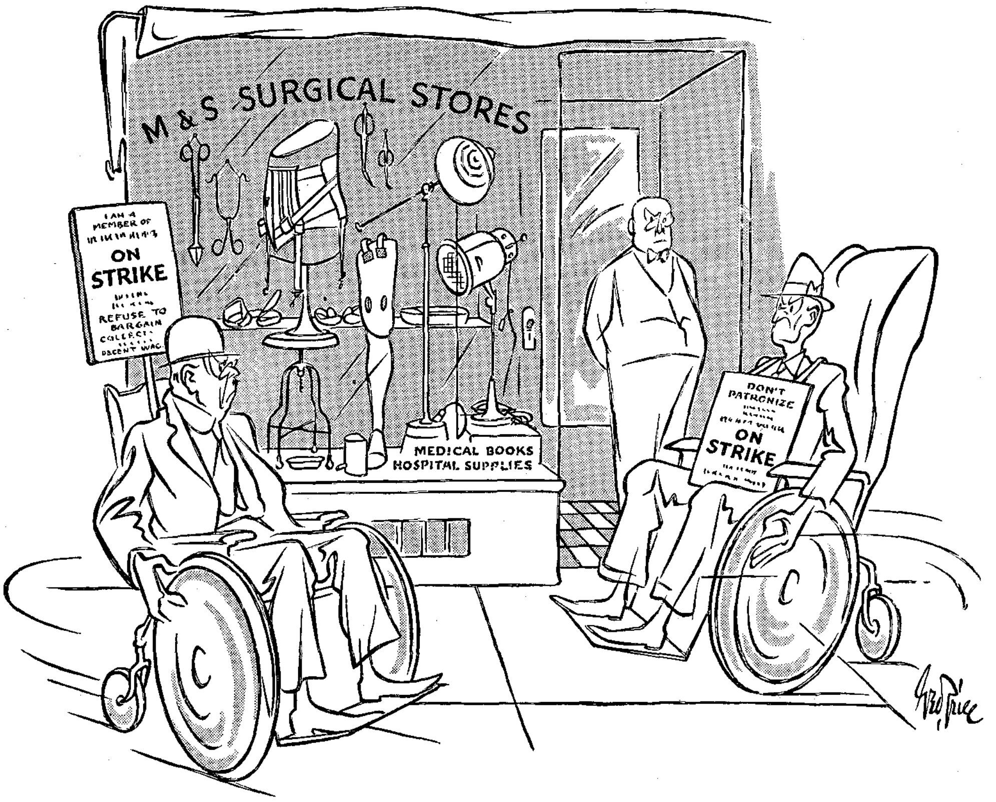
The Pearls of the Crown (1938)—With Sacha Guitry. French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 21-23.)

The Rage of Paris (1938)—Danielle Darrieux and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 26-28.)

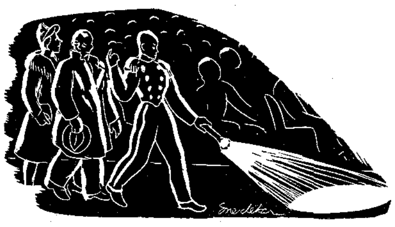
The Story of a Cheat (1938)—French, with Sacha Guitry. (World, 153 W. 49; Thurs. through Tues., Sept. 21-26.)

These Three (1936)—Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, and Joel McCrea. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 24-25.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is exhibiting programs of significant films daily at 4 P.M. (extra show Sun. at 2 P.M.). Some of the more notable pictures scheduled are: **GREED** (1924), directed by Eric von Stroheim, Thurs., Sept. 21. **THE NAVIGATOR** (1924), with Buster Keaton, Fri., Sept. 22. **THE BIG PARADE** (1925), directed by King Vidor, Sat., Sept. 23. **MOANA OF THE SOUTH SEAS** (1926), directed by Robert Flaherty, Mon., Sept. 25. **THE SEX LIFE OF THE POLYP** (1928), with Robert Benchley, and **THE SKELETON DANCE** (1929), by Walt Disney, Wed., Sept. 27. **SUNRISE** (1927), directed by F. W. Murnau, with George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor, Fri., Sept. 29. **UNDERWORLD** (1927), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Emil Jannings, Sat., Sept. 30. . . . Five Méliès films (1899-1912) are shown weekdays at 2:45 P.M.



AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT FIRST-RUN AND SELECTED NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY BLACK TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 5, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

FIRST RUN

Astor, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—**GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS,** Robert Donat, Greer Garson.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—From Thurs., Sept. 21: **THE WOMEN,** Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 21-27: "The Man They Could Not Hang," Boris Karloff.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—Through Fri., Sept. 22: "Parents on Trial," Jean Parker, Johnny Downs. . . . From Sat., Sept. 23: "Torpedoed" (British), H. B. Warner, Noah Beery, Richard Cromwell.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—"Honeymoon in Bali," Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—From Thurs., Sept. 21: **NURSE EDITH CAVELL,** Anna Neagle.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—**THE REAL GLORY,** Gary Cooper, Andrea Leeds, David Niven.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—"The Rains Came," Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy, George Brent.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Thurs., Sept. 21: **THE OLD MAID,** Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, George Brent. . . . From Fri., Sept. 22: "Espionage Agent," Joel McCrea, Brenda Marshall.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Cameo, 138 W. 42 (WI 7-1789)—"On His Own" (Russian).

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 21-23: **THE CITADEL,** revival, Robert Donat; also **THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN** (French), revival, Sacha Guitry. . . . Sun. through Tues., Sept. 24-26: **THE GREAT WALTZ,** revival, Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet; also "Dark Eyes" (French), revival, Harry Baur, Simone Simon. . . . From Wed., Sept. 27: **PYGMALION,** Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller; also **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (French), revival.

55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-0425)—"Mademoiselle Ma Mère" (French), Danielle Darrieux.

Filmarte, 202 W. 58 (CI 7-6591)—"The End of a Day" (French), Louis Jouvet, Victor Francen.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 7-1294)—"Betrayal" (French), Suzy Prim; also **THE CITY,** documentary film.

World, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—Thurs. through Tues., Sept. 21-26: **THE STORY OF A CHEAT** (French), revival, Sacha Guitry; also **LOVE AFFAIR,** revival, Charles Boyer, Irene Dunne. . . . From Wed., Sept. 27: not announced.

EAST SIDE

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Sat., Sept. 23: **IN NAME ONLY,** Carole Lombard, Cary Grant; also *March of Time* (New York City). . . . Sun. through Wed., Sept. 24-27: "The Man in the Iron Mask," Louis Hayward, Joan Bennett.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Thurs., Sept. 21: "Stanley and Livingstone," Spencer Tracy, Nancy Kelly, Richard Greene; also "Stop, Look, and Love," Jean Rogers. . . . Fri. through Sun., Sept. 22-24: **FOUR FEATHERS,** Ralph Richardson, June Duprez; also "These Glamour Girls," Lana Turner, Lew Ayres. . . . Mon. and Tues., Sept. 25-26: "They All Come Out," Rita Johnson, Tom Neal; also "She Married a Cop," Phil Reagan, Jean Parker. . . . From Wed., Sept. 27: **FIFTH AVENUE GIRL,** Ginger Rogers, James Ellison; also "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," Basil Rathbone.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: **WHEN TOMORROW COMES,** Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer; also **PRISON WITHOUT BARS** (British), Edna Best, Corinne Luchaire. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "Million Dollar Legs," Betty Grable, Jackie Coogan; also "Behind Prison Gates," Brian Donlevy.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 21-22: "Captain Fury," Brian Aherne, Victor McLaglen. . . . Sat. through Mon., Sept. 23-25: "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever," Mickey Rooney. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "Frontier Marshal," Randolph Scott, Nancy Kelly.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., Sept. 21: "The Crusades," revival, Loretta Young. . . . Fri. through Sun., Sept. 22-24: "The Good Companions" (British), revival, Jessie Matthews, Edmund Gwenn. . . . Mon. and Tues., Sept. 25-26: "Nell Gwyn" (British), revival, Anna Neagle, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. . . . From Wed., Sept. 27: "Man About Town," Jack Benny, Dorothy Lamour.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 21-22: **EACH DAWN I DIE,** James Cagney, George Raft; also "Career," Edward Ellis, Anne Shirley. . . . Sat. through Mon., Sept. 23-25: **YOUNG MR. LINCOLN,** Henry Fonda; also "Man About Town," Jack Benny, Dorothy Lamour. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: **LOVE AFFAIR,** revival, Charles Boyer, Irene Dunne; also "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," revival, Ronald Colman.

RKO 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: "The Angels Wash Their Faces," Dead End Kids; also "Hotel for Women," Elsa Maxwell, Ann Sothern, James Ellison. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "Chicken Wagon Family," Jane Withers, Leo Carrillo; also "Waterfront," Gloria Dickson.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Fri., Sept. 22: **BEAU GESTE,** Gary Cooper. . . . Sat. through Tues., Sept. 23-26: **THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC,** Jascha Heifetz. . . . From Wed., Sept. 27: not announced.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Thurs., Sept. 21: **THE GHOST GOES WEST,** revival, Robert Donat; also "Heroes of the Marne" (French), Raimu. . . . Fri. through Mon., Sept. 22-25: **BALLERINA** (French), revival, Mia Slavenska; also "Edge of the World" (British), revival. . . . From Tues., Sept. 26: **CONQUEST,** revival, Greta Garbo; also **GENERALS WITHOUT BUTTONS** (French), revival.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: **WHEN TOMORROW COMES,** Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer; also **PRISON WITHOUT BARS** (British), Edna Best, Corinne Luchaire. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "Million Dollar Legs," Betty Grable, Jackie Coogan; also "Behind Prison Gates," Brian Donlevy.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Through Sat., Sept. 23: "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever," Mickey Rooney; also "King of the Turf," Adolphe Menjou, Dolores Costello. . . . Sun. and Mon., Sept. 24-25: **THESE THREE,** revival, Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon; also "Captain Drummond" (formerly "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"), revival, Ronald Colman. . . . From Tues., Sept. 26: **ON BORROWED TIME,** Lionel Barrymore; also "The Man in the Iron Mask," Louis Hayward, Joan Bennett.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 21-22: "Man About Town," Jack Benny, Dorothy Lamour. . . . Sat. through Mon., Sept. 23-25: "The Ware Case" (British), Clive Brook. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "The Man in the Iron Mask," Louis Hayward, Joan Bennett.

RKO 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: "The Angels Wash Their Faces," Dead End Kids; also "Hotel for Women," Elsa Maxwell, Ann Sothern, James Ellison. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "Chicken Wagon Family," Jane Withers, Leo Carrillo; also "Waterfront," Gloria Dickson.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 21-22: "Stanley and Livingstone," Spencer Tracy, Nancy Kelly, Richard Greene; also "Stop, Look, and Love," Jean Rogers. . . . Sat. through Mon., Sept. 23-25: **BEAU GESTE,** Gary Cooper; also "Blondie Takes a Vacation," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "Stronger Than Desire," Virginia Bruce, Walter Pidgeon; also "Inside Information," June Lang, Dick Foran.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: **FOUR FEATHERS,** Ralph Richardson, June Duprez; also "These Glamour Girls," Lana Turner, Lew Ayres. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "They All Come Out," Rita Johnson, Tom Neal; also "She Married a Cop," Phil Reagan, Jean Parker.

WEST SIDE

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs., Sept. 21: "Captain Fury," Brian Aherne, Victor McLaglen. . . . Fri. through Mon., Sept. 22-25: "The Ware Case" (British), Clive Brook. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "The Man in the Iron Mask," Louis Hayward, Joan Bennett.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: **FOUR FEATHERS,** Ralph Richardson, June Duprez; also "These Glamour Girls," Lana Turner, Lew Ayres. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "They All Come Out," Rita Johnson, Tom Neal; also "She Married a Cop," Phil Reagan, Jean Parker.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Thurs., Sept. 21: **CRIME WITHOUT PASSION,** revival, Claude Rains. . . . Fri. through Sun., Sept. 22-24: **THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO,** revival, Robert Donat. . . . Mon. and Tues., Sept. 25-26: "A Man's Castle," revival, Spencer Tracy. . . . From Wed., Sept. 27: **BEAU GESTE,** Gary Cooper.

RKO 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: "The Angels Wash Their Faces," Dead End Kids; also "Hotel for Women," Elsa Maxwell, Ann Sothern, James Ellison. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "Chicken Wagon Family," Jane Withers, Leo Carrillo; also "Waterfront," Gloria Dickson.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Sept. 23: **BEAU GESTE,** Gary Cooper; also "Blondie Takes a Vacation," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake. . . . Sun. and Mon., Sept. 24-25: "Shanghai," revival, Charles Boyer, Loretta Young; also "Cock of the Air," revival, Chester Morris. . . . From Tues., Sept. 26: **THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC,** Jascha Heifetz; also "Our Leading Citizen," Bob Burns.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 21-27: **WHEN TOMORROW COMES,** Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 21-27: "Hotel for Women," Elsa Maxwell, Ann Sothern, James Ellison; also "Quick Millions," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington.

Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: **WHEN TOMORROW COMES,** Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer; also **PRISON WITHOUT BARS** (British), Edna Best, Corinne Luchaire. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "Million Dollar Legs," Betty Grable, Jackie Coogan; also "Behind Prison Gates," Brian Donlevy.

Colonial, B'way at 62 (CO 5-0485)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: **FIFTH AVENUE GIRL,** Ginger Rogers, James Ellison; also "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," Basil Rathbone. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "The Spellbinder," Lee Tracy; also "Nancy Drew, Troubie Shooter," Bonita Granville.

Beacon, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: "Stanley and Livingstone," Spencer Tracy, Nancy Kelly, Richard Greene; also "Stop, Look, and Love," Jean Rogers. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "Way Down South," Bobby Breen; also "Code of the Secret Service," Ronald Reagan.

RKO 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: "The Angels Wash Their Faces," Dead End Kids; also "Hotel for Women," Elsa Maxwell, Ann Sothern, James Ellison. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "Chicken Wagon Family," Jane Withers; also "Waterfront," Gloria Dickson.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., Sept. 21-27: **WHEN TOMORROW COMES,** Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer; also **PRISON WITHOUT BARS** (British), Edna Best, Corinne Luchaire.

Stoddard, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: **THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC,** Jascha Heifetz; also "Our Leading Citizen," Bob Burns. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "Miracles for Sale," Florence Rice, Robert Young; also "Missing Daughters," Rochelle Hudson, Richard Arlen.

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals—Through Fri., Sept. 22: **NOTHING SACRED,** Carole Lombard, Fredric March; also **M** (German), Peter Lorre. . . . Sat. through Mon., Sept. 23-25: "Dark Rapture," Denis-Roosevelt African film; also "The Eternal Mask" (Swiss). . . . From Tues., Sept. 26: **THE RAGE OF PARIS,** Danielle Darrieux; also **GRAND ILLUSION** (French), Eric von Stroheim.

Carlton, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Thurs. through Sun., Sept. 21-24: "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever," Mickey Rooney; also "King of the Turf," Adolphe Menjou, Dolores Costello. . . . Mon. through Wed., Sept. 25-27: **ON BORROWED TIME,** Lionel Barrymore; also "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island," Sidney Toler.

Olympia, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: **WHEN TOMORROW COMES,** Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer; also **PRISON WITHOUT BARS** (British), Edna Best, Corinne Luchaire. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "Million Dollar Legs," Betty Grable, Jackie Coogan; also "Behind Prison Gates," Brian Donlevy.

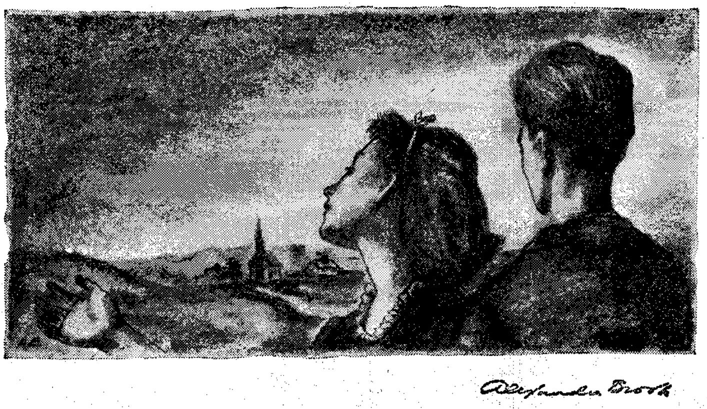
Nemo, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: "The Angels Wash Their Faces," Dead End Kids; also "Hotel for Women," Elsa Maxwell, Ann Sothern, James Ellison. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "Chicken Wagon Family," Jane Withers, Leo Carrillo; also "Waterfront," Gloria Dickson.

Hamilton, B'way at 146 (ED 4-0287)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: "The Angels Wash Their Faces," Dead End Kids; also "Hotel for Women," Elsa Maxwell, Ann Sothern, James Ellison. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "Chicken Wagon Family," Jane Withers, Leo Carrillo; also "Waterfront," Gloria Dickson.

Rio, B'way at 160 (WA 7-1135)—Thurs., Sept. 21: "Stanley and Livingstone," Spencer Tracy, Nancy Kelly, Richard Greene; also "Stop, Look, and Love," Jean Rogers. . . . Fri. through Mon., Sept. 22-25: **FOUR FEATHERS,** Ralph Richardson, June Duprez; also "These Glamour Girls," Lana Turner, Lew Ayres. . . . From Tues., Sept. 26: **FIFTH AVENUE GIRL,** Ginger Rogers, James Ellison; also "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," Basil Rathbone.

Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: **WHEN TOMORROW COMES,** Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer; also **PRISON WITHOUT BARS** (British), Edna Best, Corinne Luchaire. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "Million Dollar Legs," Betty Grable, Jackie Coogan; also "Behind Prison Gates," Brian Donlevy.

Coliseum, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Thurs. through Mon., Sept. 21-25: "The Angels Wash Their Faces," Dead End Kids; also "Hotel for Women," Elsa Maxwell, Ann Sothern, James Ellison. . . . Tues. and Wed., Sept. 26-27: "Chicken Wagon Family," Jane Withers, Leo Carrillo; also "Waterfront," Gloria Dickson.



"For him the diamond dawns are set
In rings of beauty . . ." —TROWBRIDGE

A YOUNG MAN just engaged is apt to share subconsciously the poet's state of mind. He perceives a world of unsuspected beauties—a future in which the Golden Age is reborn in one predestined couple. Unfortunately for lovers, such a mood, while excellent for the discovery of diamonds in the sky, does not always lead to comparable success on earth. There are many things a man must consider when undertaking one of his lifetime's most important purchases—his diamond engagement ring. . . . That with this symbol, he institutes a new dynasty which will bear his name beyond his generation. Once bestowed, it is imperishable. The woman he makes his wife will never relinquish it to meet more affluent circumstances. . . . Each man owes it to his future to give the most beautiful diamond he can buy. There are but a few simple rules for its selection. Go to a reliable jeweler. . . . Diamond prices vary with weight, color, quality, and cutting. This table will guard you from dubious "bargains." Many jewelers will be glad to assist you in the purchase of a handsome stone by extending payment over a period of months.

DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LTD., AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

CURRENT PRICES OF QUALITY DIAMONDS
(Exact weights shown are rare. Fractional weights relatively priced.)

One-half carat, $100 to $200
One carat, $325 to $600
Two carats, $900 to $1750
Three carats, from $1500

Size alone does not determine diamond value. Purity, color, excellence of cutting affect the prices of diamonds, regardless of weight. These prices do not include mounting.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open at 9 A.M. Most shows in exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area doesn't really get under way until late afternoon and closes at 2 A.M. . . . Fireworks and fountain displays nightly on the Lagoon (F) at 9, and on Fountain Lake (A), except Wed. and Sun., at 10:15. . . . The places you want most to see are nearly always overcrowded. In bad weather, naturally, everything limps.

TRANSPORTATION

Trains—L.I.R.R. offers fast shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., from Track 16, Penn Sta. (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes, until 2 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run. Fare, 10 cents each way.

Autos—Not admitted to Fair, but may be left in nearby parking lots served by shuttle buses to gates. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan. . . . Queensboro Bridge leads to shorter way but is noted for traffic jams.

Subways—Eighth Ave. Line is best for amusement area; I.R.T. and B.-M.T. trains stop near exhibit area. *Trip takes a good half-hour from 42nd St.* and is to be avoided during 4:30-to-7 P.M. rush hour. On Eighth Ave. Line: Take Queens train marked "E-169 Street" to Continental Ave. Station, cross platform, take train marked "GG-World's Fair." . . . I.R.T.: Take Flushing train from lowest level of Times Square or Grand Central subway stations. . . . B.-M.T.: Take Queens Plaza local at any Broadway station, change at last stop to Main St., Flushing, train.

Buses—Through buses from Fairway Terminal, 125 W. 50, every 10 minutes, from 8:30 A.M. on. Round trip, 50 cents. Also, guided bus tours of the Fair; call CI 5-8181 for schedule. . . .Double-decker Fifth Ave. bus No. 15 across Queensboro Bridge starts at 25th St., turning east on 57th St. A slow trip, but a reasonably comfortable one.

At the Fair—It's a big place to get around, but there are roller chairs pushed by guides, electric-motor chairs, Fair-ground buses *with regular routes and* stations, tractor-pulled trains of 3 open coaches, and sightseeing buses with lecturers.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

American Art Today (E)—Paintings, sculptures, and prints, 1,200 in all, selected from every section of the country. Lively and varied. Admission, 25 cents.

A. T. & T. (E)—The best part of this show is listening in while out-of-towners call up the folks back home. The Voder, a machine with a human voice, is creepy and wonderful.

Borden's (E)—*The languid Cow of Today, pampered and productive.*

Chrysler (T)—A rocket port of the future, with a make-believe rocket ship supposedly taking off for a pop across the Atlantic.

Consolidated Edison (E)—A vast diorama of the city reveals the wonders of light and power and what happens here when a sudden storm comes up.

Crosley (E)—The new midget car in action.

Du Pont (E)—A serious show of how chemistry can make something out of something else.

Electric Utilities (E)—An amusing gaslit New York street of 1892, a blazing avenue of a long time hence, and a lounge under a waterfall.

Electrified Farm (E)—A barnyard in which electricity does everything except guarantee a profit.

Firestone (T)—A real production line turning out a tire every four minutes.

Ford (T)—Mr. Ford's show makes it clear that he believes in mass production. It's pleasant to let the lesson sink in while sitting in the exhibit's Garden Court, where Ferde Grofé's New World Ensemble plays Novachords daily, except Mon., from 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.

Gardens on Parade (F)—*Current specialty: dahlias,* until about Sept. 30. Admission, 25 cents.

Gas Industries (E)—Stringless puppets and Victor records performing tabloid versions of grand opera. Frequent shows from 1 to 5 P.M. and at 6:30 P.M.

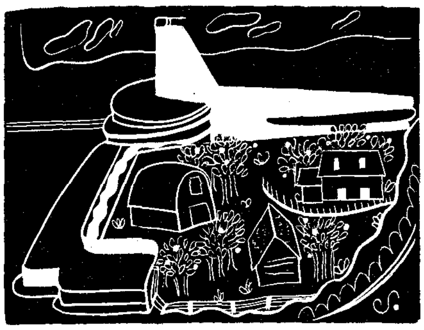
General Electric (E)—In Steinmetz Hall, a man-made bolt of lightning and clap of thunder—enough to scare the wits out of you. Next door, a quieter electric performance—making visitors' teeth glow in the dark, for instance.

General Motors (T)—If you can stand the long wait in line, the Futurama will take you on an exciting trip around Norman Bel Geddes' model of tomorrow's highways.

Glass Center (E)—Glass-blowers *turning out things* like vases and goblets make a good show. Weaving glass cloth is something, too.

Goodrich (T)—How tires can take punishment demonstrated by Jimmie Lynch and other daredevil drivers at 11 A.M., 12, 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M. (Sat. and Sun., every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.)

House of Jewels (E)—A big display of uncut diamonds is the high spot in this costly exhibit of many precious stones. Open 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.



PLACES AT THE FAIR MENTIONED ON THIS PAGE ARE FOLLOWED BY CODE LETTERS INDICATING THE AREAS IN WHICH THEY ARE TO BE FOUND: (A) AMUSEMENT, (E) EXHIBIT, (F) FOREIGN-FEDERAL, AND (T) TRANSPORTATION. THIS IS A SELECTIVE, IF BROAD-MINDED, LIST TO HELP THE CASUAL VISITOR FIND HIS WAY AROUND, AND COVERS THE PERIOD FROM THURSDAY, SEPT. 21, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 27. TIME GIVEN IS DAYLIGHT SAVING THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, AND EASTERN STANDARD AFTER THAT DATE.

Kodak (E)—Flashlights rigged up so you can use your own camera to take pictures of baseballs breaking glass. Also, a grand array of color shots projected on a big screen.

Masterpieces of Art Museum (E)—500 paintings, representing most of the world's great collections. Not to be missed. Admission, 50 cents weekdays; 25 cents Sun.

R. C. A. (E)—Television, from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Railroads (T)—A pageant of railroading, with real puffing trains plus girls and Kurt Weill music. *Daily at 12:30, 2, 3:30, and 5 P.M. Admission,* 25 to 55 cents. . . . Also, a miniature railway system with 500 pieces of rolling stock all darting here and there. A 30-minute show, continuous from 10:30 A.M. to 8:30 P.M. Admission, 10 cents.

Science and Education (E)—"The City," a documentary film of yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Daily at 2:15, 5:45, 6:30, and 7:15 P.M.; extra shows Sat. and Sun. at 1:30 and 8 P.M.

Time and Space (A)—The Hayden Planetarium people demonstrate how things would look to someone colliding with a comet. Opens at 4 P.M.

Trylon and Perisphere (E)—You almost feel obliged to drop in here. Admission, 25 cents.

Westinghouse (E)—The squirming inhabitants of 12 drops of water magnified on screens.

Zoological Wonders (A)—A baby giant panda, and an electric eel which makes a toy train go.

•

Foreign Buildings—These, for the most part, are architecturally interesting, even if their displays of culture and peacetime industry seem a bit saddening now. Among the highlights worth noting, all in the foreign-federal area, are France's art exhibit and wine-tasting bar, Britain's heraldic hall and merchant-marine show, the section of a Moscow subway station shown by Russia, Japan's garden, *the peasant handicraft in the various* Balkan pavilions, and glass in the Scandinavian ones.

Federal and State Buildings—The United States Government show (F) is as good as any, and far better than most, of the foreign exhibits, although, like them, it is top-heavy with ballyhoo. Its dioramas are expert. Maine (F) has a covered bridge and trout stream, and Florida (A) has managed to catch a bit of tropical feeling, but on the whole the state exhibits don't amount to much.

HOOPLA AND HONKY-TONK

(Shows don't always start at the time barkers—or press agents—promise they will.)

Aquacade (A)—Billy Rose's big, successful swimming revue on Fountain Lake. With Eleanor Holm, Johnny Weissmuller, Everett Marshall, and lots of others. Performances daily, except in heavy rain, at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Carnivaland (A)—Once called the Children's World, this has changed its name and grown up a bit, but there are still trained animals and rides for the young.

Crystal Lassies (A)—Here, Mr. Geddes has turned to mirrors to give his public a million views, more or less, of one dancing girl.

Dream of Venus (A)—*Formerly Dali's girl show* and still sort of funny, even though some of his mad touches have disappeared.

Extasie (A)—The gorier moments from Oscar Wilde's "Salomé," plus, of course, the veil dance to Saint-Saëns' music.

The Hot Mikado (A)—Bill Robinson and his dusky crew giving the Hall of Music a *raison d'être*. The show, boiled down to an hour, is just as gay, loud, and impertinent as it was on Broadway. Daily at 5, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

Jungleland (A)—Frank Buck's zoo. A mountain of monkeys and an arena of trained animals, including Matilda, a chimpanzee, who's a screech.

Little Miracle Town (A)—Morris Gest's swarm of midgets living their lives in doll houses. The stage show they put on isn't much.

Merrie England (A)—A big village on the lake front, with restaurants, bars, and some entertainment *on the central green.*

Old New York (A)—Horsecars, street vendors, old movies, peepshows, beer-drinking contests, music, and Ann Pennington, all noisily scrambled together.

Parachute Jump (A)—The midway's biggest thrill—a drop of 20 floors. Once you start going up, you can't change your mind.

Rides (A)—Some of the more unusual are: **AERIAL JOYRIDE,** steerable planes whirling around a pole; **AUTO SPEEDWAY,** midget racing cars you drive yourself; **METEOR SPEEDWAY,** a ride up and down the vertical walls of a motordrome; **OVER-THE-TOP,** cages which turn you upside down and whirl you around; **SKYRIDE,** a fine, serene view of the Fair from about 150 feet up; **STRATOSHIP,** rocket cars spinning on the ends of a pole; **WATER-BUGS,** a Dodgem done with boats in a big tank.

Strange As It Seems (A)—Not for those who quail at *freaks, but as good a sideshow as you'll probably* ever see around here.

Sun Valley (A)—Idaho and the Alps brought together, a little casually, in Queens. A roomy place, with ski-jumping on make-believe snow and a skating show on real ice. Music, sideshows, and a toboggan slide you can zip down on a carpet.

Notes—Top-flight dance bands play intermittently every Aft. and Eve. in a bandstand on the lake shore (A). . . . There's a reasonably good archery range and a small trapshoot on the lake side of the amusement-area loop.

RESTAURANTS

(Dining in the foreign restaurants is something of an unpredictable adventure, since cuisine and service vary with the size of the crowds. Concern over the war makes things uncertain, too. Telephone *numbers are given for places where it is wise to* reserve a table in advance.)

Argentine Building (F)—A small balcony restaurant specializing successfully in charcoal-broiled steaks. (HA 6-0180.)

Brazilian Building (F)—A blithe spot, with dancing until 2 A.M. or later. Elegant coffee. (HA 9-2779.)

Cuban Pavilion (F)—More a café than a restaurant. *A good place for cooling Bacardi drinks. Dancing* until 10:30 P.M.

Czecho-Slovakian Building (F)—They say they still have plenty of Prague ham and Pilsen beer on hand.

Danish Pavilion (F)—A table loaded with cold delicacies may keep you from ever reaching the hot-dish stage. (HA 9-6746.)

Finnish Pavilion (F)—Nice, because it's so unpretentious and well kept. Reindeer sandwiches.

French Building (F)—One of the best, in a spectacular setting. (HA 6-0980.)

Italian Building (F)—Like the French restaurant, this is for de-luxe dining. Italian Line cuisine and service. (NE 9-1460.)

Norwegian Pavilion (F)—A tiny place, but good for a quick meal if you stand at the bar or can find a table.

Polish Building (F)—A small restaurant, a bright café, and a garden. Native music until 11 P.M., but they dropped the floor show after Hitler marched and don't allow dancing any more. (HA 6-4780.)

Russian Building (F)—No one should overlook the *fresh beluga caviar. (HA 6-7670.)*

Swedish Building (E)—This has had its ups and downs and now is one of the better places to dine. (HA 9-2423.)

Swiss Building (F)—A frivolous beer garden is likely to lure you away from the formal restaurant upstairs. Occasional dancing from 9 P.M. to midnight. (NE 9-2278.)

Turkish Building (E)—A pleasant patio with a string orchestra and fountains.

Venezuelan Pavilion (F)—Twangy music in a gravelled court, and memorable native punch. Dancing until 10 P.M. or so.

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Big, Informal Places—Among the standard restaurants which can be depended upon for a snack or a meal are: Aviation Grill (T), Ballantine's (A), Brass Rail (E), Casino of Nations (E), Childs (T), Heineken's (A), Rheingold Inn (A), Schaefer Center (E), Schlitz Palm Garden (E), and Turf-Trylon Café (E).

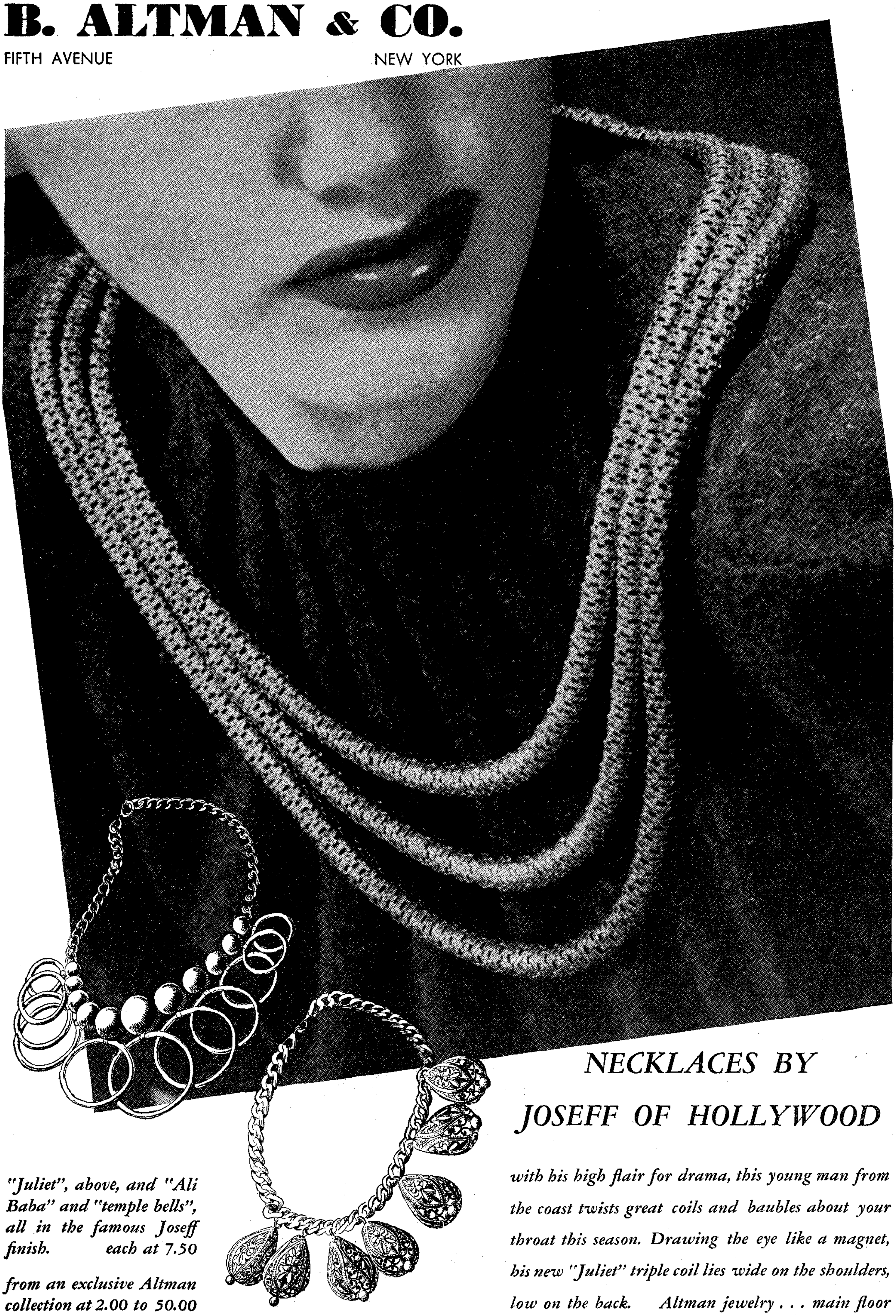
Notes—Gardens on Parade (F) serves American *staples, has a sound bar, and the admission price* to the exhibit tends to cut down the crowd. . . . The Children's World Restaurant in Carnivaland (A) has chairs for diners young and old.

George Platt Lynes

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF PARIS—on our Fashion Floor (Third). Now being shown—the largest and most brilliant collection of French models in our history. Schiaparelli. Mainbocher. Molyneux. Balenciaga. Alix. Chanel. Rosevienne. Originals, copies, adaptations. The full magnificence and excitement of the openings, to see—and have for your own. **LORD & TAYLOR...** Fifth Avenue, New York

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



"Juliet", above, and "Ali Baba" and "temple bells", all in the famous Joseff finish. each at 7.50

from an exclusive Altman collection at 2.00 to 50.00

NECKLACES BY
JOSEFF OF HOLLYWOOD

with his high flair for drama, this young man from the coast twists great coils and baubles about your throat this season. Drawing the eye like a magnet, his new "Juliet" triple coil lies wide on the shoulders, low on the back. Altman jewelry . . . main floor

THE
NEW YORKER

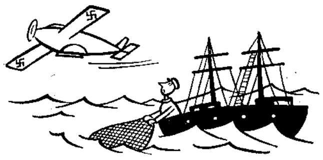
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE took the Babylon local from the Pennsylvania Station one afternoon last week—a slow, dusty trip through farms and villages we'd known all our life. Out beyond Jamaica, the towns whose names we knew by heart at ten went by in familiar order; they were a little bigger and uglier than they used to be, but essentially they hadn't changed much; the flat, sandy farms and the stretches of scrub oak and bayberry between the towns were just the same as they'd always been. War, we realized, was much clearer to us in terms of Rockville Center or Merrick or Lindenhurst than it was when we tried to think of it in relation to New York. The idea of bombs falling on the Empire State Building or Radio City is too much for any sober mind; it has the fantastic, impersonal quality of a cataclysm in the movies, and if we can imagine it at all, it is with awe, not with sorrow or anger or even much fear. The South Shore, or the country almost anywhere, for that matter, is different. Most of the houses out there were built patiently by people who hoped to spend their lives in them; somehow they are more rooted and enduring than anything in the city, where the buildings go up overnight and will surely come down the same way; they are more explicitly landmarks. They are also only too clearly vulnerable; it is easy, and tragic, to picture them in ruins. Disaster, we suppose, has to be reduced to comprehensible dimensions before it conveys much to the emotions. If we owned a newspaper, we would try to get our editorial writers and columnists out in the country once in a while and let them look the place over. There's nothing like it for the too-heroic spirit.

WE have no doubt that the Neutrality Act will be repealed, if it hasn't already been repealed by the time you read this. The wisdom of an arms embargo is something we have no intention of discussing here. What we are interested in is this country's attempt to justify on moral grounds something that it wants to do for political reasons. As everybody knows, the government wants to sell munitions to England and France, and it doesn't want to sell them to Germany. The problem is how this can be done legally, with a minimum risk of involving the United States in war. Apparently, however, this is too bald a statement of the case for public consumption in a theoretically neutral country, and the issue has been lifted up on a moral plane: it is immoral for us to deprive Great Britain of the military advantage of controlling the seas, and it is only moral for us to deprive Hitler of the services of a fleet he hasn't got. The fallacy in this high-minded conception, of course, is that it doesn't work both ways. If the positions of the belligerents were reversed on the map and the Nazis were in a position to blockade England, neither President Roosevelt nor anybody else (with the possible exception of the boys in the munitions business) would give the present Neutrality Act a second thought. We mention this very obvious point only because virtue conditioned by geography gives us a pain in the neck.

THE Neutrality Act, incidentally, is not an isolated example of the national faculty for self-hypnosis in a time of war. Almost everywhere we look, the idiocies of 1914 creep up on 1939. Last week, after almost every community on the Atlantic coast had reported seeing one or more submarines, fishermen a hundred and ninety miles off Boston radioed the Associated Press that a big, gray plane with swastikas on its wings had circled their fleet twice before putting back for Europe. The week before, a dispatch in all the papers announced that Hitler was accompanied everywhere by a private alienist, and Dr. Leo Alexander, instructor in neurology at Harvard, added to this with his scientific opinion that *der Führer* was suffering from paranoia. The Bremen, after preliminary reports that she had been captured first by the British and then by the French, was observed by eyewitnesses in Iceland, Soviet Russia, Veracruz, an unnamed port in South America, and flying the Italian flag on the high seas. A survivor of the Athenia stated for the benefit of the United Press that, not content with torpedoing and shelling the ship, the captain of the German submarine had tried to tip over the lifeboats by submerging and coming up under them. So it went, with no news anywhere too silly to print. Almost the only tranquil and reasonable voice, in fact, came from the west coast of North America, where a writer in the Hollywood *Reporter* referred to the war only obliquely. "The big interest here," he said, "is when and how we are going to be paid for our pictures."



WHILE the soldiers carried on their bloody trade in Europe, Science over here imperturbably pursued its own war against the forces of darkness. The Third International Congress for Microbiology, meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, announced that a firefly in reasonable condition was about eighty-five per cent more efficient than a good electric-light bulb; the Cree Indians up in Saskatchewan reported the existence of an amphibious moose, able to pasture on the bottoms of frozen lakes, under the ice; out at the Florida Exhibit at the World's Fair a tree was being shown which bore indelible lipstick; Professor Gladwyn Kingsley Noble, a zoologist associated with the American Museum of Natural History, wrote an article demonstrating that "many fish devote most of their energies to trying to change their social status;" Sally Rand helped the United States Weather Bureau in Minneapolis out of a bad hole when she proved to have the only balloon molds suitable for meteorological purposes; and the Chemistry Department at the University of Illinois reported the discovery of a method of making synthetic food at a cost of no more than $900 a pound. In a way, it seems too bad that the war has come to monopolize the newspapers. There is still plenty of news on the home front—peaceful victories far more singular than war.

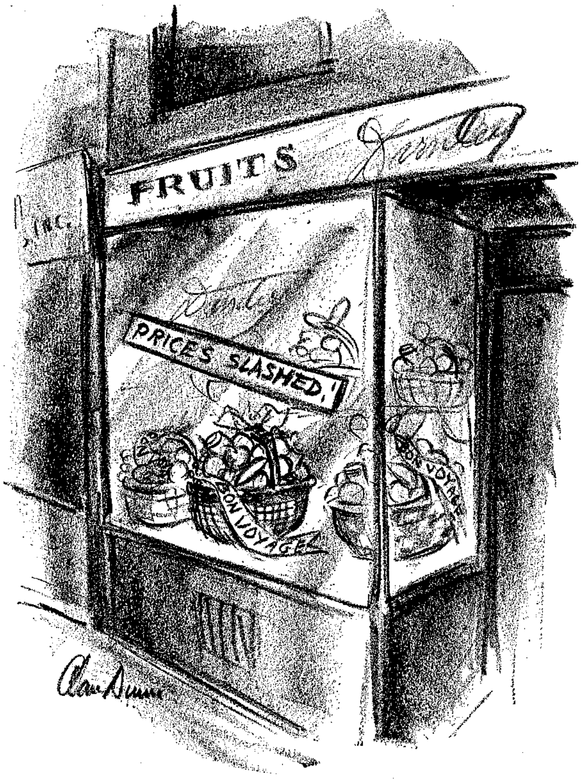
Moment Supreme

WAITING in line at our bank, we heard the man behind us mention a hotel we know. This hotel is on a theatre street just off Broadway and isn't just the place you'd want your niece to stop. That, in fact, was the tone taken by the man we overheard. "We guys work there in the bar got to be careful," he was telling a companion. "You got to watch out for dames making a play for saps. Then there's a lot of mugs try to get out without paying their checks, and once in a while somebody has his pocket picked. But don't let anybody tell you we don't get a good class of people, too. We get big actors, millionaires, café society, all the big shots you read about in Leonard Lyons. We only get 'em when the theatres break for intermissions, but we get 'em."

Goats

THE Agriculture Society of Queens and Nassau Counties pluckily held its own little annual fair, including a goat show, at Mineola last week, within a couple of stones' throw of Whalen's. Looking in on it, we discovered that for combined educational and entertainment value there's nothing like a goat show. If Whalen had a goat show, he wouldn't have to offer weekend bargain rates. Everybody around the paddock and the sheds that sheltered the goats was elated at the interest people had shown in pedigreed goats and goat's milk. The goats' sponsors, the Long Island Dairy Goat Association, were especially proud of a compliment paid their animals by Mrs. T. N. Tyler, of Ontario. She's one of the world's best-known goat experts, and she pronounced the Mineola goats splendid specimens.

Mr. Charles Knight, an East Northport goat breeder, gave us a nice cool glass of goat's milk, assuring us that it prevented rickets, eczema, and dysentery. He also challenged us to find one, even one, goat at the fair that had an undue smell, and we had to admit that we couldn't. The goat's-smell canard is something the breeders are trying to eliminate by means of counter-propaganda. Another objection which many people raise against goats is that their milk can't be awfully nutritive because it's derived from a diet of old tin cans. The breeders admit that goats are fond of a little roughage now and then, but the animals all draw the line at tin cans, old tire casings, back numbers of *Esquire*, etc., and on the whole are among the most fastidious eaters in the animal kingdom. We asked Mr. Herbert Gericke, of the True Blue Nubian Goat Farm of Staten Island, if it was true, as we had heard, that goats sometimes ate tobacco, and he said yes, they all loved it. Furthermore, it's good for them—keeps their tums free of worms. We offered a Chesterfield to one of Mr. Gericke's prize-winners, True Blue Dimples, and she chewed it up with evident pleasure.



Fourteenth Street Scene

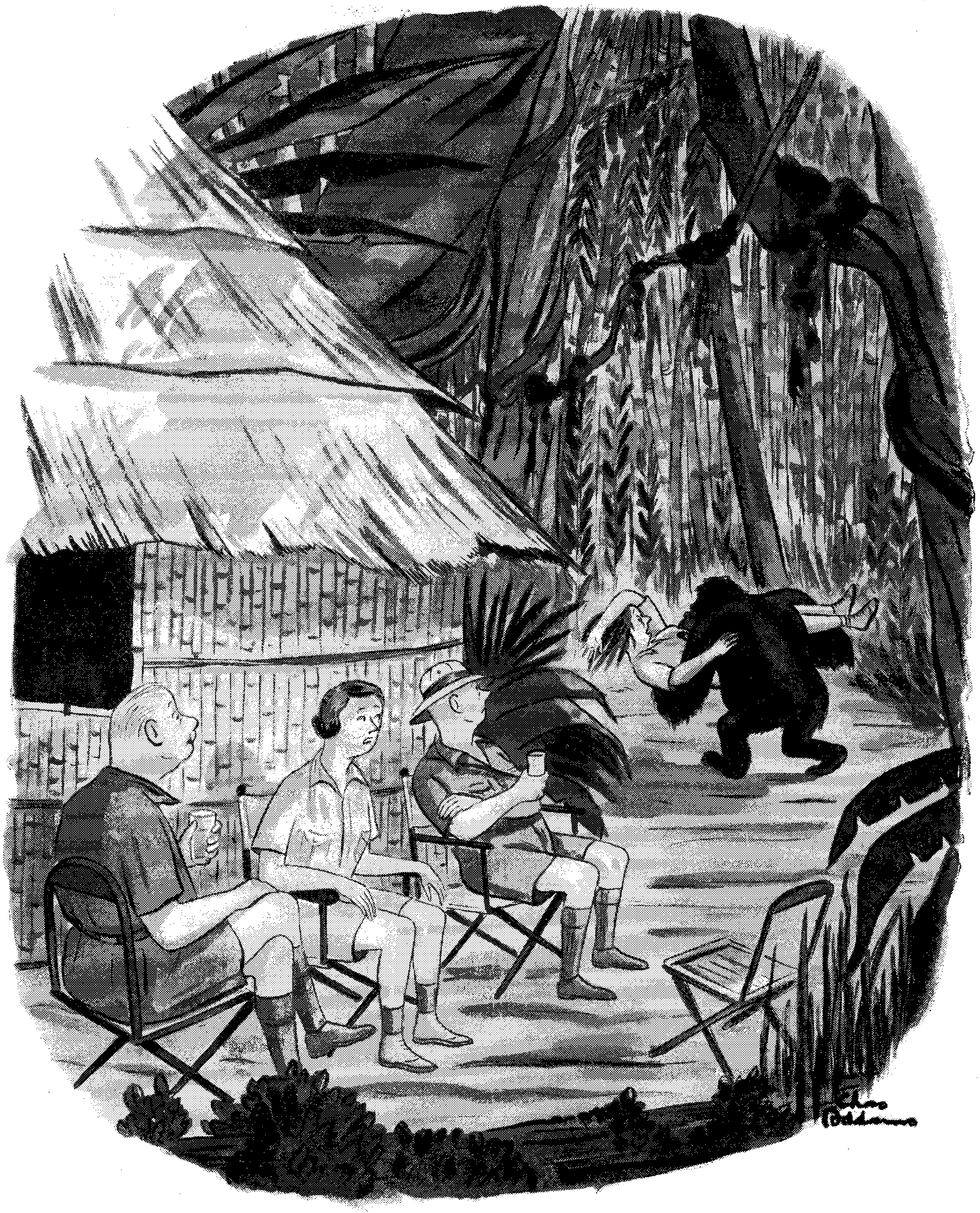
LAST Saturday afternoon the common trying-on room of S. Klein's looked, a lady who was present tells us, like the anteroom of hell. It was crowded with red-faced, tortured women, all fighting their girdles and their neighbors as they tried on dresses in front of the mirrors. A small girl stood patiently in a corner, waiting for Mamma. She was singing, as she waited, a little rhyme from "Snow White":

> "Mirror, mirror on the wall,
> Tell me who's fairest of them all."

Almost Incredible

A FRIEND of ours with a penchant for research reports that the press took the events of August, 1914, much more calmly than those of August, 1939. At least, he says, the *Times* did. Its first mention of war that season was on July 22nd, when a modestly placed dispatch (p. 4, col. 4) announced that "the spectre of war in Europe is being revived." Two days later, the news that Austria was ready to send Servia an ultimatum received a single column on the front page, and a somewhat disparaging two-paragraph editorial. Saturday, July 25th, Austria broke off diplomatic relations with Servia. The *Times* reported also that Rodman Wanamaker's trimotor seaplane, America, would not attempt a transatlantic flight because the pilot, an Englishman, had no confidence in the machine. "Evolution," the *Times* concluded, in a thoughtful little editorial, "is a slow process." The next day, Austria mobilized for war, and all the Americans in the country fled to the safety of Berlin. The *Times* devoted its leading editorial to the war: "It seems amazing, almost incredible, that a European war of large proportions should be possible at this time."

A week later, Germany and Russia had entered the war. The



"Personally, I can't imagine what he sees in her."

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Sunday *Times* reported that crowds had filled Times Square, watching the bulletins, and that the suffragists had taken the occasion to announce that if women had the vote there would be no war. One of the editorials remarked, "War provokes savagery, but a war involving the great Powers would be fought with due restraint." The *Times* followed its usual Sunday custom of reprinting a full page of cartoons from other papers. These were mostly about the unhappiness of people who had to come back from summer resorts.

On Tuesday, August 4th, with England and France added to the list of combatants, some excitement was reported over here. German and Austrian reservists had paraded to their consulates, with bands playing. A crowd of eight hundred people had staged a pro-German riot outside the British Consulate. Hotel service was disrupted because so many waiters, cooks, and bus boys had been conscripted. The *Times* hinted that airplanes might play a considerable part in the forthcoming hostilities, because of something called the Steinmetz device, which enabled a plane to attack a balloon without being itself in danger. One dispatch, headed "Yale Boy's Adventure," told of the adventures of a lad named William C. Bullitt, Yale '12, who narrowly missed getting shot in Warsaw. San Francisco announced that the war would not interfere with the fair to be opened the following spring.

Our informant says that nowhere, in the news, editorial, or letters-to-the-editor columns, did he find the slightest mention of American neutrality. It was completely taken for granted.

The Big City

A SAD thing happened to a spirited little girl from Atlanta who was up here visiting friends in the Village. Late one night, coming home alone from a movie, she saw two large men approaching her, walking shoulder to shoulder and completely blocking the narrow sidewalk. They came nearer, but showed no signs of moving aside to allow her passageway. This girl of course knew better than to expect good manners of Northerners, but she decided that being edged out into the street was too much to take, even from a Yankee. So she marched straight ahead, and when the men were face to face with her, she turned her shoulder and lunged between them. She was brought up short, with a clank. Looking down at the obstruction, she saw that the men's hands were joined with handcuffs. The incident gave her a nasty bruise on the hip, and modified her ideals of chivalry.

Blimps

TRAVELLERS returning from London, which is protected now against air raids by a curtain of steel cables suspended from large balloons, have been momentarily startled at their first view of those Goodyear blimps you see cruising over New York. The war, however, has not affected the local blimps, whose home base is the Bendix Airport, five miles beyond the George Washington Bridge. We have had a man over there and he reports that the three ships are operating on a commercial, though non-money-making, basis. Anyone can ride in them, for either three or five dollars. The three-dollar trip provides little more than a sweeping view of the Hackensack Meadows. For five dollars, customers are flown down the Hudson, around the Battery, up the East River, and back to Bendix by way of Harlem. Goodyear's income from the project doesn't even cover the operating expenses, let alone investment and overhead, but the difference is charged to publicity and they're satisfied. The blimps take off at fifteen- or twenty-minute intervals from noon to midnight, and they do *not* fly over the World's Fair. The Fair, presumably fearful of forced landings, insisted that they stay half a mile away. This ruling has annoyed all manner of stunt men, one of whom, for example, wanted to hang by his toes over the Theme Center. Another planned tentatively to dive from a cabin window into the Lagoon of Nations. The no-Fair edict also distressed a young Hackensack lady working in one of the Mayflower Doughnut concessions at Flushing. She thought the blimps made a regular stop at the Fair and proposed to buy a commutation ticket.

The blimps, all one hundred and fifty feet long and capable of hitting it up to sixty miles an hour, though they generally cruise at forty, are the Resolute, the Reliance, and the Rainbow. They were so named, after famous America's Cup racers, because Mr. P. W. Litchfield, the president of the Goodyear company, is an ardent yachtsman. Each airship carries up to six passengers, who have ranged so far from Helmie Bey, Keeper of the Royal Garage of Farouk I of Egypt, to an old lady who, when her blimp inadvertently ran into an air pocket, turned to the pilot and said indignantly, "Young man, don't you *ever* do that again." The majority of the passengers are simply local folk out for the ride, the longer of which lasts about an hour. The Goodyear people, as thoughtful a corporate body as you could ask for, feared that the noise of the blimps' motors might disturb light sleepers, and late-night flights are out. The public, to repay this thoughtfulness, has until now refrained from taking any pot shots at the blimps, a sport often engaged in by Tennessee mountaineers, who suspect they're manned by revenue agents, and by people who dislike blimps. One such man in the Florida Everglades almost killed a pilot with a rifle bullet. The rest of the crew spotted the marksman, nabbed him after they landed, and saw that he got a six months' jail sentence on whatever charge covers assault on dirigibles.

Service

A COUPLE went to the Claremont for dinner the other night and found the mosquitoes already there. They slapped without complaint for a while and then asked their waiter if the house had any Flit. The waiter said certainly, went away, and soon was back with a Flit gun. The guests took it, sprayed thoroughly under their table, and finished their dinner in comparative comfort. The only point to the thing is that the waiter brought the Flit gun wrapped up in a clean, folded napkin, like a bottle of champagne.

Library Shot

WHENEVER anybody mentions national defence, we instantly get a mental picture of a long cannon rising mysteriously from a concrete emplacement, pointing out to sea, going boom, and sinking back to its lair. This, of course, is because we have for years been seeing the same cannon, or a succession of similar cannon, in the newsreels. We find, upon investigation, that it's what newsreel men call a "library shot"—that is, to be utterly frank, it's the same picture, kept on file and used whenever it seems to be called for. The commentators are only allowed to say that the cannon is a unit of our coast defence, specific information being withheld as a military secret. We talked with a cameraman who has photographed most of our Eastern military equipment and found that he had a low opinion of the coast-defence batteries. "Stationary," he said, scornfully. "Everybody in the world knows where they are. And poison gas collects in the emplacements."

Determined to know more about coastal defence, we put it up to the Army in a nice way, and the Army said we could visit the nearest battery, which is not many hours' journey from the Ritz Bar. When we got out there, however, we found the officers in a nervous state and not inclined to talk. A suspicious-acting civilian with a camera had just been apprehended and marched off to the police station, and even our impeccable credentials failed to calm the major of artillery who first received us. He said the Secretary of War had recently sent out telegrams urging officers not to talk about the European war. "And that covers the present situation for me, too," he added, rather illogically. Finally, by appealing to the public-relations officer of the post, we obtained the necessary permission. The public-relations officer took us down to the water's edge (we trust no Japanese are listening) and showed us half a dozen long, greenish-looking rifles crouched behind concrete parapets. These cannon are forty years old now, having been mounted just after the Spanish-American War. Their ability to rise, fire, and disappear was highly appreciated in those days, because no possible enemy observers could spot them accurately. Nowadays, with aerial observation, it's different. The guns we saw hadn't been fired in forty years—couldn't have been, because of the amount of shipping in the vicinity of New York. The gunners go to another fort for practice. Our guide said under no circumstances to worry, though, for New York Harbor would be one of the easiest in the world to mine and, moreover, some huge new rifles mounted on railroad cars are reported to have been seen in the metropolitan neighborhood.

We picked up a few bits of gunnery chitchat, such as the fact that a gun can, on a direct hit, penetrate armor plate a distance equal to the gun's bore. Our coast-defence guns range from eight to sixteen inches, and it costs $2,000, including the depreciation of the piece, to fire a big gun once. Among American artillery under voting age, the most highly regarded is a four-inch anti-aircraft gun mounted on a truck. Fort Totten has twelve of those.

Orphan Plaque

THE American passengers—or some of them, at least—who were on the Bremen's South American cruise this spring decided before the end of the trip to present the captain and crew with a commemorative plaque. They subsequently had a nice one made up, or a committee did. It bore a relief map of South America, and the words, "To the captain, officers, and crew of the S.S. Bremen in appreciation and commemoration of the voyage round South America, February 11 to March 24,

1939. Presented by the United States citizens aboard." One evening late in August the presentation committee met for dinner, after which they piled into taxicabs and headed for the Bremen's pier. The cops wouldn't let them in, though, and before they could appeal the case to a higher authority—if there be higher authority than a cop's—the Bremen had disappeared. Probably she never will get the plaque.

Solo Dramatist

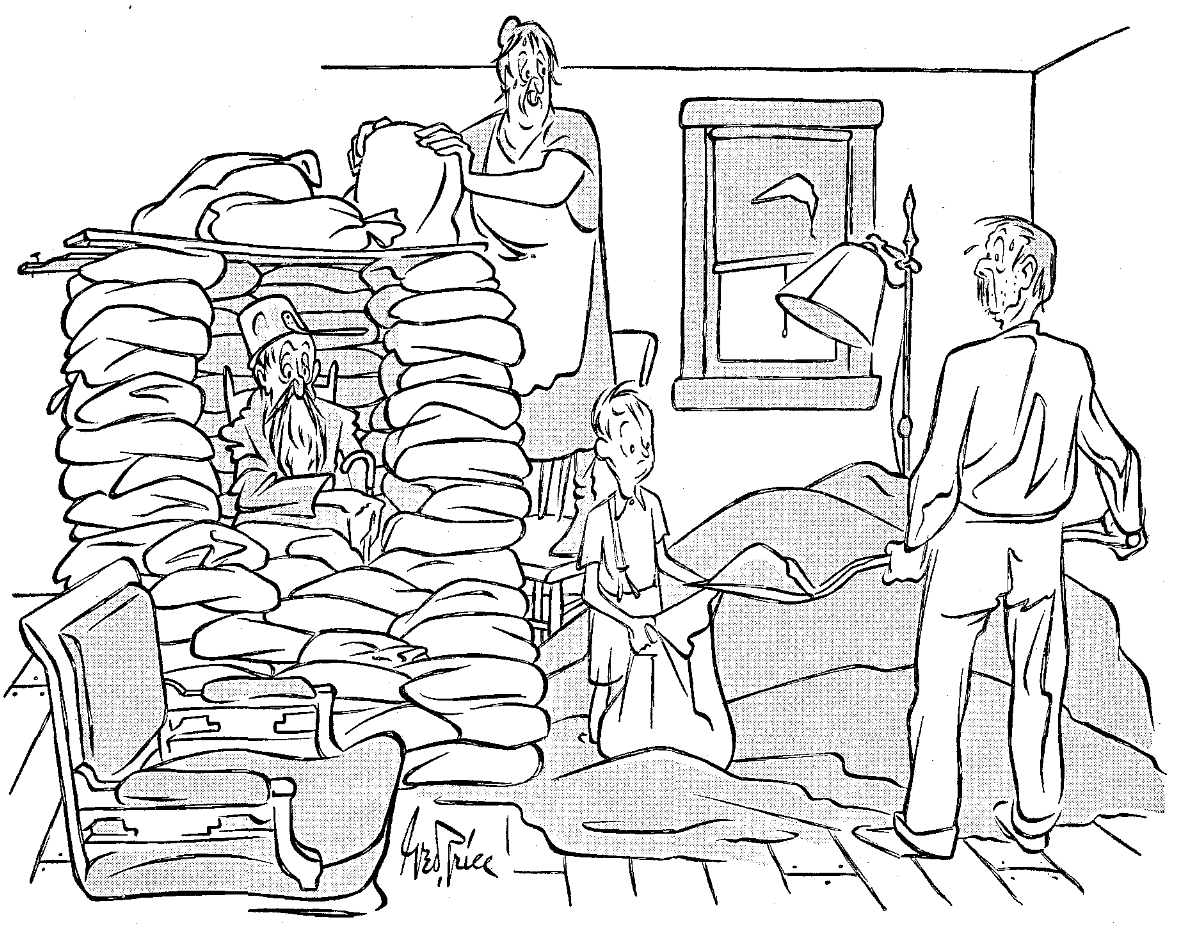
TWENTY-SEVEN hundred people received in the mails last week an announcement that "Alexander King Will Read His Own Play, 'Profound Bow to Memory.' " The time was given as 8:45 the evening of Sunday the 24th, the place the Mercury Theatre, the price of seats fifty-five cents to a dollar sixty-five. This odd-sounding venture was further publicized in the dramatic column of the *Times*, where it was said that the author was an "editorial associate" of *Life*. Filled with almost intolerable curiosity, we hunted up Mr. King and asked him how come. "Well," he said, "people are used to plays without scenery or costumes, but they've never been to a play without scenery, costumes, actors, props, lights, or intermission." Mr. King added that he'd like to have his play produced with a full complement of scenery, costumes, etc., but that this is impossible because producers refuse to read plays submitted to them.

Mr. King, a Viennese, was originally named König. He emigrated to this country when he was fifteen, and more or less forgot about Vienna until Hitler grabbed it. Then he fell to thinking nostalgic thoughts about the old Vienna. "From Vienna," the revue staged by Austrian refugees, moved him so deeply that he determined to put into dramatic form his own feelings as a native. He completed his job in three weeks, working in the evening. The play is in six scenes, and is concerned with the life of Peter Altenberg, an Austrian poet who died in 1919, and who, to Mr. King, is symbolic of the Austrian people. "He was a great poet but a strange man," Mr. King told us. "He lived his entire life in Vienna coffee houses and insane asylums. He wore Scotch plaid suits and sandals and thought he could fly. He wrote short, exquisite prose poems, and no man ever lived, not even Freud, who understood women as well as he did." There are thirty characters, including Peter Altenberg, who is listed under his own name. "His part is the longest in the history of the theatre," Mr. King told us. "Fifteen pages longer than Hamlet." Glancing at the MS., we noticed that some of the other characters were Dr. Braun, a psychiatrist; Leilan Sung, a Chinese girl; prostitutes; Attilio Gentile, a madman; Mr. Bach, another madman; Alois, a younger madman; Alfred, a manic-depressive; and Prince Alessandro Borghese, not otherwise described. The play opens in a Vienna coffee house with a waiter saying to Dr. Braun, "A cinnamon bun, Doctor?," and Dr. Braun replying, "No, I'm getting too fat." It ends (all things considered, not very surprisingly) in a madhouse.

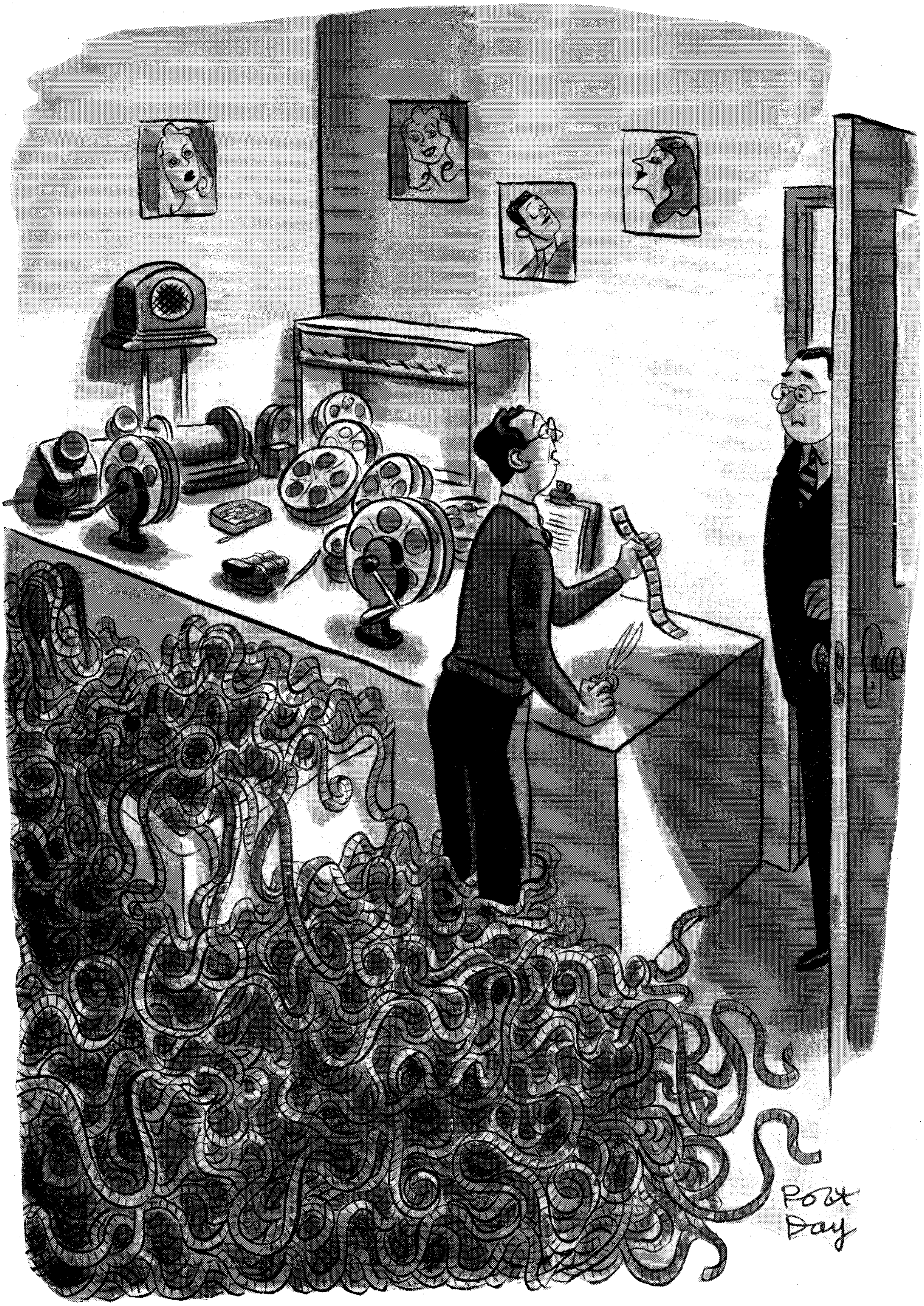
Mr. King has written one other serious play, "Night Watch in Jerusalem," and six comedies for marionettes. He's also somewhat in demand as an illustrator, specializing in Negroes. He became known as a reliable illustrator of Negro subjects after he did the pictures for William Seabrooks' "The Magic Island." "Today," he told us, "if they can't get Covarrubias, they get me." Several producers have promised to come to the reading—Dwight Wiman, Brock Pemberton, Eddie Dowling, and Herman Shumlin. Mr. King would accept an offer for professional production from any of them. We've saved the big kick in this story for the end: when we talked to Mr. King, the Mercury was sold out for Sunday evening, except for eighty seats. Mr. King will make about four hundred dollars' profit, which he is going to turn over to charity.

Critique

THE murals on the walls of the new post office on East Twenty-third Street have finally been unveiled. A large, forthright lady who dropped in to buy a stamp was overheard asking the clerk what they signified. "Them muriels?" said the clerk. "We'll know next week. They're sending a memo from Washington."



"Well, that takes care of Uncle Stevie."



“The rest of it stinks.”

BREAD ALONE

IT was the eighth inning, and the Yankees had what the sportswriters call a comfortable lead. It was comfortable for them, all right. Unless a miracle happened, they had the ball game locked up and put away. They would not be coming to bat again, and Mr. Hart didn't like that any more than he was liking his thoughts, the thoughts he had been thinking ever since the fifth inning, when the Yanks had made their five runs. From the fifth inning on, Mr. Hart had been troubled with his conscience.

Mr. Hart was a car-washer, and what colored help at the Elbee Garage got paid was not much. It had to house, feed, and clothe all the Harts, which meant Mr. Hart himself; his wife, Lolly Hart; his son, Booker Hart; and his three daughters, Carrie, Linda, and the infant, Brenda Hart. The day before, Mr. Ginsburg, the bookkeeper who ran the shop pool, had come to him and said, "Well, Willie, you win the sawbuck."

"Yes sir, Mr. Ginsburg, I sure do. I was watchin' them newspapers all week," said Mr. Hart. He dried his hands with the chamois and extended the right.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, anduh tenner. Ten bucks, Willie," said Mr. Ginsburg. "Well, what are you gonna do with all that dough? I'll bet you don't tell your wife about it."

"Well, I don't know, Mr. Ginsburg. She don't follow the scores, so she don't know I win. I don't know what to do," said Mr. Hart. "But say, ain't I suppose to give you your cut? I understand it right, I oughta buy you a drink or a cigar or something."

"That's the custom, Willie, but thinking it over, you weren't winners all year."

"No sir, that's right," said Mr. Hart.

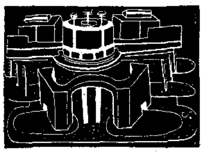
"So I tell you, if you win another pool, you buy me *two* drinks or *two* cigars. Are you going in this week's pool?"

"Sure am. It don't seem fair, though. Ain't much of the season left and maybe I won't win again. Sure you don't want a drink or a cigar or something?"

"That's all right, Willie," said Mr. Ginsburg.

ON the way home, Mr. Hart was a troubled man. That money belonged in the sugar bowl. A lot could come out of that money: a steak, stockings, a lot of stuff. But a man was entitled to a little pleasure in this life, the only life he ever had. Mr. Hart had not been to a ball game since about fifteen or twenty years ago, and the dime with which he bought his ticket in the pool every week was his own money, carfare money. He made it up by getting rides home, or pretty near home, when a truck-driver or private chauffeur friend was going Harlem-ward; and if he got a free ride, or two free rides, to somewhere near home every week, then he certainly was entitled to use the dime for the pool. And this was the first time he had won. Then there was the other matter of who won it for him: the Yankees. He had had the Yankees and the Browns in the pool, the first time all season he had picked the Yanks, and it was they who made the runs that had made him the winner of the ten dollars. If it wasn't for those Yankees, he wouldn't have won. He owed it to them to go and buy tickets and show his gratitude. By the time he got home his mind was made up. He had the next afternoon off, and, by God, he was going to see the Yankees play.

There was, of course, only one person to take; that was Booker, the strange boy of thirteen who was Mr. Hart's only son. Booker was a quiet boy, good in school, and took after his mother, who was quite a little lighter complected than Mr. Hart. And so that night after supper he simply announced, "Tomorrow me and Booker's going over to see the New York Yankees play. A friend of mine happened to give me a choice pair of sets, so me and Booker's taking in the game." There had been a lot of talk, and naturally Booker was the most surprised of all—so surprised that Mr. Hart was not sure his son was even pleased. Booker was a very hard one to understand. Fortunately, Lolly believed right away that someone had really given Mr. Hart the tickets to the game; he had handed over his pay as usual, nothing missing, and that made her believe his story.



BUT that did not keep Mr. Hart from having an increasingly bad time from the fifth inning on. And Booker didn't help him to forget. Booker leaned forward and he followed the game all right but never said anything much. He seemed to know the game and to recognize the players, but never *talked*. He got up and yelled in the fifth inning when the Yanks were making their runs, but so did everybody else. Mr. Hart wished the game was over.

DiMaggio came to bat. Ball one. Strike one, called. Ball two. Mr. Hart wasn't watching with his heart in it. He had his eyes on DiMaggio, but it was the crack of the bat that made Mr. Hart realize that DiMaggio had taken a poke at one, and the ball was in the air, high in the air. Everybody around Mr. Hart stood up and tried to watch the ball. Mr. Hart stood up too. Booker sort of got up off the seat, watching the ball but not standing up. The ball hung in the air and then began to drop. Mr. Hart was judging it and could tell it was going to hit about four rows behind him. Then it did hit, falling the last few yards as though it had been thrown down from the sky, and smacko! it hit the seats four rows behind the Harts, bounced high but sort of crooked, and dropped again to the row directly behind Mr. Hart and Booker.

There was a scramble of men and kids, men hitting kids and kids darting and shoving men out of the way, trying to get the ball. Mr. Hart drew away, not wanting any trouble, and then he remembered Booker. He turned to look at Booker, and Booker was sitting hunched up, holding his arms so's to protect his head and face.

"Where the hell's the ball? Where's the ball?" Men and kids were yelling and cursing, pushing and kicking each other, but nobody could find the ball. Two boys began to fight because one accused the other of pushing him when he almost had his hand on the ball. The fuss lasted until the end of the inning. Mr. Hart was nervous. He didn't want any trouble, so he concentrated on the game again. Booker had the right idea. He was concentrating on the game. They both concentrated like hell. All they could hear was a mystified murmur among the men and kids. "Well, somebody must of got the god-damn thing." In two minutes the Yanks retired the side and the ball game was over.

"Let's wait till the crowd gets started going, Pop," said Booker.

"O.K.," said Mr. Hart. He was in no hurry to get home, with the things he had on his mind and how sore Lolly would be. He'd give her what was left of the ten bucks, but she'd be sore anyhow. He lit a cigarette and let it hang on his lip. He didn't feel so good sitting there with his elbow on his knee, his chin on his fist.

"Hey, Pop," said Booker.

"Huh?"

"Here," said Booker.

"What?" said Mr. Hart. He looked at his son. His son reached inside his shirt, looked back of him, and then from the inside of the shirt he brought out the ball. "Present for you," said Booker.

Mr. Hart looked down at it. "Lemme see that!" he said. He did not reach for it. Booker handed it to him.

"Go ahead, take it. It's a present for you," said Booker.

Suddenly Mr. Hart threw back his head and laughed. "I'll be god-damn holy son of a bitch. You got it? The ball?"

"Sure. It's for you," said Booker.

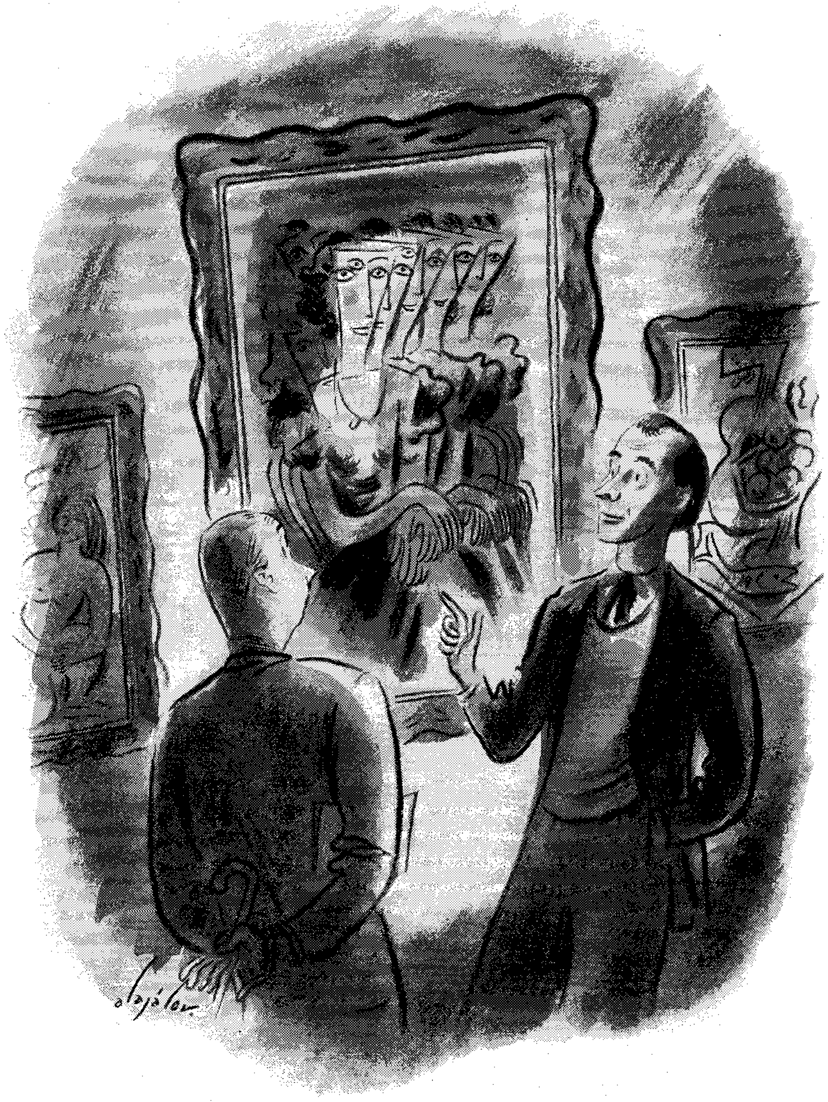
Mr. Hart threw back his head again and slapped his knees. "I'll be damn—boy, some Booker!" He put his arm around his son's shoulders and hugged him. "Boy, some Booker, huh? You givin' it to me? Some Booker!"

—John O'Hara

THE BRIDE OF BERCHTESGADEN

At every hotel and inn we stopped at that summer in Germany we were put into the bridal suite, because I always wrote on the register, "Bemelmans and Bride." It was good for a laugh; Bride was an old mountain guide and he would come into the place after I had registered, carrying our baggage and followed by his two dogs.

Bride had a carrot-red beard, wore buckskin breeches and hobnailed boots, and carried a guitar under his arm when he wasn't climbing mountains. He looked like a souvenir-postcard picture of a Tyrolian. He was a famous guide and usually hung around the crags of the Ortler, Grossglockner, and Watzmann Mountains. He was my friend and was one of God's outstanding creatures. The last time I was with him we climbed for a week and then came down to Berchtesgaden, where I intended to try to arrange an interview with Mr. Hitler the next time he came to his mountain hideaway. We stopped at the inn, in the bridal suite.



"Most fidgety subject I've ever painted."

It rained for three days and three nights. We stayed indoors all the time, read over and over the two magazines the clerk had, and looked out of the windows at the water that fell everywhere. Drifting fogs obscured the mountains and the roofs of the houses, raindrops danced in the puddles, small rivers ran down the streets, and Mr. Hitler stayed in Berlin.

The fourth day, we watched the proprietor of the inn play cards for an hour with the teacher, the local pharmacist, and the stationmaster. Then we looked out of every door and window at the rain, and then we began to drink beer. We had some in the dining room and some in the lobby, where the card game was going on, and some in our room. We had a good deal before it was anywhere near time for lunch. In our room, Bride ransacked all the drawers in the bureaus, looking for anything, and found an almost empty bottle of American nail polish. He asked me its use. I explained it and then took off my shoes and fell asleep on the couch. When I woke up, Bride had just finished painting my toenails and was sitting on the floor in a corner, humming and accompanying himself on his guitar. I turned over and slept until two o'clock.

It was gray and cold, and we went down to the dining room again. That room was an immense, vaulted hall on the side facing the street. Raised a few feet from the floor was a balcony. On nice days we could have sat there and looked out of the wide windows, over the valley and toward the high mountains. Now we turned the other way and looked at all the empty chairs and tables. Zenzi, the waitress, brought us *Glühwein*, a good drink for such a day. It is red wine served heated in a big goblet, with some herbs in it. We drank slowly, dipping pieces of bread into it. Later we just drank it and smoked cigars. We did this for hours. Bride's two wet dogs slept under the table all the while, and stank.

Toward nightfall a porter came in and dusted and straightened a picture of Mr. Hitler which hung at the far end of the hall, and then went out and came back with two large Nazi flags. He draped these around the picture. Another porter came in and together they carried out most of the tables and arranged all the chairs facing the picture, as if for a lecture or an entertainment

Garrett Price
DINOSAUR EGGS
WITH CARE

"Hello, Professor. What's new?"

• •

of some kind. Then two young men came in pushing a wheelbarrow stacked with wreaths and garlands made of pine branches, and with these they decorated the room. It began to smell like Christmas. Finally a radio and a loudspeaker were brought in and connected up. The loudspeaker was placed under the picture of Mr. Hitler.

The proprietor of the inn came to look things over and we called him to our table on the balcony. He told us that all this was in celebration of a National Socialist holiday, that Herr Hitler was arriving in Berchtesgaden that afternoon, that he was making an address from his mountain villa at eight o'clock. "Tomorrow will be a beautiful day," he said. "*Der Führer* always brings good weather with him when he comes to Berchtesgaden."

AROUND seven-thirty the hall began to fill with men. We had each had our seventh *Glühwein*, and I could not see them very clearly, but I heard the sound of their heels coming together in sharp greetings, the scraping of chair legs on the wooden floor as they sat down, and a sound of conversation—a deep murmur that came to my ears like the word "Barbara, Barbara, Barbara" repeated over and over. Bride seemed to be asleep. A song started the festivities and I asked some men sitting a few yards from us if we should leave, but they said no, cordially, and invited us to stay.

The Führer's address came over the loudspeaker and lasted for an hour and a half. Then the "Horst Wessel Lied" was sung, and when the men sat down again the local head of the Nazi Party stood before Mr. Hitler's picture and addressed the assembly.

His address was shorter than Mr. Hitler's. Toward the end of it he told how proud all of them were to be privileged to breathe the same clean German mountain air as the Führer himself, how honored they felt at being here in beautiful Berchtesgaden, so close to their Adolf Hitler, "who is right up there behind us." At these words, the speaker pointed in the general direction of Mr. Hitler's mountain villa. It seemed to me at the time that he was pointing directly at Bride and myself. As he did so, the members of the assembly turned round in their chairs, looked at us, and applauded.

In an ashtray on our table was a cold cigar butt about the size and shape of a small mustache. I stuck it under my nose, rose to my feet with great effort, and gave the Nazi salute. I also made a short speech. I can't remember what I said, but I screamed out some words of encouragement in that hysterical tone, that almost-falsetto pitch familiar to radio listeners all over the world.

There was a moment of silence when I sat down again; then the leader shouted "*Schmeissen Sie das Schwein 'raus!*" and a beer glass sailed past my right ear. The next one must have hit me, for the rafters in the ceiling, the table, the uniforms, and Zenzi's big white apron all became an uncertain black-and-brown picture. I remember that both of Bride's dogs barked and that Bride was carrying me somewhere, like a baby. I woke up the next morning in the bridal suite. Bride and his dogs and his guitar were gone.

IT was, as the proprietor had promised, a lovely, sunny mountain morning. I put a cold towel on my head and walked out on the balcony. Down the street, behind an immense flag, came little girls marching in military formation and singing. At the far end of the street a rheumatic old prelate hobbled in haste to reach a side street to avoid having to salute the flag. I felt a hand on my shoulder, and when I turned around I saw two young men in civilian clothes. One of them identified himself as a member of the Political Police and said, "Herr Bemelmans, come with us—very quietly and without attracting any attention whatever."

We walked through the town as friends would, without attracting any attention. We went straight to the railroad station, where one of the young men bought two tickets, second class, to Munich; the other stayed behind, I learned later, to call up Munich and tell somebody we were on our way. After the train was rolling, the young man with me pulled a small notebook from his pocket and asked me to help him with his English. He studied English, he said, to help advance himself in the service of the Political Police. I helped him with it a little.

In Munich we went to the headquarters of the Political Police, which is in what used to be the Wittelsbach Palace. Here I had to surrender my American passport, was asked some questions, and after an hour's wait was taken to a prison in the centre of the city by another young man in civilian clothes. Again we walked like friends and attracted no attention. He carried in his hand a large envelope on which was written in red ink, "Foreigner—Urgent." He seemed to know about my case. "I am ashamed on your behalf, Herr Bemelmans," he said to me on the way. "Why don't you like Germany? Don't you see how fine everything is? Have you seen one single beggar? Have you seen anyone badly dressed or in want? Have you seen anyone hungry or idle? Has a train been late for you? Other foreigners who come here and look around are full of praises for the Third Reich and for its Leader. You should be ashamed, Herr Bemelmans!"

At the prison I was handed over to an official in uniform, who took me to a cell in which sat a small, pale fellow who introduced himself to me as the former editor of a Catholic publication. He told me he had been in solitary confinement for six months. He was very eager and jumpy and talked fast. "You are, dear sir," he said, sitting close to me and taking hold of my hand, "the first person I have spoken to in all this time. I am here in this nice, bright cell only since yesterday—I think my case has come up for trial. Up to now I have not been informed of the charges against me. I have no lawyer, I don't even know what has become of my wife and my three children, but I am thankful to have someone to talk to."

He asked me why I was there. I told him my story and he said, "You won't be here long. An American citizen—how enviable, how fortunate for you! They will not dare to lock you up for long. You will walk on the streets this evening, or tomorrow evening, and hear the bells of the tramways and see people and eat in a restaurant and listen to the music playing. Of course you will get out—by seven o'clock tonight, I should think.

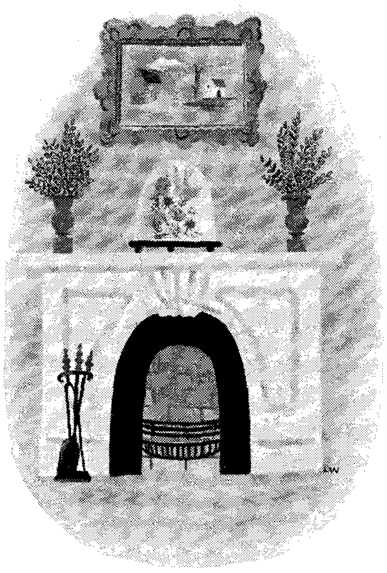
"But if anything should go wrong," he went on, gripping my shoulder with his hand, "and they lock you up alone as they have done with me, then make yourself sit still, for heaven's sake. Don't start walking up and down, for you will walk around the earth in your cell; you will never be able to rest again. Something else I will tell you that will help you: somewhere in your cell, on a wall, on the ceiling, perhaps on the floor, in some corner, at some time of the day or night when the light casts just the right shadows, you will find a place where an irregularity in the cement or the paint, a patch on the repair work, will outline for you the face of someone you love—your wife, your child, someone. It will take some imagination in the beginning, but after a while it will be there for you, strong and clear whenever you want it, to help you when the trembling starts, when the terror comes."

He seemed embarrassed by his own vehemence and stopped talking suddenly. I wanted to walk up and down but sat still out of deference to his advice. After a while a key turned in the lock and he whispered, "You see? I told you—they have come for you."

THE keeper had my envelope under his arm. He took me to a waiting car and we drove to another prison of the Political Police in a suburb of Munich—a dirty old building with sweaty walls. I was handed over to the warden and he ordered a keeper to examine me.

An examination in a German prison is most thorough. The room in which it took place was as bright as a photographer's studio, with floodlights around the ceiling. There was a glass-covered table in the room, with a powerful light under the glass, and as I took off coat, vest, and trousers the keeper stretched them out on the table and examined the cloth, the lapels, every seam and pocket with the light shining through them. He asked for my shoes and almost took them apart. With a flashlight, next, he looked into my mouth, at the roof, then under the tongue, and into the spaces between the cheeks and the teeth. Then he asked for my underclothes. Finally he asked for my socks; I took them off and stood in front of him and the warden with my painted toenails.

The warden looked at me intently and then laughed. He pinched my cheek, called me "darling," and ordered that for my own and the other prisoners' protection I be locked in a solitary cell. Doing a lopsided fandango, with one hand on his hip, the fingers spread fanwise, the warden danced out, shouting "Yoo-hoo!"



I was locked in a solitary cell.

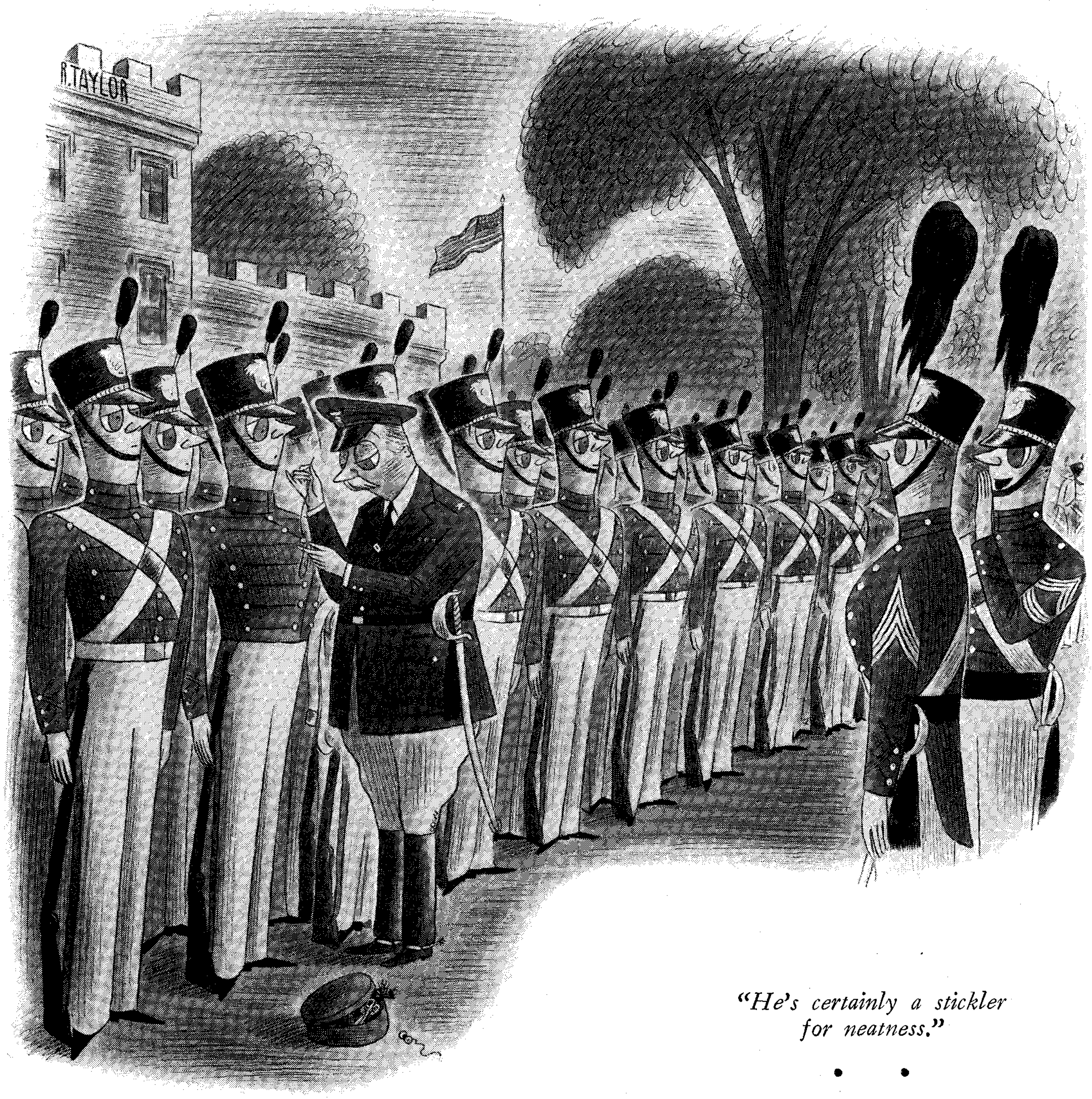
In an hour I got something to eat. Through a small opening in the iron door came a ladle; it turned, and from it a heavy lentil soup, with small discs of sausage in it, poured into a battered tin bowl which I held under it. A hand reached in and gave me a large slice of black bread. Both the soup and the bread were good.

The light began to change after an hour or two more and I began to look for a patch on the wall, an irregularity in the floor or ceiling. Against the Catholic editor's advice, I had walked up and down several miles. Then the door opened and the warden told me, with disgust, that he would have to release me, that the American consul was downstairs in his office with an official from the Political Police.

I WAS released, and the consul advised me that I was to report to the State's Attorney the next morning. I got there promptly at nine. The State's Attorney was an affable, academic young man with a left cheek divided into six irregular fields by sabre cuts. He received me in the outer room of a suite of offices under the inevitable picture of the Führer, but instead of the obligatory "*Heil Hitler!*" he said comfortably "*Grüss Gott!*" and offered me his hand in greeting. A one-armed secretary, a veteran with many decorations, brought my envelope and laid it on a desk. The State's Attorney pulled two chairs up to the desk, gave me a cigarette and lighted it for me, and waved the secretary out of the room. He began to speak, punctuating his sentences with a short, explosive, nasal "Ah-eh!"

"Ah-eh!" he said. "Disagreeable business, regrettable incident, Herr Bemelmans. Understandable, of course. A glass too many. Can happen to any of us. Ah-eh! Your—shall we call it pantomime?—should have been ignored, of course. Some of our people, Herr Bemelmans, in a sincere effort to—ah-eh!—serve the Party, are sometimes overzealous. You have chosen, however, a particularly awkward spot, Herr Bemelmans. Berchtesgaden is—ah-eh!—is the last place for such a—but let that go.

"This affair has, however, gone too



"He's certainly a stickler for neatness."

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far simply to dismiss it. The Party—that is, the State—cannot let you go—ah-eh!—unpunished. The police cannot admit having made—ah-eh!—a mistake. In order to put this matter out of the way, I have permitted myself to make some calculations with which I hope you will find yourself in—ah-eh!—agreement. There is a very good train for Berchtesgaden, leaving Munich Hauptbahnhof at seven-forty tomorrow morning. They've reported the first snowfall in Berchtesgaden; there's some excellent skiing around there; Berchtesgaden is enchanting in the late September. Ah-eh! While you are there, Herr Bemelmans, I suggest that you go to the District Court—I have written the address on this slip of paper for you. It is only a few steps from the station. In return for a small fee you will receive your passport there.

"Ah-eh! As for the amount of the fine, what do you think of, say, a hundred marks, Herr Bemelmans? Not too much—very little. Ah-eh! A bagatelle for an American, what?"

I WENT back to Berchtesgaden, paid my fine at the District Court, and got back my passport. Coming out of the building, I saw Bride and his two dogs walking up the street. They were a block or so away and I stuck my fingers in my mouth and whistled. Bride turned and the dogs stopped in their tracks. He had his guitar under his arm and, standing against the background of snow, he looked, as always, like a souvenir-postcard picture of a Tyrolian. It was my last glimpse of him. Bride's arm began to rise involuntarily as if in greeting, and then all at once he had turned and was running up into his mountains as if he had seen a devil, his dogs after him.

—LUDWIG BEMELMANS

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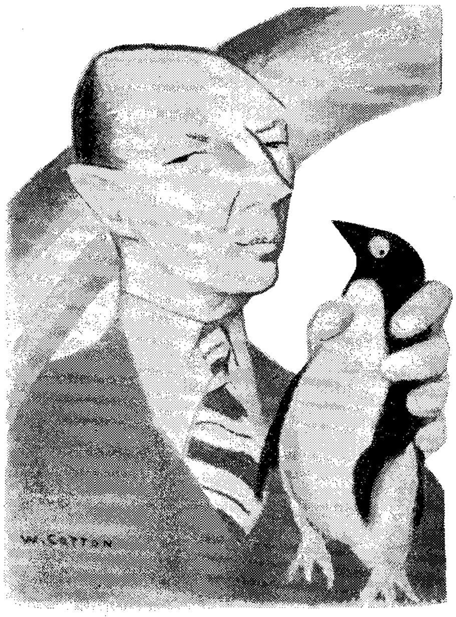
Young Lannhardt was a member of Troop 66 of the Boysyy yySyycoyuyts in Woodhaven.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

You mean in Woodsy-boodsy Haven?

PROFILES

COLOR NUT



RAYMOND G. TWYEFFORT is a custom tailor who believes that it is his destiny to save American capitalism by dressing its chief exponents in canary yellow, scarlet, vermilion, and other hues of the spectrum. He likes to describe himself as a practical mystic. He is a slim man in his early fifties who has a habit of lisping under tension. It is his conviction that there are psychic forces loose in the world with which he is constantly on the point of establishing contact, and this feeling keeps him keyed up almost all the time. He is always turning over in his mind the magnitude of his mission, sometimes getting out of bed at three in the morning to scribble down some message about a bottle-green dinner jacket or red-and-yellow shoes—a message he receives, he says, from he knows not where. One of his minor caprices is that every human absorbs ideas from the air, or, as he will say excitedly, "Ev'wy man's a wadio."

Twyeffort's establishment, which is incorporated with himself as president and members of his family as the other officers and stockholders, is in the British Empire Building at Rockefeller Center. He regards it as a sort of soul clinic where tired personalities are rejuvenated. Color, he believes, has a positive therapeutic value and, if used freely enough, can cure hives, heartburn, dyspepsia, and dandruff, as well as feelings of inferiority, discouragement, and all the neuroses derived from the complexity of modern life. Through color, Twyeffort says, he cured himself of a fear of automobiles and obtained a good deal of relief for a customer who felt that he was being ceaselessly shadowed. The wearing of red, Twyeffort believes, actually makes a man strong, invincible, and dynamic. Yellow makes him gay, green makes him amorous, and blue soothes him, if the shade is exactly right. Dress American businessmen in scarlet, for example, and they will be irresistible. Revivified themselves, they will soon take to constructing emerald skyscrapers, yellow ocean liners, and violet subways. Since no one can stand a vibrant color very long, all the world's goods will be periodically junked and replaced by new patterns equally resplendent, which in turn will swiftly bring satiety and likewise be replaced. This will keep everyone working like mad, poverty will be permanently banished, and the capitalistic system will be forever secure. The scope of Twyeffort's idea is so tremendous that it leaves him gasping and somewhat inarticulate when he tries to communicate it. At such times he is apt to cry out, "Wed flannel underwear made Amewica gweat! Dwess Amewica back to pwosperity!"

ALTHOUGH Twyeffort's theories may seem eccentric, his position in the world of tailoring and fashion is sound and apparently impregnable. He is a past president of the National Association of Merchant Tailors of America, the present chairman of that organization's Committee on Fashions, and last year his business took in $370,000 gross for clothing, much of which was as bright as the rainbow. Twyeffort charges $160 for a sack suit and $220 for evening dress, and his eleven tailors and cutters, whom he pays on a piecework basis, turn out about thirty suits a week. The National Association in a "standardized-costs" sheet breaks down the average custom tailor's budget like this: 58.5 per cent for labor and material, 28.2 per cent for such general expenses as salaries and rent, 7.2 per cent for taxes, depreciation, and other indirect expenses, and 6.1 per cent profit. It is generally agreed, however, that tailors' profits are a good deal higher.

Twyeffort is perhaps the only tailor who, in fitting a customer for a suit, takes into account his soul, the color of his eyes, hair, and skin, the locale in which he moves, and his occupation. "It's as important to catch a man's psyche," he says, "as to get the right chest measurement. The color of skin is very important. A horny skin, reddish and mottled, can't take a refined fabric. A man like that should wear a rough, fuzzy fabric."

When Twyeffort began his crusade in 1926, the conservatives in his trade promptly called him a nut. With a discomfiting, abandoned gaiety which is characteristic, Twyeffort giggled and said, "Yes, I'm a nut. I'm a color nut." Since that time he has used the term as an expression of approbation. "Oh, he's a color nut," he will say approvingly of a tailor who has begun to adopt his theories. A part of Twyeffort's success rests on the fact that unrelieved black makes him physically ill. As a consequence, many of his creations are designed to replace the black dinner jacket and black tails. His first original creation of this sort was called the host suit, and was snapped up in 1928 by Herbert Bayard Swope. It now comes in orange and brown, green and red, blue and yellow, or in whatever combination seems best calculated to banish the personal problems of its wearer.

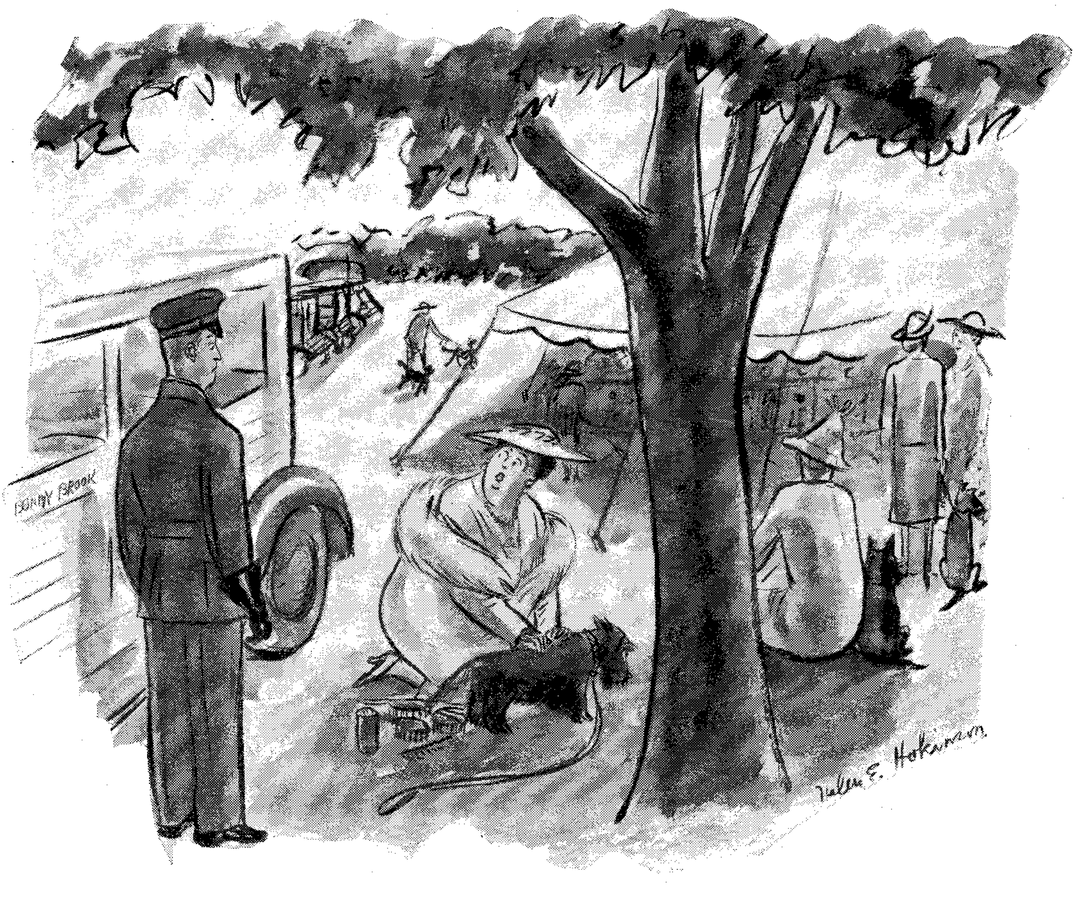
Twyeffort is also the creator of summer dinner jackets in canary, egg shell, bisque, beige, Quaker gray, glade green, Gulf Stream blue, and cocoa, as well as informal winter evening clothes in Capri blue, plum, wine, maroon, green, and sixty other shades. He advocates a dinner suit of a different color for every night in the week. To his inspiration we are indebted for formal tails in twilight blue, evening blue, and midnight blue, a loudly checked cocktail suit, bright dinner waistcoats, the blue opera cape with scarlet or orange lining, and the renaissance of the vibrant cummerbund. Most of his ideas were so startling that there were no fabrics with which to carry them out, and these, too, had to be created. One company alone has brought out fifty-five new silk fabrics as a result of Twyeffort's urgings, and hundreds of new woollens are now on the market because of him.

His real triumph, however, has been in accessories. He persuaded hat manufacturers to introduce bright-blue toppers, jewellers to offer garnet-and-emerald studs, shoe manufacturers to make footwear with green soles and green laces, red soles and red laces, and colored evening pumps. He succeeded in inducing shirt companies to add brightly colored dinner shirts to their line of orthodox white; persuaded the makers of the traditional black dinner tie to introduce ties of green, red, purple, and yellow; and got manufacturers of handkerchiefs to brighten up their wares. Even DePinna and Tripler now sell colored dinner jackets in summer, and while they have not been generally accepted, the vogue is increasing and you are liable to see one or two in almost any night club or hotel ballroom. Moreover, many department stores, even in winter, sell more dinner jackets in midnight blue than in the old-fashioned black. Twyeffort regards all this as a personal triumph. Ernest F. Hubbard, managing editor of *Hat Life*, has written of Twyeffort, "If he'd happened to take up religion instead of red evening coats, he'd have been another Moody, Spurgeon, or General William Booth. If he'd lived 500 years ago, he'd probably have been one of the boys that got burned at the stake."

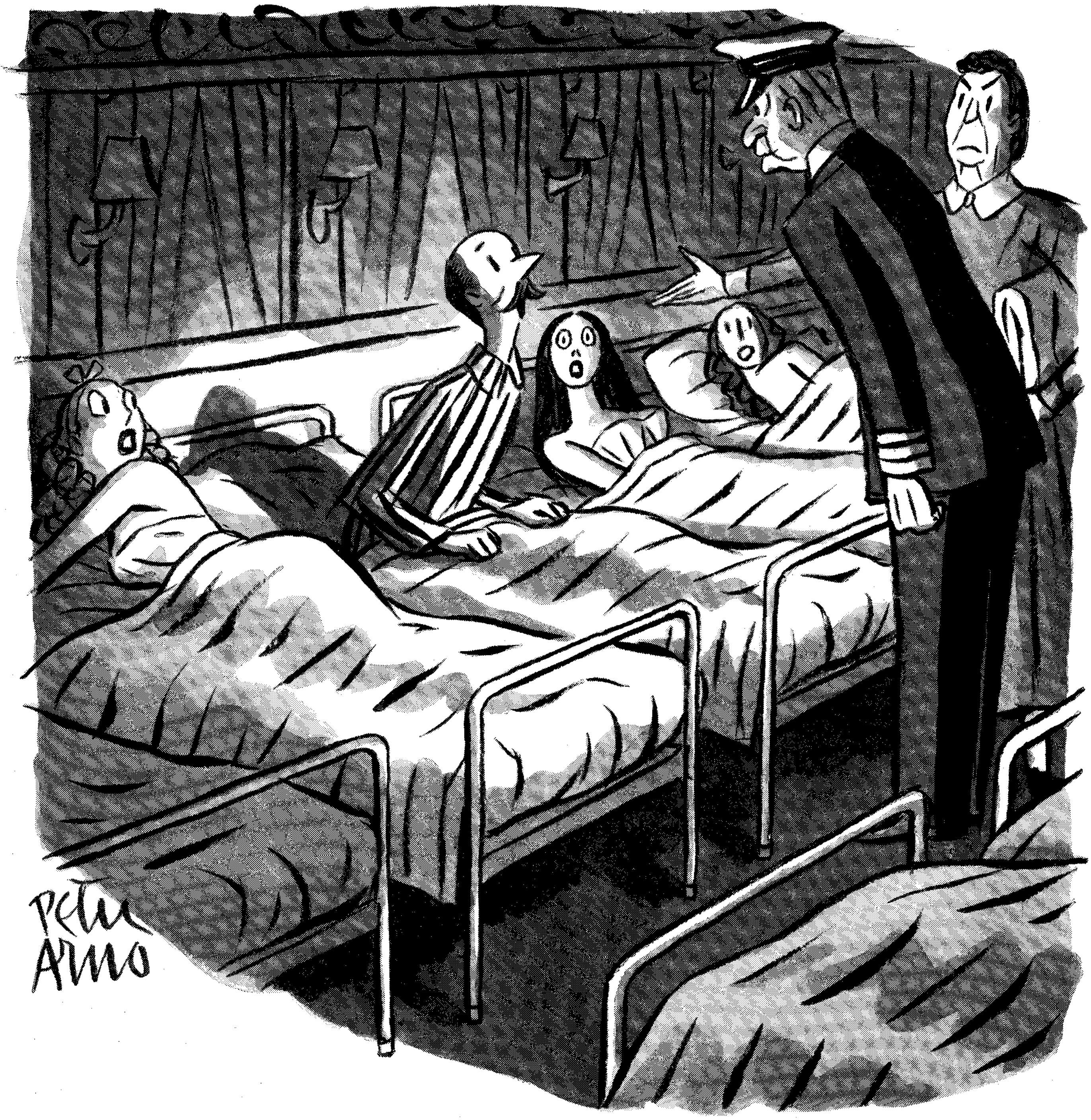
TWYEFFORT's success rests on a dual foundation—a constitutional inability to stop talking until he has won his point, and a mania for color in everything. He took a passionate interest, for example, in the recent strange case of Mrs. Edith Perry, a Kansas City woman whose skin first turned light blue, then changed successively to purple, claret, red, and brown. Twyeffort feverishly followed these transformations in the newspapers, and when Mrs. Perry finally dropped out of the news he felt his life was definitely the poorer. Usually Twyeffort hops about as he talks. If he is in his shop, he dashes about fondling suits and coats hanging on racks and calling them by the names of the customers for whom they are intended. He will caress a red coat and say, "Here's J. P. Hazleton, a very colorful personality. Here's old A. C. Harrington. Glade green gave him new life." Even his actions when he is making a sale are startling. Occasionally he looks over the shoulder of a client and stares fixedly ahead, arranging his own tie, swelling out his chest, sucking in his stomach, and eyeing the empty space before him with so much intensity that the customer instinctively turns to see if a mirror is there. He has the habit, too, of patting and squeezing the air as if he were somehow molding a representation of his idea. When a customer enters his establishment and orders a black dinner jacket, Twyeffort is in anguish. "Why do penance to yourself?" he demands. (Twyeffort almost invariably says the same things under the same conditions and does not mind repeating himself.) "Black! Black! Black!" he chants. He dances around picking up black books, black pencils, black ink, holding them aloft so one can see their ugliness. "Black! Death! Sorrow! Grief! Gloom! The grave!" At this point he usually picks up a bedraggled stuffed penguin which he keeps in his shop, along with a natty stuffed peacock. He puts the penguin on a table. "Why be a penguin?" he asks fiercely, and with a lightning movement replaces the penguin with the stuffed peacock. "Be a peacock!" he exhorts, and laughs with all the force of his complex emotions.

DESPITE this kind of winsomeness, the results of his early efforts to brighten up men were disheartening. In 1927 he gave out an interview calling for color in male costume, and eighteen editorials resulted, all unfavorable. Sixteen of them were actually libellous, he thought, and he talked to a lawyer about them, but finally decided not to sue. When he first suggested a yellow dinner jacket to one of his customers, the fellow started as violently as if Twyeffort had jabbed a pin in him. His first successes were with the aged. Twyeffort solemnly assured them that the blood would again course swiftly, that the step would once more be firm, the spirits high, the eye bright if they only placed themselves trustingly in his hands. Many of the old bucks really did feel better after venturing out in Twyeffort's suits. They reported that people paid more attention to them, that the glances of women lingered, and that young girls sought them out at parties. Soon Twyeffort had as many testimonials to the cure of dyspepsia and gout as a patent-medicine manufacturer.

His task with the younger men was considerably more difficult. He talked of color as if it were an electric belt that would increase strength. Instead of decreasing manliness, color would make it flourish. "Gives a man intestinal fortitude," he told them. "Makes a man strong, powerful, irresistible. You ought to wear red silk underwear. Red against the skin makes a man powerful. Why do the Northwest Mounted Police always get their man? Red coats. British Army—red coats. Irresistible. Not doing so well since they changed to khaki. Khaki—dispiriting, you know. Lumberjacks! They sissies? Cowboys! Indians! They sissies? Always wear



"Bring him his mirror."



"I gave up my stateroom. A man can do that much."

• •

color. Man loves color. Go out and get sunburn. Red skin, you know. Painful, but they like it. George Washington! Certainly masculine! Wore color. Color is better than vitamins A, B, C, D. Wear more vitamin color!"

This sort of talk places his customers in a trancelike state of acquiescence, and though there are cases in which Twyeffort from the first can do with a customer as he will, it is his policy to begin cautiously. He believes that if he changed a man's whole soul all at once through a transformation from black to scarlet, it might shake him up so much that his psyche would be badly bruised. Therefore he has colors which he calls "doorways," of some neutral tint like gray or beige. Once he has got his man through the doorways, he increases the pressure.

About half of Twyeffort's customers are out-of-towners, a ratio characteristic of most of Fifth Avenue's custom tailors. Many of them write to him regularly, telling him how things are going with them. The case of W. T. Wright, eighty-four years old, of Springfield, Illinois, is typical. Mr. Wright's rejuvenation began four years ago when Twyeffort noticed "he was a colorful type for his age" and said, on his first appearance in the shop, "You wear colored underwear, don't you?" Mr. Wright admitted that he did and Twyeffort urged, "Be a man, not a coward! Wear your color outside!" He built Mr. Wright a doorway suit of midnight blue, later one "more adventuresome" of seafoam green, then one of maroon, and finally an orange dinner jacket to be worn with a yellow vest and a scarlet cummerbund. Mr. Wright felt so good that he bought a sixteen-cylinder Cadillac, which he drives himself. Last month he was arrested for speeding. Colonel George P. Greenhalgh, of Berryville, Virginia, one of America's elderly fox hunters, who has suffered thirteen broken bones in the chase, began with doorway sack suits of gray and a blue-and-white check. He progressed to brick-red trousers, a blue director's suit for semi-formal day wear, a light-blue vest, a red outing coat, a lemon-colored dinner jacket, a green sack suit, another of light blue, and a green dinner jacket with a gold waistcoat. Two years ago he was chosen at a convention of the National Merchant Tailors as "the owner of one of the most colorful wardrobes in America" and he writes Twyeffort that he is in at the kill more often than when he was twenty. With variations, this has been the color progress of such figures as Eugene Grace, president of Bethlehem Steel; Jesse Livermore, the Wall Street trader; E. J. Barber, president of the Barber Steamship Lines; William Fellowes Morgan, Harry du Pont, Bruce Barton, Horace Dodge, Jr., and many other of the country's more vibrant citizens who are fortunate enough to be Twyeffort's customers.

Although his prices are among the highest, not all of Twyeffort's clothes are worn by the wealthy. One night Twyeffort unexpectedly returned to his shop and found the janitor gazing with admiration at a yellow coat destined for Harry du Pont. The artist in Twyeffort was touched. He gave the coat to the janitor and made another for his customer. Two years ago he received a letter from a farm boy in West Virginia saying he had read of Twyeffort's brilliant costumes. Since that time the tailor has sent him his own cast-off clothing. He has never seen him but likes to think of him. "That boy goes walking around that farm like a king!" Twyeffort says. "Colored clothes have undoubtedly changed his whole personality!"

TWYEFFORT'S discovery of the therapeutic value of color was not altogether pleasurable. It was a process that required years, a highly personal experience which at times became almost a religious emotion. He was born in New York and was graduated from the Horace Mann School when he was eighteen. His father was one of the good and conservative New York tailors, whose shop had been on Fifth Avenue since 1875. The elder Twyeffort's ideas and habits were as solid as those of J. P. Morgan, whom he greatly admired, and he would have dressed a customer in the Union Jack as soon as clothe him in green or purple. His son was a conventional youth, intent on following in his father's footsteps. Yet now and again, Twyeffort says, he felt a sweet, painful stirring within, a desire for he knew not what. Then, and for a long time afterward, he attributed this fluttering to some bodily disorder, but physical examinations revealed no organic wrong. He remembers now, and attributes significance to the recollection, that as a young man he once wore a lavender dinner tie instead of the conventional black and was laughed at. This left its mark. After graduating from Horace Mann, Twyeffort attended a military summer camp, and ever since then his conversation has been punctuated with the phrase "Milit'ry, y'know." If someone compliments him on his figure, he will say, "Milit'ry, y'know," or if he does an act with a precision pleasing to him, he will describe it in the same way. Young Twyeffort went to England, where he served as an apprentice in a Bond Street shop. He returned to his father's establishment when he was nineteen, remaining there until the United States entered the war. He enlisted in the army as a private and emerged in 1919 as a lieutenant.

Shortly after his return to civil life, his father died, and Twyeffort succeeded him as president. His brother, Herbert, a banker, is treasurer, and his mother, Mrs. Lillie Twyeffort, is vice-president, although neither is active in the business. Twyeffort's flickerings within became more intense. Deciding that it must be stomach ulcers, he gave up coffee and went on a diet, even though his doctor reported that his digestive apparatus was perfect. "I became full of fear phobias," he says. He developed a hatred for automobiles, locomotives, and paved streets. Until 1925 his dress was conventional, as befitted a conservative Fifth Avenue tailor. In a desire to change himself and his surroundings he took to dressing himself in new outfits half a dozen times a day. He would arrive at his shop in the morning in a business suit, but presently discouragement would seize him and he would change into a frock coat, pin-striped trousers, and wing collar. Perhaps an hour later he would rip off these clothes for a sports costume. Later in the day he often peeled once or perhaps twice more. Although all this convinced him that when you change your clothes you change your character, a belief he still holds to, it did not provide a permanent solution of his troubles.

In 1925 he happened to put on a scarlet hunting coat and felt so exhilarated that he made a habit of wearing it when what he thought were his ulcers seemed particularly painful. Little by little, almost without being conscious of

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PACT

It is written in the skyline of the city (you have seen it, that bold and accurate
inscription), where the gray and gold and soot-black roofs project
against the rising or the setting sun,
It is written in the ranges of the farthest mountains, and written by the lightning
bolt,
Written, too, in the winding rivers of the prairies, and in the strangely familiar
effigies of the clouds

That there will be other days and remoter times, by far, than these, still more
prodigious people and still less credible events,
When there will be a haze, as there is today, not quite blue and not quite purple,
upon the river, a green mist upon the valley below, as now,

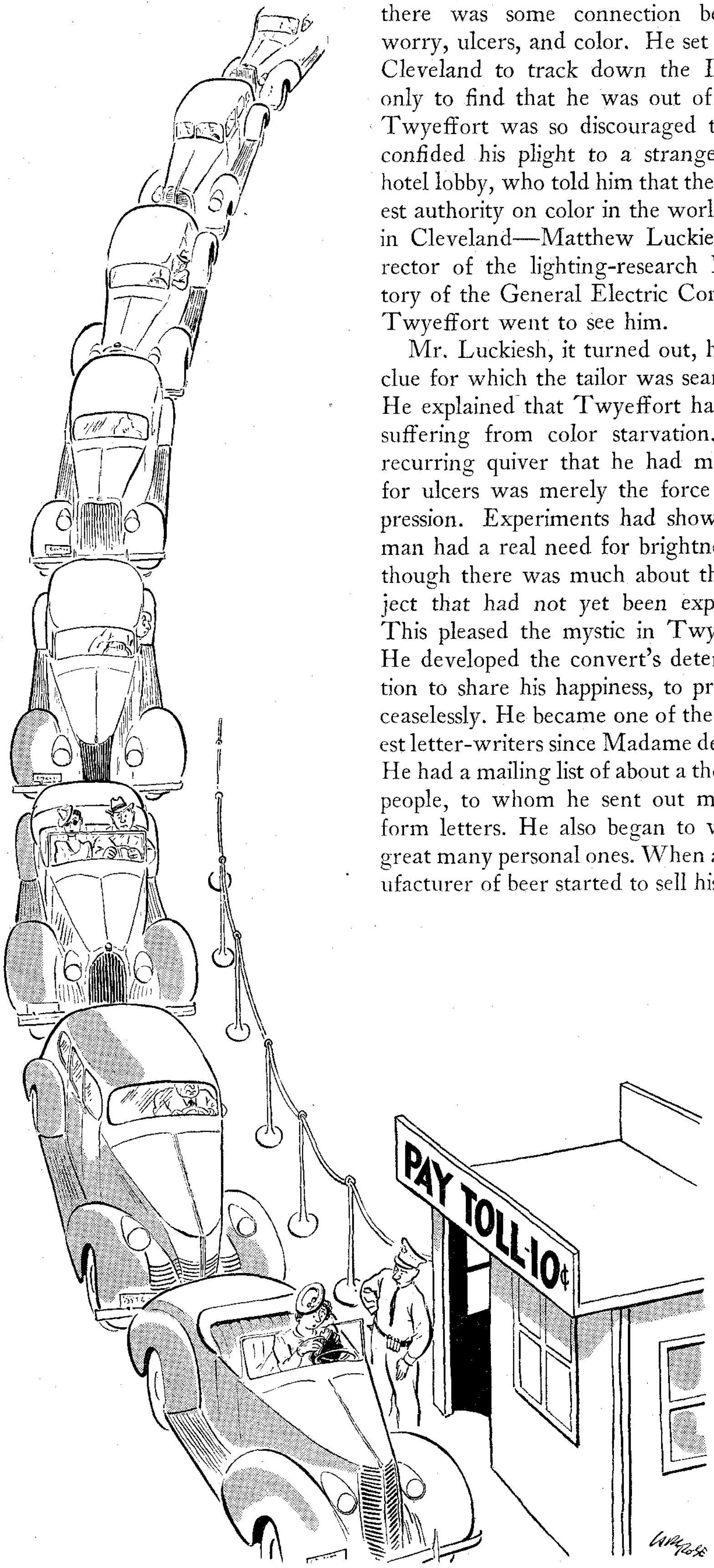
And we will build, upon that day, another hope
(Because these cities are young and strong),
And we will raise another dream
(Because these fields and hills are old and rich),

And we will fight for all of this again, and if need be again,
And on that day, and in that place, we will try again, and this time we shall win.

—KENNETH FEARING

• •

it, he began wearing vibrant ties, violent waistcoats, and brilliant pajamas and dressing gowns. Before he knew it he had found peace, and one night the explanation came to him with the full force of revelation. Color had cured him. Color had a mysterious effect which few knew about. His stomach trouble, his fear, his hatred of automobiles, all had vanished.



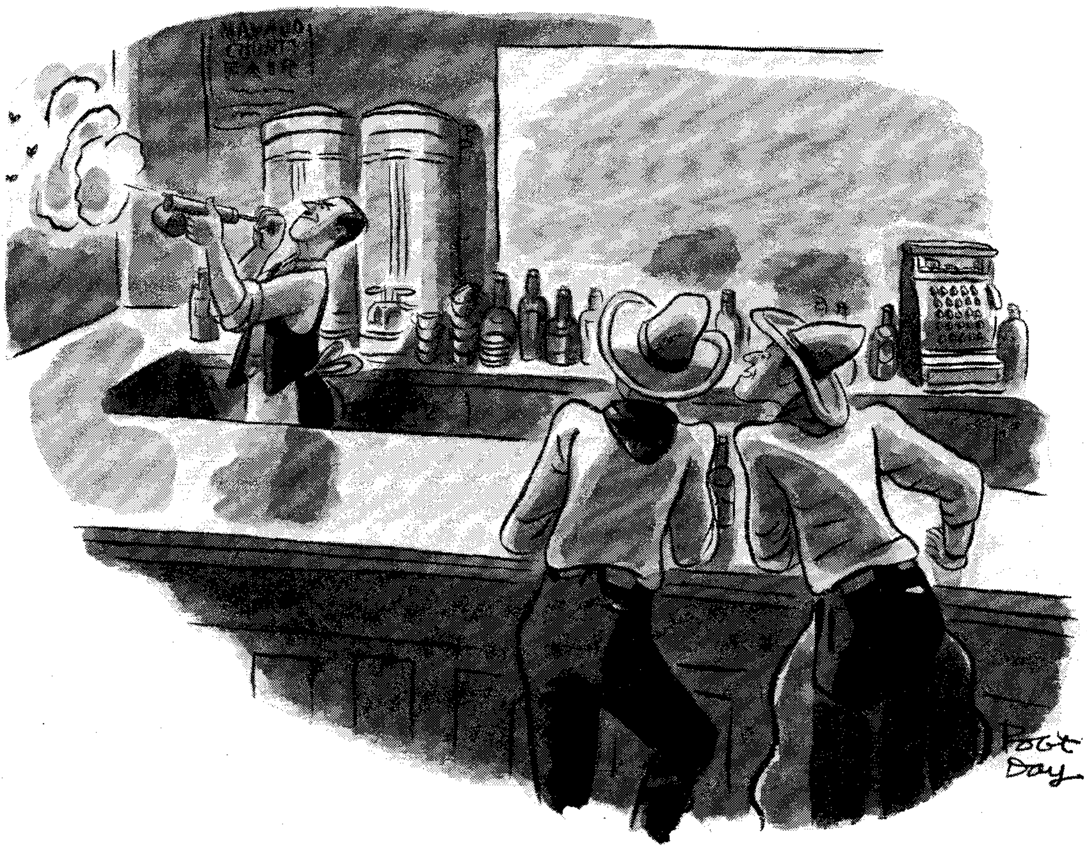
But how had color effected his cure? This question mildly plagued Twyeffort. When he read in the newspapers that Dr. George Washington Crile of Cleveland had declared experiments had shown that stomach ulcers had been cured by eliminating worry, he felt sure there was some connection between worry, ulcers, and color. He set off for Cleveland to track down the Doctor, only to find that he was out of town. Twyeffort was so discouraged that he confided his plight to a stranger in a hotel lobby, who told him that the greatest authority on color in the world lived in Cleveland—Matthew Luckiesh, director of the lighting-research laboratory of the General Electric Company. Twyeffort went to see him.

Mr. Luckiesh, it turned out, had the clue for which the tailor was searching. He explained that Twyeffort had been suffering from color starvation. The recurring quiver that he had mistaken for ulcers was merely the force of repression. Experiments had shown that man had a real need for brightness, although there was much about the subject that had not yet been explained. This pleased the mystic in Twyeffort. He developed the convert's determination to share his happiness, to proselyte ceaselessly. He became one of the greatest letter-writers since Madame de Stäel. He had a mailing list of about a thousand people, to whom he sent out monthly form letters. He also began to write a great many personal ones. When a manufacturer of beer started to sell his product in cans instead of bottles, Twyeffort wrote him, "You have dressed your beer in modern dress. Why not do the same with yourself?" The beer man came in and ordered some clothes. When Ralph Budd, president of the Burlington railroad, placed a colored Zephyr train in operation, Twyeffort wrote, "Colored evening dress is to the world of fashion what your Zephyr train is to the world of transportation. Why treat your railroad better than you treat yourself?" Budd began treating himself as he did his railroad. Twyeffort has written scores of articles for trade magazines as well as letters to businessmen urging them to use colored stationery, to taxi officials urging brighter cars, to flour companies suggesting that they sell their product in colored sacks, and to restaurants declaring that the use of colored menus will so stimulate appetites that their business will be increased five times.

TWYEFFORT believes that his figure is one of his best assets. He acts as his own model and has sent out thousands of photographs of himself to his customers. Trade magazines are constantly sending photographers to his shop and Twyeffort is seldom as happy as when he dons one costume after another while posing for them. He has written a monograph on his figure which states, "Mr. Twyeffort, who is posture-conscious, is 6 feet tall, weight 165 pounds, has 41 chest and 31 waist (10 inches difference)." In this article, Twyeffort compares his figure with those of "men who have big paunches and big hips just because they suffer from 'Chairitis,' caused by improper posture at their offices." To give other men figures like his, he recommends a Posture Health Chair. This chair, only recently placed on the market, grips the human form in such a way, he says, that "it corrects protruding stomachs and big, soft, squatty hips."

Twyeffort's preoccupation with color is so intense that his point of view has become inverted. To him, Lucius Beebe is a great radical and Earl Browder is a hidebound conservative. This is because Beebe wears color as fearlessly as a Harlem buck and Browder favors grays and blacks. Any mousy little man who has become so desperate that he has flung himself forth in Twyeffort's custom-made flamboyance is described by him as "a great colorist, a really adventuresome fellah." He regards John L. Lewis as a stuffy reactionary and himself as a revolutionary.

He also likes to say he is a pioneer, and to use the word as a verb, saying, for example, "I have pioneered a lot with the seafoam-green dinner jacket."



"Quickest man on the draw in Navajo County."

• •

NATURE, Twyeffort says, has had a pronounced influence on his life. Not only does its color offer constant inspiration but his admiration of the primitive made him favorably disposed toward a Miss Jesse Beaver, a descendant of Daniel Boone and part Cherokee Indian, whom he met in Chicago on a business trip and married in 1923. "Jesse," Twyeffort wrote in a letter describing his wife, a copy of which he is not averse to showing, "is a great lover of nature and wild animals and kept a wildcat she had captured in the West in our apartment for a year and has no fear of wild animals."

The Twyefforts, who are childless, live at 160 East Seventy-second Street. The apartment is filled with massive, dark, eighteenth-century Italian furniture, and sometimes Twyeffort feels that it would be more fitting if the appointments were a bit more modern and colorful. "My wife brightened it up, brought us nearer to nature, y'know," he sometimes relates, "when she kept an ant-eater there that she had captured in Mexico." Mrs. Twyeffort, who is quite pretty and hunts with the bow and arrow, gave the ant-eater to the New York Zoological Society. The Twyefforts also have a summer home at Bridgehampton, Long Island, with a private golf course of nine holes.

Twyeffort has sixteen overcoats, three colored tailcoats, nine colored dinner suits, three vivid host suits, three cutaways, two director's suits, a dozen sports outfits, seventeen business suits, and around thirty hats. He keeps about half of these clothes at his shop, the other half at his apartment. His day begins with a momentous decision. After his setting-up exercises, he carefully weighs the weather, his own spirits, and the nature of the duties he may be called upon to perform. Shall he wear his single-breasted brown plaid kitten's-ear sack suit, or the single-breasted brown Glenurquhart plaid suit, or the double-breasted brown Grecian-key-pattern sack suit? Or is his mood so mournful that brown would be bad? Would the double-breasted sapphire sack suit be better? Or the black-and-white Byzantine? Sometimes he decides he will not dress until after breakfast, since his spirits require more brilliance than any of his sack suits can supply. Whereupon he dons one of his scarlet dressing gowns and lets its courage seep into his skin. This helps him to make up his mind about the day. Perhaps he will not wear a sack suit at all. Sometimes he must attend a meeting of the Fashions Committee, a gathering solemn enough to merit the blue single-breasted director's suit with a blue, short-waisted, double-breasted waistcoat and blue striped worsted trousers. He debates a long time whether to wear a blue homburg or a blue derby and finally decides on the homburg, since the derby looks too hard and sleek and therefore depresses him.

He leaves his apartment and permits his subconscious full sway in thinking up slogans, being careful to walk on his heels to protect his arches and to practice "the deep stomach breathing" which he advocates. (Not long ago, while walking on his heels, he thought of the slogan "If Nature Advertises with a Rainbow Why Not Industry?")

After arriving at his shop he may decide that his costume is too formal for a successful slogan-maker and change into a single-breasted coat with polychromatic stripes and terra-cotta slacks. This will later seem manifestly inappropriate for the committee meeting, so he will again change, perhaps putting on a single-breasted blue-and-white cheviot sack suit. The late afternoon, and after that the evening, bring more possibilities, more decisions. When bedtime comes he is still weighing them, still nurturing and relieving and strengthening his soul. Shall he immediately change into one of his two dozen vividly colored pajamas, and if he does this, shall he excite his soul with yellow or shall he lull it with violet? Or shall he, for a space before retiring, slip on a host suit of peacock blue? Often his decision is for the soothing majesty of purple pajamas, and sleep comes swiftly then, although the subconscious ticks on in the night. But in the morning he most often starts the day with a red dressing gown, for, as he sometimes says, "Wed gives a man guts."

—RICHARD O. BOYER

•

In a recent electrical storm in Lima, Peru, lightning ripped the clothes off a woman walking along a main street, and left her speechless. The surprise of seeing the woman suddenly nude restored speech to a passer-by who had long been mute.
—*New Braunfels (Tex.) Herald.*

Did the storm cool the air any?

LARVAL STAGE OF A BOOKWORM

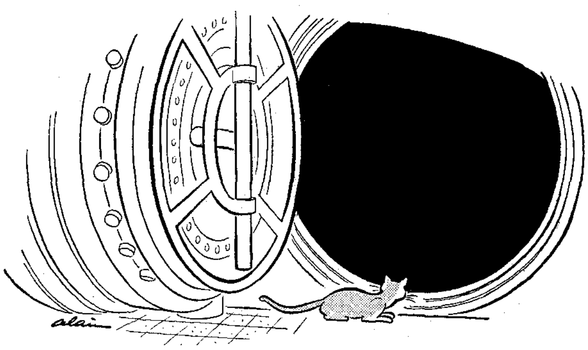
THE first long story I ever read was "The Moose Hunters," a tale of adventure in the woods of Maine, published in *Chatterbox* for 1887. *Chatterbox*, which now seems to be pretty well forgotten, was an English annual that had a large sale in those days in the American colonies, and "The Moose Hunters" seems to have been printed as a sort of sop or compliment to that trade, just as an English novelist of today lards his narrative with such native bait as "Waal, pardner," "You betcha," and "Gemminy crickets." The rest of the 1887 issue was made up of intensely English stuff; indeed, it was so English that, reading it and looking at the woodcuts, I sucked in an immense mass of useless information about English history and the English scene, so that to this day I know more about Henry VIII and Lincoln Cathedral than I know about Millard Fillmore or the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City.

"The Moose Hunters," which ran to the length of a full-grown juvenile book, was not printed in one gob but spread through *Chatterbox* in installments. This was an excellent device, for literary fans in the youngest brackets do their reading slowly and painfully and like to come up frequently for air. But writing down to them is something else again, and that error the anonymous author of "The Moose Hunters" avoided diligently. Instead, he wrote in the best journalese of the era and treated his four sixteen-year-old heroes precisely as if they were grown men. So I liked his story very much and stuck to it until, in a series of perhaps twenty sessions, I had got it down.

This was in the summer of 1888 and during hot weather, for I remember sitting with the volume on the high marble front steps of our house on Hollins Street, Baltimore, in the quiet of approaching dusk and hearing my mother's warnings that reading by failing light would ruin my eyes. The neighborhood boys went howling up and down the sidewalks, trying to lure me into their games of run-a-mile and run-sheep-run, but I was not to be lured, for I had discovered a new world and a new delight. What was run-a-mile to fighting savage Canucks on the Little Magalloway River, and what was chasing imaginary sheep to shooting real meese? I was near the end of the story, with the Canucks all beaten off and two carcasses of gigantic meese hanging to trees, before I reached the surprising news that the word "moose" had no plural but remained unchanged ad infinitum.

Such discoveries give a boy a considerable thrill and augment his sense of dignity. It is no light matter, at eight, to penetrate suddenly to the difference between "to," "two," and "too," or "run" in baseball and "run" in topographical science, or "cats" and "*Katz*." The effect is massive and profound, and at least comparable to that which flows, in later life, out of filling a royal flush or debauching the wife of a major general. I must have made some effort to read *Chatterbox* at the time my Grandmother Mencken gave it to me, which was at Christmas, 1887, but for a while it was no go. I could spell out the shorter pieces at the bottoms of columns, but the longer stories were only jumbles of strange and baffling words. But then, as if by a miracle, I found that I could read them, so I tackled "The Moose Hunters" at once and stuck to it to the end. There were still, of course, many hard words, but they were no longer insurmountable obstacles. If I staggered and stumbled somewhat, I nevertheless hung on, and by the Fourth of July, 1888, I had blooded my first book.

AN interval of rough hunting followed on Hollins Street and the adjacent alleys, with imaginary Indians, robbers, and sheep and very real tomcats as the quarry. Also, I was introduced to chewing tobacco by the garbage man, who passed me his plug as I lay on the roof of the ash shed at the end of the back yard, watching him at his revolting work. If he expected me to roll off the roof, clutching at my midriff, he was fooled, for I managed to hold on until he was out of sight, and I was only faintly dizzy even then. Again, I applied myself diligently to practicing leapfrog with my brother Charlie and to mastering the rules of top-spinning, catty, follow-your-leader, and one-two-three. I recall well how it impressed me to learn that, by boys' law, every new top had to have a licence burned into it with a red-hot nail, and that no strange boy on the prowl for loot, however tough, would venture to grab a top so marked. That discovery gave me a sense of the majesty of law which still sustains me, and I always take off my hat when I meet a judge—if, of course, it is in any place where a judge is not afraid to have his office known. Finally, I was admitted to the baby class of the neighborhood gang, which was led by a fat but limber boy named Barrel Fairbanks, and I helped it to steal garbage boxes, empty beer kegs, and loose back gates against the Election Night bonfire of November, 1888.



But by the time it became known that Harrison had ousted Cleveland from the White House and the boxes, kegs, and gates were blazing up at the corner of Hollins and Stricker Streets, I was again feeling the powerful suction of beautiful letters, and before Christmas I sweated through a translation of Grimms' Fairy Tales that had been bestowed upon me at school "for industry and good deportment." This volume had been put into dreadful English by a Mrs. H. B. Paull, and my struggles with it awoke in me the first sputters of the critical faculty. Just what was wrong with it I couldn't, of course, make out, for my gifts had not yet flowered, but I was acutely and unhappily conscious that it was much harder going than "The Moose Hunters," and after a month or so of unpleasantly wrestling with it I put it on the shelf. There it remained for more than fifty years. Indeed, it was only the other day that I took it down and tried it again, and gagged at it again.

That second experiment convinced me that the fault, back in 1888, must have been mainly Mrs. Paull's, but I should add that there was also some apparent resistance within my own psyche. I was born, in fact, without any natural taste for fairy tales, or, indeed, for any other writing of a fanciful and inspirational character. It failed to stick in my mind simply because my mind rejected it as nonsense—sometimes, to be sure, very jingly and juicy nonsense, but still only nonsense. No doubt the same infirmity was responsible for the feebleness of my appetite for the juvenile fic-

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With Tiny Waist and Full Shirred Skirt, the coat illustrated is a specially imported Chanel model beautifully reproduced in the finest of American materials and workmanship. Made of a lovely soft chinchilla from Hockanum, it is warm enough for anything but fur coat weather...and comes in a smart range of rich colors which only a deep-textured fabric such as this can produce. Wine, nutria, black or luscious seal brown. Priced at about $70, the coat is now on sale in good shops all over the country. For the name of the nearest one, write to J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., Empire State Building, N. Y.

HOCKANUM *Woolens*

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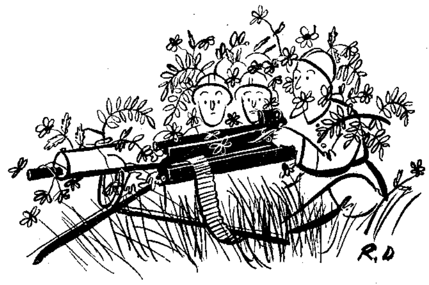
tion fashionable in my nonage—the endless works of Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger, Harry Castlemon, and so on. I tried this fiction more than once, for some of the boys I knew admired it vastly, but I always ran aground in it. So far as I can recall, I never read a single volume of it to the end, and most of it finished me in a few pages.

What I disliked about it I couldn't have told you then, and I can tell you only vaguely now. All I can say is that it seemed somehow false, tedious, and offensive. Reading it was like listening to a Sunday-school superintendent. I was a grown man, and far gone in sin, before I ever brought myself to tackle "Alice in Wonderland," and even then I made some big skips. I haven't the slightest doubt that it is a masterpiece—but not for me. To the present moment I can't tell you what is in any of the Rollo books, or in "The Starry Flag" series, or in "Little Women," just as I can't tell you what is in the Bhagavad-Gita or the annual report of the American Bible Society for 1882. I tried Nick Carter once, encouraged by a boy who aspired to be a train robber, but it made me laugh. At a later time I read Jules Verne, and I recall getting through a serial in *Golden Days*, a boys' weekly, but this last was a tale of scientific marvels and no more a juvenile, as juveniles were then understood, than "Around the World in Eighty Days."

BUT before you set me down a prig, let me tell you the rest of it. That rest of it is my discovery of "Huckleberry Finn," probably the most stupendous event of my whole life. The time was the early part of 1889, and I wandered into paradise by a kind of accident. Itching to exercise my newly acquired art of reading, and with "The Moose Hunters" exhausted and Grimms' Fairy Tales playing me false, I began exploring the house for print. The Baltimore *Sunpaper* and *Evening News*, which came in daily, stumped me sadly, for they were full of political diatribes in the fashion of the time, and I knew no more about politics than a chimpanzee. My mother's long file of *Godey's Lady's Book* and her new but growing file of the *Ladies' Home Journal* were worse, for they dealt gloomily with cooking, etiquette, the care of children, and the prevention and cure of domestic discords, all of them sciences that still baffle me. Nor was there any pabulum for me in the hired girl's dog's-eared files of *Bow Bells* and the *Family Story Paper*, the first with its ghastly woodcuts of poor working girls in bustles skedaddling from lubricious baronets in frock coats and corkscrew mustaches. So I gradually oscillated toward the old-fashioned secretary in the sitting room, the upper works of which were full of dismal volumes in the black cloth and gilt stamping of the era. I had often eyed them from afar, wondering how long it would be before I would be ripe enough to explore them. Now I climbed up on a chair and began to take them down.

They had been assembled by my father, whose taste for literature in its purer states was of a generally low order of visibility. He read every evening after dinner, but it was chiefly newspapers that he read, for the time was one of red-hot politics and mounting labor disputes, and he was convinced that the country was going to hell. Now and then he took up a book, but I found out long afterward that it was usually some pamphlet on the issues of the hour, say "Looking Backward," or "If Christ Came to Chicago," or "Female Life Among the Mormons." These works disquieted him, and he naturally withheld them from his innocent first-born. Moreover, he was still unaware that I could read; that is, fluently, glibly, as a pleasure rather than a chore, in the manner of grownups.

Nevertheless, he had managed somehow to bring together a far from contemptible collection of books, ranging from a set of Chambers' Encyclopedia in five volumes, bound in leather like the Revised Statutes, down to "Atlantis: The Antediluvian World," by Ignatius Donnelly, and "Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam." It included two folio volumes of Shakespeare in embossed morocco, with fifty-one steel plates, that had been taken to the field in the Civil War by "William H. Abercrombie, 1st Lieut. Company H, 6th Regiment, Md. Vol. Inftr.," and showed a corresponding dilapidation. Who this gallant officer was, I don't know, or whether he survived the carnage, or how his cherished text of the Bard ever fell into my father's hands. Also, there were Dickens in three thick volumes, George Eliot in three more, and William Carleton's Irish novels in a third three. Again, there were "Our Living World," by the Rev. J. G. Woods; "National History of the War for the Union, Civil, Military and Naval," by Evert A. Duyckinck; "Our Country," by Benson J. Lossing, LL.D.; and "A Pictorial History of the World's Great Nations, from the Earliest Dates to the Present Time," by Charlotte M. Yonge—all of them likewise in threes, folio, with lavish illustrations on steel, stone, and wood, and smelling heavily of the book agent. Finally, there were forty or fifty miscellaneous books, among them, as I recall, "Peculiarities of American Cities," by Captain Willard Glazier; "Our Native Land," by George T. Ferris; "A Compendium of Forms," by one Glaskell; "Adventures Among Cannibals" (with horrible pictures of missionaries being roasted, boiled, and fried), "Uncle Remus," "Ben Hur," "Peck's Bad Boy," "One Thousand Proofs That the Earth Is Not a Globe," and a deadly-looking "History of Freemasonry in Maryland," by Brother Edward T. Schultz, thirty-second degree, in five coal-black volumes.



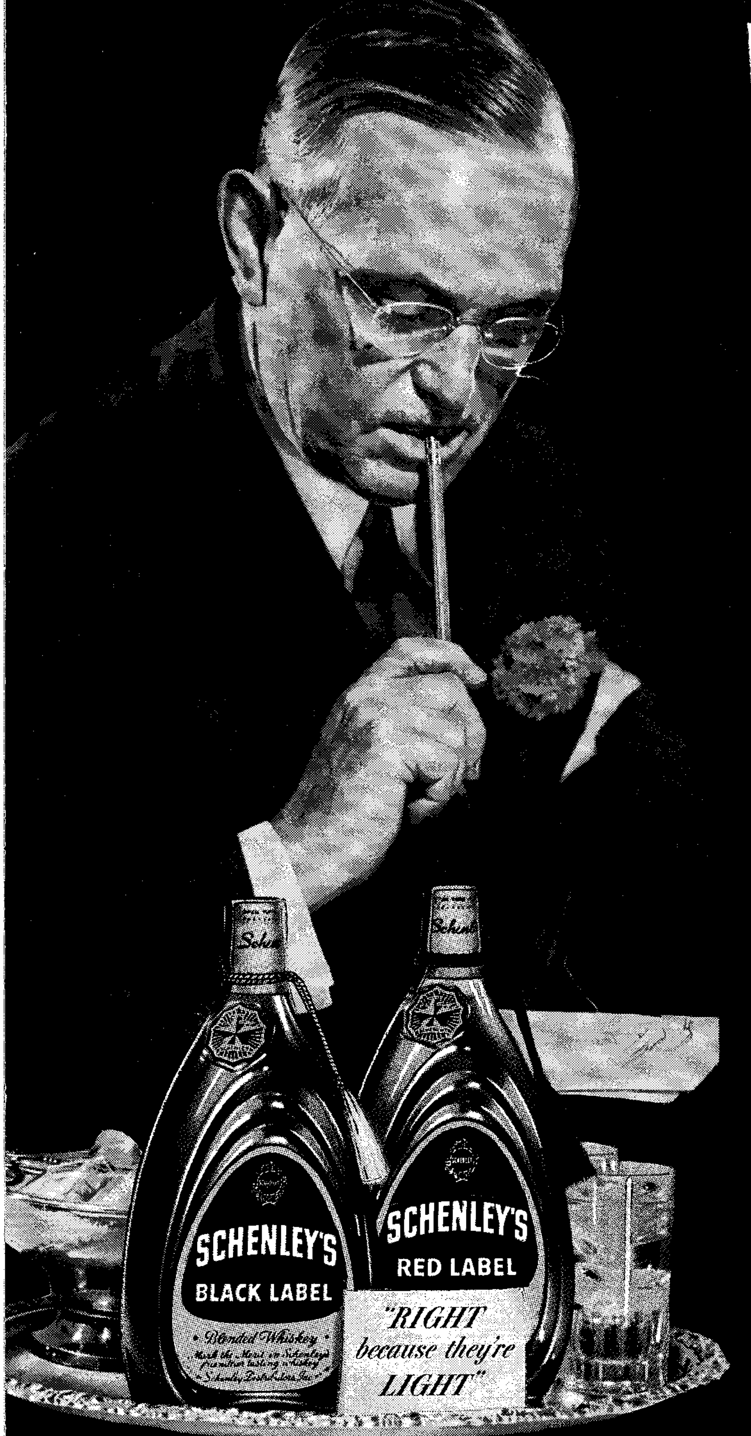
I leave the best to the last. All of the above, on my first exploration, repelled and alarmed me; indeed, I have never read some of them to this day. But among them, thumbing around, I found a series of perhaps eight or ten volumes cheek by jowl, and it appeared on investigation that the whole lot had been written by a man named Mark Twain. I had heard my father mention this gentleman once or twice in talking to my mother, but I had no idea who he was or what he had done. But here was evidence that he was a man who wrote books, and I noted at once that the pictures in those books were not of the usual funereal character but light, loose, and lively. So I proceeded with my inquiry, and in a little while I had taken down one of the books, a green quarto, sneaked it to my bedroom, and stretched out on my bed to look into it. It was "Huckleberry Finn."

If I undertook to tell you the effect it had upon me, my talk would sound like the frantic, delirious shrieking of a World's Fair press agent. Its impact was genuinely terrific. I had not gone more than a chapter before I realized that I was in a domain of new and gorgeous wonders, and thereafter I read on to the last word. My gait, of course, was still slow, but it became steadily faster as I proceeded. As the blurbs on the slipcovers of murder mysteries say, I simply couldn't put the book

How well do you know *YOUR* whiskey?

DAMON RUNYON

writes facts (and fiction) in Schenley Exam!



SCHENLEY'S "LIGHT IS RIGHT" EXAM

1. What are congeners in whiskey? The grains,
maybe? Me—I flunked chemistry!
Wrong! They're flavor elements

2. What is a light whiskey? One in which the
con-what-you-call-ems are min-
imized. That's exactly right

3. Is a light whiskey "light" in strength? I'd say so—
a little, anyway. Wrong! Schenley's
are full 90 proof! Don't let that
mellow flavor deceive you!

4. Is a light whiskey short on flavor? Not the
kind I go for—Schenley's has plenty!
Right!

5. What is "Melding"? The ice in my
highball! Right—er, no—we mean
wrong! "Melding" is the exclusive
Schenley method that "marries"
mellow flavor—and the right lightness!

ONE MORE QUESTION: Do you think "light is right"?
In every way—I know from
experience! Damon Runyon
SIGNATURE

On These Facts . . . You Can Build a Greater Enjoyment of Whiskey

Knowing means *enjoying* . . . This is as true of whiskey as of anything else. Even well-informed people like Damon Runyon, famous newspaper and movie writer, may not know all the facts but he does know that "Light is Right" . . . that Schenley has produced two full strength whiskies that are light, yet smooth and rich.

Schenley believes you, too, may benefit by these facts . . . and by Schenley's exclusive process—*melding*—which "marries" the whiskey blend so perfectly that it retains its rich flavor even though the heavy elements are minimized, achieving *just the right lightness.*

SCHENLEY'S *Light Whiskies*

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down. After dinner that evening, braving a possible uproar, I took it into the family sitting room and resumed it while my father searched the evening paper hopefully for reports of the arrest, clubbing, and hanging of labor leaders, or, as he called them, anarchists. Anon, he noticed what I was at and demanded to know what I was reading. When I held up the green volume, his comment was "Well, I'll be durned!"

I sensed instantly that there was no reproof in this, but a kind of shy rejoicing. Then he told me that he had once been a great reader of Mark Twain himself—in his younger days. He was then thirty-four, but he seemed to me, and also to himself, to be already an aging man. He had bought all the volumes as they came out—"The Innocents Abroad" in 1869, when he was still a boy himself; "Roughing It" in 1872, "The Gilded Age" in 1873, "Tom Sawyer" in 1876, "A Tramp Abroad" in 1880, the year of my birth, and so on down to date. All these far from pristine firsts are still in the Bibliotheca Menckeniana on Hollins Street, minus a few that were lent to neighbor boys and never returned and had to be replaced. My father read them all in the halcyon days before children, labor leaders, and Grover Cleveland had begun to frazzle him, and he still got them down from the shelf on quiet evenings after the first-named were packed off to bed.

THE effect of "Huck," as I have said, was instantaneous and tremendous. It not only reinforced my native aversion to the common run of boys' books; it also set me upon a systematic exploration of all the volumes in the old secretary, and before I finished with them I had looked into every one of them, including even Brother Schultz's sombre history of freemasonry in Maryland. How many were actually intelligible to a boy of eight, nine, ten? I should say about a fourth. I managed to get through most of Dickens, but only by dint of hard labor, and it was not until I discovered Thackeray, at thirteen, that the English novel really began to lift me. George Eliot floored me as effectively as a text in Hittite, and to the present day I have never read "Adam Bede" or "Daniel Deronda" or "The Mill on the Floss" or developed any desire to do so. So far as I am concerned, they will remain mere names to the end of the chapter and as hollow and insignificant as the names of Gog and Magog.

But I ploughed through Chambers' Encyclopedia relentlessly, beginning with the shortest articles and gradually working my way into the longer ones. The kitchen midden of incredible and irrelevant information that still burdens me had its origins in those pages, and I almost wore them out acquiring it. I read, too, the whole of Lossing, nearly all of Charlotte M. Yonge, and even some of Duyckinck, perhaps the dullest historian ever catalogued by naturalists on this or any other earth. My brother Charlie and I enjoyed "Our Living World" chiefly because of the colored pictures, but I also read long stretches of it, and astonished my father by calling off the names of nearly all the wild beasts when Adam Forepaugh's circus visited Baltimore in 1889.

Thus launched upon the career of a bookworm, I presently began to reach out right and left for more fodder. When the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore opened a branch on Hollins Street in March, 1886, I was still a shade too young to be excited, but I had a card before I was nine and began an almost daily harrying of the prissy virgins at the delivery desk. In 1888 my father subscribed to *Once a Week*, the predecessor of *Collier's*, and there came with it a long series of cheap reprints of contemporary classics, running from Tennyson's poems to Justin M'Carthy's "History of Our Own Times," and simultaneously there appeared from parts unknown a similar series of cheap reprints of scientific papers, including some of Herbert Spencer. I read them all, sometimes with shivers and sometimes with delight, but always calling for more. I began to inhabit a world that was two-thirds letterpress and only one-third trees, fields, streets, and people. I acquired round shoulders, spindly shanks, and a low view of humanity. I read everything that I could find in English, taking in some of it but boggling most of it.

This madness ran on until I reached adolescence and began to distinguish between one necktie and another, and to notice the curiously divergent shapes, dispositions, and aromas of girls. Then, gradually, I began to let up.

But to this day I am still what might be called a reader, and have a high regard for authors. —H. L. MENCKEN

•

The investigation resulted in ten indictments for the entire county. Seven of the defendants pleaded guilty of Cohoes.
—*The Times.*

That's worse than mayhem; worse even than Pelham.

OF ALL THINGS

THE Allies declare that they are making war on the Hitler outfit, not the German people. They make a proper distinction between the burghers and the burglars.

•

It is safe to predict that a slight change will be made in the embargo law. The words "Stay away from my door" will be amended to read "Come and get it."

•

The British White Paper will prove conclusively who started the war. We have a sinking feeling that we know who is going to be asked to finish it.

•

The Berlin government has given its people practically no news of French successes along the western border. That sort of brutality is not suited to sensitive German ears.

•

Republicans agree that politics should be adjourned during this emergency. Any day now we expect to hear that Tom Dewey is hunting criminals instead of delegates.

•

Our advertisers are trying valiantly to quiet our nerves. In this crisis, a man should keep his head and buy it a new hat.

•

We are happy to have Roosevelt's assurance that reorganization has not affected the status of the Messrs. Corcoran and Cohen. If anything happened to those lads, Washington gossip columnists would have to beg their bread from door to door.

•

A combination of two deadly poisons makes "heavy carbon," which is an aid to science in studying life processes. But isn't that wasting precious chemicals needed to exterminate the human race?

•

LaGuardia is considering a trip to South America to sell the 1940 World's Fair. Our Mayor can always find time to make a speech between speeches.

•

Tax Commissioner Henry F. Long of Massachusetts says that a man who rolls his own cigarettes can be made to pay a tax of $25 a year. Let the Commissioner know if you see any suspicious characters. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

DO YOU WANT YOUR MAKE-UP TO STAY ON FOR HOURS AND HOURS?

DO YOU WANT SOMETHING THAT WILL HELP KEEP A BLEMISH OUT OF SIGHT?

DO YOU WANT YOUR SKIN TO GLOW THROUGH YOUR POWDER?

DO YOU WANT TO HELP HIDE YOUR FRECKLES?

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ELIZABETH ARDEN'S WONDERFUL NEW

All-Day Foundation Cream

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Elizabeth Arden's newest success is a beautiful cream that stabilizes your make-up and keeps it on beautifully all day long . . .

that helps to conceal a blemish . . . freckles . . . summer tan . . .

that glows softly through your powder and gives your face a luminous look . . .

that keeps you looking groomed and lovely throughout a whole festive evening . . .

that comes in four wonderful shades to match your skin (or the color you'd like your skin to be)!

It's called—appropriately enough—Elizabeth Arden's All-Day Foundation Cream. To use it most effectively, you use it very lightly.

Elizabeth Arden

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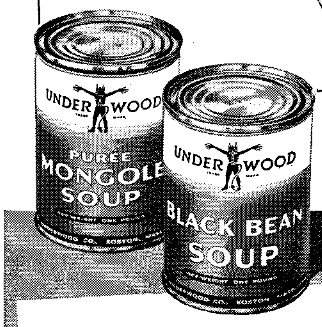
"Just Married—and afraid to go home!"

Of course you don't marry a girl for her cooking. But a man's got to eat, after all. And I don't mind telling you I was plenty shaky about Mary Lou's first meal!

But boy, oh boy—was I wrong! I knew it the minute Mary Lou brought in her Black Bean Soup. For it was the real thing. Thick, rich, dark, the way a man likes it. With a slice of lemon and a slice of egg—and even, she admitted, a drop of sherry!

Well, sir, Mary Lou's one girl in a million! But I knew more than ever she's *the* girl for me after I tasted that soup.

MARY LOU says: "I owe it all to a grand discovery—*Underwood* Black Bean Soup. Next time I'll give him something just as special—Underwood Purée Mongole! Have you ever tried it?"



WHERE GOOD FOODS GET TOGETHER—you'll see a lot of Underwood Soups. Three superlative Down East chowders, for instance—Clam, Quahaug, and Fish. Ask at your food store—or drop a post card to Wm. Underwood Co., Watertown, Mass.

UNDERWOOD FINE FOODS

LETTER FROM LONDON

SEPTEMBER 17

RATIONING of petrol—to the tune of enough for only 200 miles per month per car—was to have come into force today, so all yesterday cars queued up at the filling stations to get a full tank with which to start the lean days ahead. By night, most filling stations in London and the suburbs hadn't a drop and it was a surprise when an announcement was suddenly made over the radio that the rationing scheme had been postponed until next Saturday. To most people, this is going to be the hardest of all the disciplinary methods to which Britons have had to adapt themselves in the last fortnight. With, on the whole, astounding good humor and an obedience remarkable in an effete democracy, they have accepted a new troglodyte existence in which there are few places of entertainment, no good radio programs, little war news, and nothing to do after dark except stay in the cave, because crossing a Kensington square has become about as healthy as it was in the days of lurking footpads. This time it is no thug who is likely to knock one out, but one's own familiar lamppost, which has lighted one's latchkey into the door on countless happier nights. Coroners have had a few stern remarks to make in the past few days about the blackout deaths, which are likely to become more and more frequent, and to combat which Harrod's has arranged a window showing a plaster *élégante* neatly equipped for metropolitan night rambles with white hat, luminous disc, white armlet, and buttonhole of flowers. "So we'll go no more a-roving so late into the night" has taken on a significance that Byron never intended.

The cinema ban was partially lifted today, and audiences gladly packed into the Empire, on Leicester Square, to get back to unreality until six in the evening with Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr in "Lady of the Tropics," or into Studio One to take their pleasures more grimly with "I Was a Captive of Nazi Germany." Grillrooms have been packed since the war started; so have the pubs. In spite of the difficulties of getting together after dark, Londoners want company at the moment. British reserve has cracked under stress to the extent that neighbors now chat with positively village chumminess and the total strangers in the next apartment are liable to knock on the door and ask if they can bring a bottle of whiskey and their gas masks in. It's friendlier drinking together these days.

THE DUKE and Duchess of Windsor came home in a blaze of public apathy. No one seemed particularly glad or sorry, but everyone felt it was natural that yet another anxious family should want to be reunited in such times. The *Express*, always a fierce Windsor partisan, devoted space to the Duke's reading on the journey "The Nazis Can't Win," and to the Duchess's travelling coat—mustard-and-black tweed. Press comment otherwise was restrained and the public was too busy thinking about the men who were going to France to be able to whip up any especial emotion over one man who had come back. Since his homecoming, the Duke has slipped quietly around London, has been photographed shaking hands with Hore-Belisha at the War Office, and has taken tea with his brother at Buckingham Palace, where the sentries have put away their red coats for the duration and now mount guard, minus tourists with kodaks, in khaki battle dress.

London is full of soldiers marching or sitting around waiting to be marched somewhere. Hundreds of special police have suddenly appeared on traffic duty, smart in newly issued uniforms and not yet quite nonchalant enough to resist a glance over the shoulder when a snorting bus pulls up a foot or so behind their outstretched arms. Of the women's uniforms, the smartest seems to be the dark blue and scarlet of the fire service, faintly recalling a musical-comedy Zouave. The West End women's shops report better business, especially in sensible things like tweed suits tough enough to last the three years for which everyone has been told to prepare, and smart slacks or house coats in which to brighten up the air-raid shelters. *Vogue* was unfortunate enough to go to press before the emergency, and came out on September 6th with an issue which told women to face winter in pastel baby-coat colors and to try to look like Velásquez's Infanta or an Egyptian mummy—an issue which made curious Daliesque reading and was already a historical curiosity as a memento of a world which came temporarily to an end for most people on Sunday, September 3rd.

Lord Gort and Winston Churchill are undoubtedly the most popular men of the moment here. Many who thought that Churchill was too dangerously akin to a shot of high explosives in a peacetime Cabinet are breathing a good deal easier at the thought of that cherubic-faced warrior back in his old place at the Admiralty. All grades of opinion seem to feel that Gort's all right. England's Commander-in-Chief is young for the job, and that again is felt to be all on the right side. The fact that the name of France's little gray general also begins with a "G" makes the team of Gort and Gamelin trip off the tongue with a racy swing in the endless game of fireside strategy that everyone plays while waiting for real news from the front to be spoon-fed by the Ministry of Information. The Ministry has announced that relatives of men with the British Expeditionary Force in France will not be allowed to write to them at present; neither will the soldiers be able to write home except on official "I-am-well" cards. It seems to be the present policy in this curious hush-hush war to keep the whole thing as impersonal as official communiqués that deal in terms of "considerable advances" and "heavy artillery attacks"—not in men.

Traffic Note: A yellow tin signpost in Hyde Park, the kind that ordinarily directs drivers to the Chelsea Flower Show or to Lord's Cricket Ground, announces, "To the Trenches."

Horticultural Note: The aster Mars, of a reddish-pink color and good habit, is unusually fine in many gardens this year. —Mollie Panter-Downes

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THE HUNGRY CRITICS

And if the free-verse chapter on the used-car lot is poetry and not a routine exercise in fancy writing I will eat the entire first edition.—*Heywood Broun commenting on "The Grapes of Wrath" in the New Republic.*

If those four stories are merely "extremely provincial English writing"... your present correspondent would be delighted to eat a complete set of the works of Henry James.—*Stephen Vincent Benét commenting on "50 Best American Short Stories, 1914-1939" in the Saturday Review.*

And if there are any serious errors in "Inside Asia" I will pay for and eat as many pounds of the book as Mr. Gunther can eat ounces of caviar.—*John Chamberlain commenting on "Inside Asia" in the New Republic.*

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The help with investment problems offered by City Bank Farmers Trust Company is a natural outgrowth of our older services. ℭ Many years ago we began accepting securities for safekeeping. Later, many of our customers sought our advice as to purchases and sales. ℭ Today, our Custodian Management combines both of these services for the one Management fee. And it brings you peace of mind concerning the physical safety of your securities . . . *plus* comprehensive assistance in the actual management of your investments. ℭ Our officers will gladly explain how a Custodian Management account may serve you.

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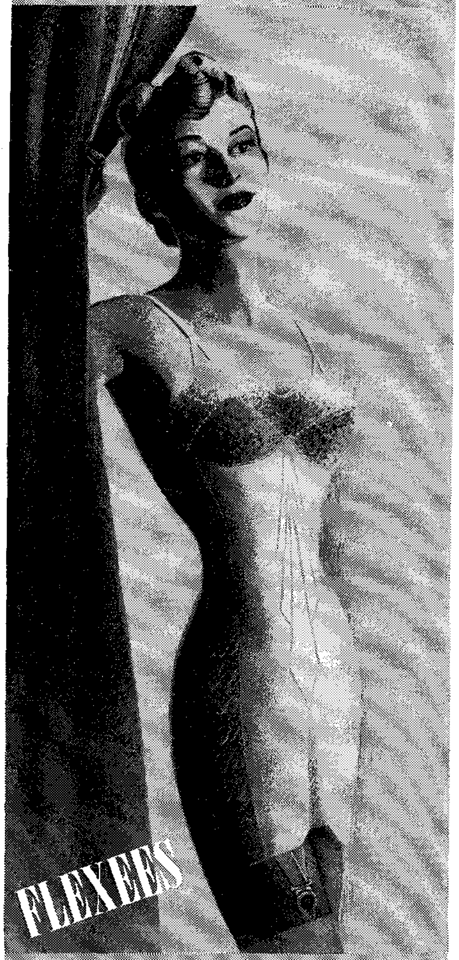

THAT
"HOUR-GLASS LOOK!"
IS A MATTER OF MINUTES
IN THE NEW FLEXEES

. . . "tiny waistline, perfect bust, and rounded hips" . . . says Carmel Snow, reporting the Paris openings. And "we told you so" . . . says Flexees!

Through sheer perfection of cut, our designers have created a Flexees to this new ideal . . . without tight lacings or heavy bonings . . . without sacrifice of the comfort upon which the American woman insists! Flexees makes this new figure yours . . . at a mere flick of a Flexzip! Let the Flexees-trained corsetiere at your favorite shop show you what the Flexees made for your own special type will do for your waistline!

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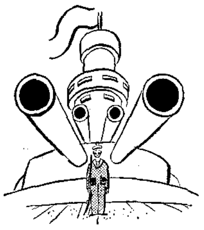
NEW YORK • TORONTO • CANADA

THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS

LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 16

THESE are tragic times. Nothing in Europe is the way it was two brief weeks ago. During this past fortnight, which has immobilized the French national life, the men, women, even the children, have acted with what seems to be the acme of self-control, calm, and civilization. There are no tears in the home, there are no forensics in the streets. The reorganization required by a new and abnormal existence is already functioning. Being the opposite of the Germans, the French normally have no talent for organization. According to soldiers who survived the first World War, France has in ten days reached a point in the drastic organization of both the military and civilians she did not approach the other time until 1917, three years after that disaster started.



The changes in life which the new existence has brought about are less visible in Paris than in the country. In the village where we are staying, a ten-year-old boy now appears at the kitchen window twice a week to take victualling orders. He has walked two miles from the next town, where his father, the grocer, was among the first called to the colors. The boy has a good business head. If what you, like everybody else, want is soap and his shopkeeping mother is still out of soap, he suggests that you order mustard instead. His mother apparently has quantities of nice mustard. The village chimney sweep has rejoined his regiment, but the coal man from the next hamlet can sweep at a pinch. The old plumber has taken over the work of his nephew, the mason, who is now a corporal. The old-fashioned independent artisan, relatively little industrialized by the twentieth century, has reappeared in all his utility. It is through him that many sections of society now function.

SINCE the official French news is strictly controlled, both the radios and the newspapers carry the same reports. What you have heard from the one you read in the other. Political comment is excised from the journals. German and Italian radio stations jam the air during all extensive neutral-country comments on European affairs. In an effort to hear what Washington thinks, one is forced to overhear what German military bands are playing in Stuttgart or what tenors are singing in Milan. (Incidentally, the night the Germans first falsely announced the fall of Warsaw, they accompanied their statement cruelly with a special broadcast of Chopin's "Polonaise Militaire.") We live from before breakfast until bedtime by the radio, from the first French news at 7 A.M. until the last American broadcast at 11:30 at night. For country parishes whose priests have already joined the colors, Mass is being said over the radio. Multitudes of French families are now going to church by merely stepping into the parlor and tuning in on the source of their spiritual faith. These are small items to report. We in the country live by such small items. The baker's and the butcher's wives, driving their militarized husbands' delivery cars, now have a double importance. They give us comestibles and information at the same time. We eat their food; we eat their words.

TWO of the most important questions discussed by what is left of the French civil population are what will America do and when, and what will Russia do and how. It is felt that the practical assistance which the U.S.A. could give the Allies and the interference of the U.S.S.R. in the affairs of Europe may determine the immediate future of the world. Some people count as an aid against the Germans the Germans themselves, who are expected to declare themselves in various quantities before the winter is over in favor of a nationalism opposed to their present regime. The truth is that all anyone of intelligence knows at the moment is that much more is happening than the mere events which papers and officials report. Fear, necessity, self-preservation, and that instinct for imitation which marks mankind when big general movements are in uncontrollable motion have driven England, France, Germany, and finally Russia into adopting a mixture of each other's ideologies. The end of the war is no more clear now than the political reaction which will surely affect democracies, totalitarians, and Communists alike.

War is supposedly the result of men's mutual hatred. There is no hate manifest among the French for the Germans; there is none of 1914's cursing against *les sales Boches*. There is, however, a rigid, almost unemotional feeling against the Nazi regime and the Führer himself. "*Ce coco-là, nous l'au-*

rons" is what the French say, more as deliverers of the oppressed than as combatants. The psychologies on both sides of all frontiers are curious, and all of them are consuming hope and money. This standstill war on the Western Front is costing everybody millions. Even if a general slaughter does not take place and the war turns into something else during the winter, owing to mud, treachery, diplomacy, disaffection, or disgust, at any rate poverty will be an inevitable factor in the outcome. What Hitler really hopes for or is truly fighting for no one knows, as no one on earth knows his odd, dangerous mind. France is digging in and preparing for any fate. The strained curiosity of an intelligent people awaits more satisfaction and enlightenment than events now offer.

—GENÊT

•

SOCIAL ECONOMY

The Earnest Souls appeal to me and other Santa Clauses
To further new societies for admirable causes.
Since none could join a tenth of them, their vague, uncorrelated,
And scattered Noble Efforts should be ably concentrated.
To meet the situation, I am toiling day and night
Promoting a Society for Doing What Is Right,
And soon shall start a second one to which you'll all belong,
The Militant Associates for Stopping What Is Wrong.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

•

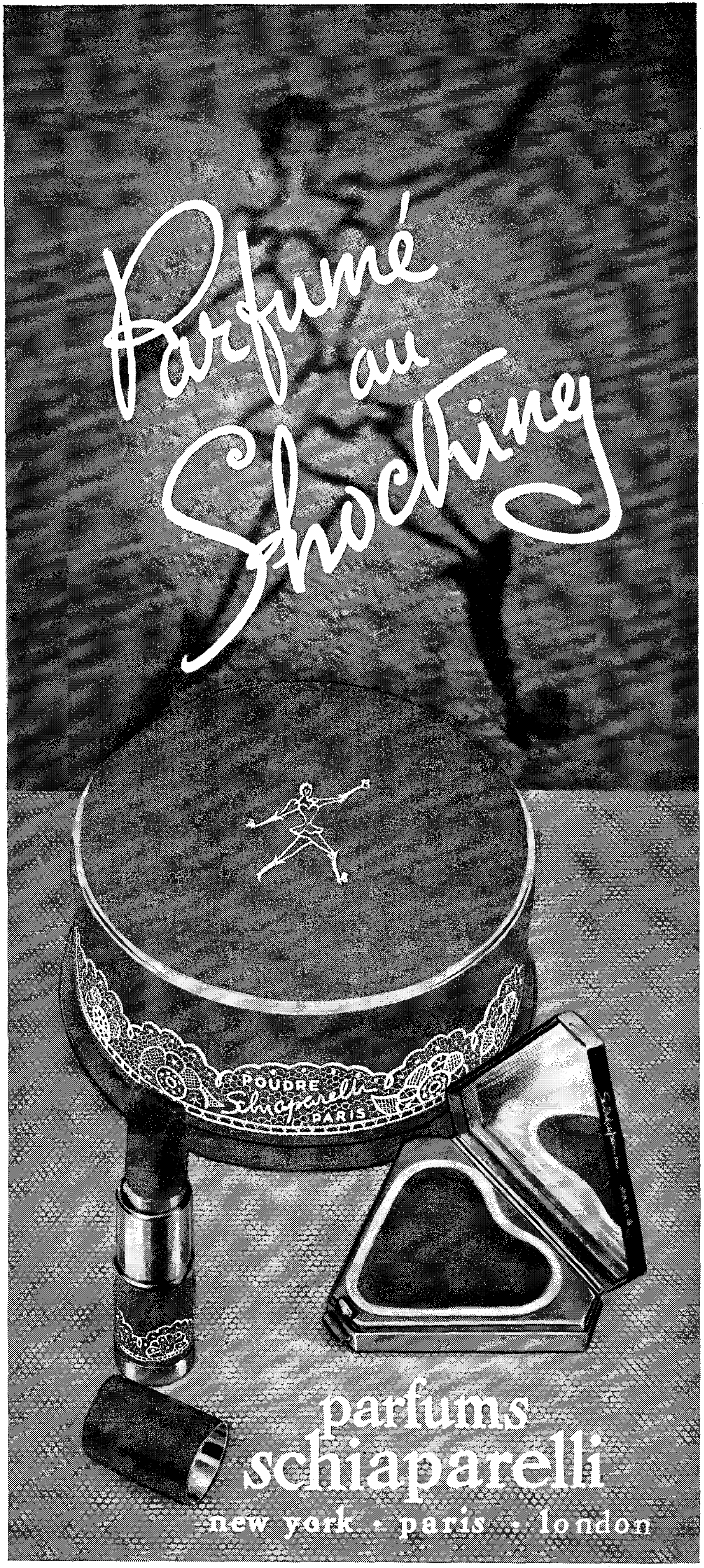
My mother passed away last February leaving a small home which cannot be sold until the year is up. I am single and have not been living at home. My brother is living at home.

1. Does he have to pay rent?
2. He refuses to let me get my belongings and has changed the latch on the door to prevent me from getting them.
3. Can I have a lawyer send him a notice or something?
4. He wants to sell all the furniture and keep the money. I think I should get half.
5. My mother has always asked that the washing machine should go to me.
6. Can I have a lawyer do anything about it?
7. When the year is up can they sell the home without my signature? There was no will.
8. Is there a fine of some kind for striking some one who wears glasses?

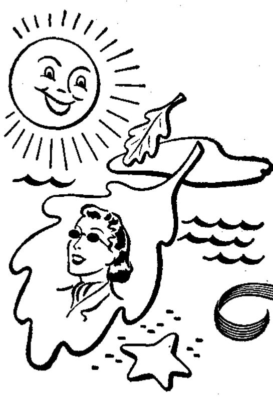
H. V.

—*Letter to the Chicago Tribune.*

Now you're warming up!



EMBERS OF SUMMER WARM THE SEASIDE AIR



HAVE you ever spent early October by the sea? It's a prime time. Embers of summer warm the air, and that old copper sun still has what it takes to refurbish your tan.

Loll on our Ocean Decks and doze to the drone of the surf. Or be active. Golf. Ride horseback on the beach. Bike along the Boardwalk. Stroll by the surf on the hard-packed sand.

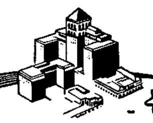
The salt air will give you an appetite. Very well, treat it to Chalfonte-Haddon Hall fare. Several days of this sort of thing, plus nights of supreme slumber, will prove a real investment. Restricted clientele.

LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

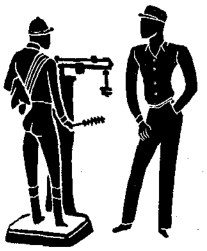
On the Boardwalk

ATLANTIC CITY



THE RACE TRACK

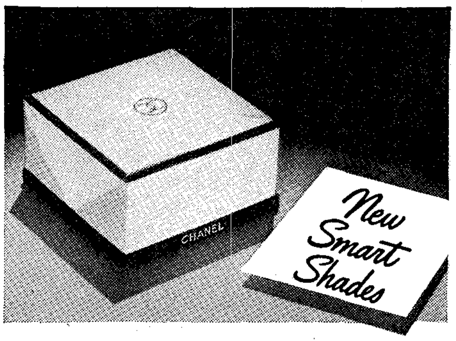
A Matter of Principle



THERE'S no pleasing some folks. You'd be surprised to know how many who bet on the Wheatley Stable's pair in the Junior Champion Stakes at Aqueduct last week were secretly annoyed when Merry Knight and not his stablemate, Snow Ridge, won the race. You see, after working feverishly on comparative speed tables and other complicated formulae, amateur handicappers decided that Snow Ridge had a better rating. Haas, the Wheatley jockey, felt the same way about it; he had his choice of mounts and picked Snow Ridge. It was pretty disconcerting to those horseplayers who would rather be right on the last race than President to have Snow Ridge start slowly, run unevenly, and finish sixth. On the other hand, Merry Knight followed Glorious Time, the pacemaker, until a furlong from home, and then went on to win by a nose from Your Chance, who finished on the inside with a rush. There's not much to say about the efforts of the other runners, except that Fenelon, Briar Sharp, and Ekwanok were particularly disappointing. You may have noticed how the fortunes of Fitzsimmons, who trains Merry Knight, have changed. He saddled only two winners in thirty days at Saratoga, but in the first fortnight at Aqueduct he saddled seven. Early in the spring, he thought that Merry Knight was his best colt, and he may again think so now that the animal has won an $11,200 purse.

The luck of Mrs. Payne Whitney's Greentree Stable also picked up at Aqueduct: Third Degree won the Bay Shore Handicap from eleven sprinters, one of whom was El Chico, and Hash won the Exterminator and Edgemere Handicaps. Volitant and Nedayr got into trouble on the turns in the Edgemere or they might have finished closer to Hash, but no matter. The distance seemed too short for Isolater and too long for Olimpo, whose mane and tail were done up in pink rosettes as though he were bound for a Hollywood preview. Belay wasn't wound up for the race after his long layoff; my guess is that he'll do better in the Manhattan Handicap at Belmont Park on Saturday. He's also in the Lawrence Realization Stakes, and

CHANEL
FACE POWDER



Perle—Translucent, delicately pinkish, for pink-and-white types

Gitane—Dark and radiant, a true gypsy shade

Ivoire No. 1—Pale Ivory, loved by intensely feminine women

Ivoire No. 2—Deep Ivory...dramatic, sets off eyes and lips

Provence—Medium shade with gold tones in it, for red-gold types

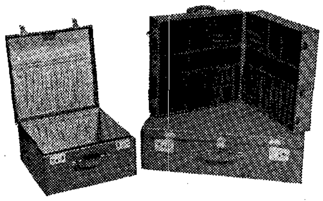
Naturelle—Very light, for the fairest blondes

Midi—Medium shade with pink tones in it, for peaches-and-cream types.

Perfumed with No. 5 or Gardenia
New generous size . . . $2.00

CHANEL INC.

Luggage



Hat, shoe, dress cases of sleek tan cowhide

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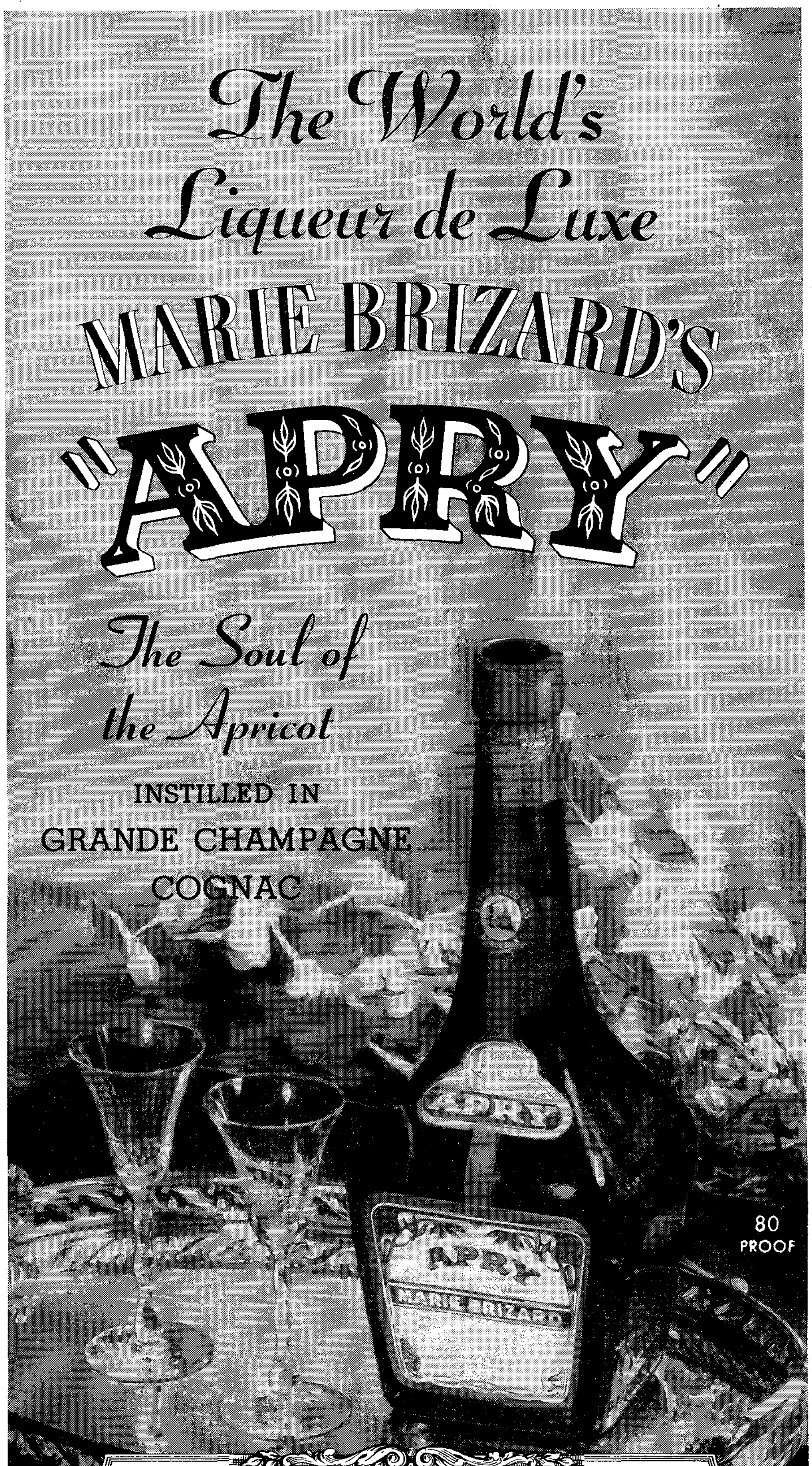
in the Gallant Fox Handicap, Jamaica's new $10,000 race at a mile and five furlongs.

THERE haven't been many steeplechasers worth talking about this season. In fact, there aren't many steeplechasers—not more than fifty, all told. Everybody thinks that the best of the lot is Mrs. Jack Skinner's Mad Policy, and I wouldn't wonder. He's a big, powerful five-year-old, fast on the flat, who has a jaunty way of taking his fences. Nothing could have been easier than the way he polished off Cottesmore in the Glendale Handicap the other afternoon, setting a course record for two miles and a half while doing it. Jack Skinner, who trains for Paul Mellon and Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott and races a few horses of his own, bought Mad Policy as a yearling for $1,000. Mad Policy did practically no racing until last year and then ran only half a dozen times; this season he has started four times, winning twice at Aqueduct and earning around $6,000. I wouldn't be surprised if someone bought him before the Grand National at Belmont Park.

SPEAKING of Belmont, the meet opens this week and will run through October 7th. The Matron Stakes will be run on Saturday, and I'm sorry to say Alfred Vanderbilt's Now What won't be able to start; she's developed leg trouble. Of course, it's hardly likely that the Ladies' Handicap will have as good a field as the one which ran for the Beldame on September 9th, but it should be an interesting affair, nevertheless. I daresay a number of Futurity eligibles will run for the Champagne on September 30th. Jamestown is expected to try for the Lawrence Realization Stakes the same afternoon.

NOTES ON AN OLD RACE CARD: Challedon won the Hawthorne Gold Cup easily enough, but I still can't think he's the Wonder Horse. . . . Charlie Howard seems to have had no better luck with Sorteado at Narragansett than he had there with Seabiscuit and Kayak II. Can you imagine Pagliacci, who's a sprinter in my book, beating Sorteado at a mile and a furlong? . . . Havre de Grace, which opened the Maryland season this week, now has a tote, and my roving observer says everybody's quite mad about it. If you're thinking of trying it—well, there's the Potomac Handicap this Saturday, and Eight Thirty and Challedon may run. Colonel Martingale, the old sentimentalist, fancies Eight Thirty.

—AUDAX MINOR

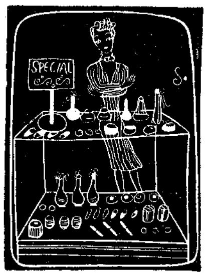


MARIE BRIZARD
FRENCH LIQUEURS OF WORLD FAME SINCE 1755
AMONG THEM ARE
ANISETTE (50 PROOF) • CRÈME DE MENTHE (60 PROOF) • CURAÇAO (78 PROOF)
ALSO RHUM CHARLESTON (88 PROOF)
Fine Genuine Rum from the French West Indies

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

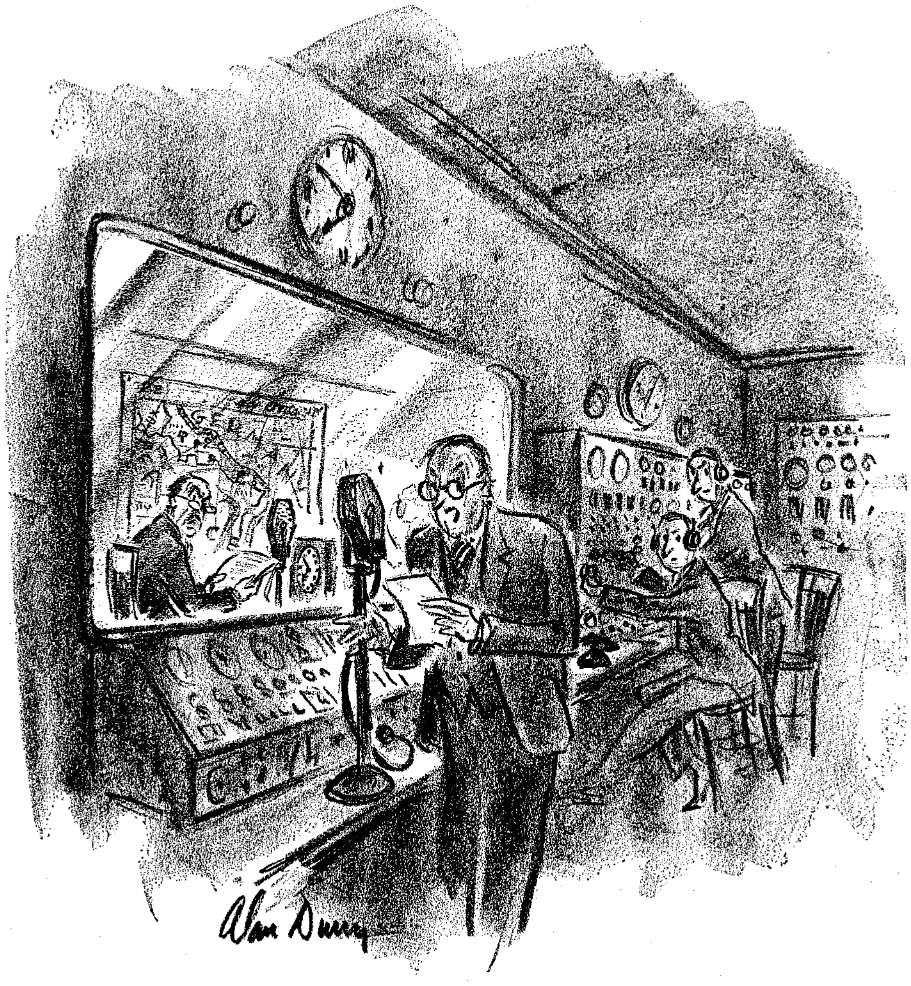


THE collections of Paris clothes now being shown in the custom-made houses in town are a tribute to the astounding normality of the American buyer. According to expert observers, there were plenty of alarming clothes in Paris. They included harem skirts and other Oriental goings on (there is practically no sign of this trend in New York). Hypermilitary fashions were also repudiated by those lynx-eyed women from places like Bergdorf and Bonwit Teller, and as for the naughty nakedness of the nineties that was so heralded, only one offering seems to have been successful with it. It is the Alix black sheath that ends just under the bosom, which is veiled with what is apparently just one layer of fine black lace. This lace subsequently goes around the neck, to end in a huge bow between the shoulder blades. When you have recovered from the first shock, it looks quite attractive, though private-dining-room in its appeal. Observers also talked about the incredible vulgarity of the Schiaparelli collection, but the buyers combed through it to find a few good models and left the rest on the other side of the broad Atlantic.

There are always certain clothes which look chic in Paris but completely ordinary here. (I need hardly add that some of our cutest American designs look very simple-minded in Europe.) They are the ones which are ruined before they start by the proficiency of the ready-to-wear New York manufacturers. The bustle, for instance, was this year's teaser for that "first black dress" trade. American women always burst into a black dress on the first cool day of late summer regular as clockwork, and the boys downtown naturally want to make the black dress already in the customers' wardrobes look old-fashioned. Every year there is something like this, which is done to death so quickly that it looks dated and silly almost at once. The bustle, generally speaking, was this year's victim, though there are a few imported bustle dresses which have sufficient distinction to make them desirable. Other aspects of fashion, too, have been Seventh Avenue specialties for so long that even Parisian handwork cannot make you stop feeling you've seen the same type of dress too many times before. Most evening dresses made of net fall into this category so far as I am concerned, a fact which ruins for me many of the newest ones, including the Chanel Ford with the long-sleeved, fitted black velvet top that comes down flat over the hips on each side and is accompanied by a wide black net skirt with a velvet hem. The pearl-necklace collar around the high neck does nothing to alleviate a vague feeling of tackiness, though jewelled collars are supposedly something special. Only a few of those I have seen could escape being accused of vulgar Amurrican glitter had they originated here.

One thing I do not understand: why there are not more of the Piguet peg-top dresses in our de-luxe emporiums. They are young, new, simple, attractive. For example, Jay-Thorpe and Bonwit show a black crêpe day dress with a little collar, buttons, and drapery jutting slightly over the hips before it comes forward and pulls up a bit over the tummy. Bonwit also harbors a suit with a peg-top skirt and a bellhop jacket that has a high, turnover collar. I could see a lot more of these without tiring for an instant. I also had my mouth all puckered up for plain black wool dresses covered with braid and jet embroidery and such quiet froufrou, but few of them are around despite advance Paris reports.

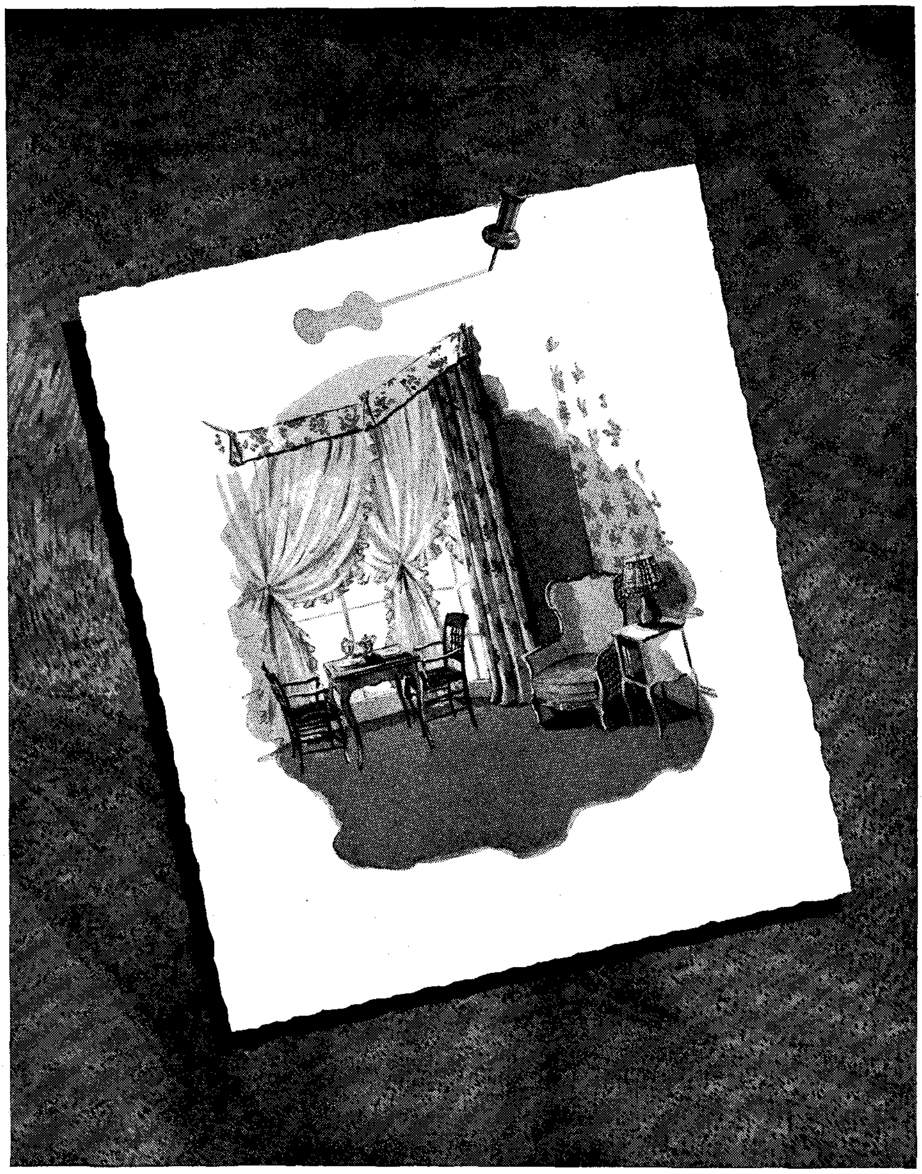
TO get down to details for daytime: It has been many, many years since Paris designers catered to the American woman's eternal yen for a cloth winter coat, trimmed with fur, that you wear over all kinds of dresses. It is usually terribly hard to find one with real distinction. This year, though, there are quantities. Bonwit Teller's Salon de Couture has a great many, among them Mainbocher's black cloth fitted coat with Persian lamb rippling to make a bustle, his black wool coat with the beaver collar and peplum across the back, and his coat with the caracul collar, narrow fur bands down the bodice, and



"We interrupt this program for a bulletin from Paris giving further details of the Mainbocher corset."

wide ones making an inverted V low on the front closing. Here, too, you'll find the Balenciaga cedar-brown coachman's coat that resembles a suit because of the peplum across the hips. Schiaparelli shows a long coat that also looks exactly like a two-piece suit. Persian forms its front, which gives the effect of a long jacket, and there is a tie of Persian across its back. (Bendel has this.) Bonwit has Schiaparelli coats with old-fashioned choker collars of fur—silver fox on blue wool and civet cat on a long, fitted affair. Chanel shows the most beautiful gray belted coachman's coat you can find; it's of wool, with gray Persian making the four patch pockets and the wide revers, and is worn over a gray Chanel shirtwaist-type dress with pockets jutting out slightly to give a rounded hipline. Saks-Fifth Avenue's Salon Moderne dotes on this.

AS usual, Molyneux has been a *succès fou* with his suits and ensembles. His flowing beltless dress with a dark-green top and black skirt, and the collarless coat, with the colors reversed, that covers it, are at Bergdorf, among other places. A gray ensemble, along the same typically Molyneux line, has self-corded trimming on both dress and coat (Jay-Thorpe). Bonwit Teller has a black wool suit with a short, fitted jacket. The ensemble, though, gives more the effect of a long coat because of the two deep, wide peplums forming the skirt of the dress. Then there are tight little jackets with Persian collars over dresses whose only decoration is slight unpressed pleating through the middle (Bendel), and black wool jackets with a band collar and buttons to go over a simple dress with an umbrella skirt (Saks-Fifth). You couldn't fail to be happy, as well as chic, in any of them. Saks also cherishes Balenciaga's ensemble which includes a black dress with an accordion-pleated skirt and a jacket of beige wool, very pinched at the waistline, then jutting sharply in a peplum. To Vionnet go high honors for a suit at Bendel. There is a hip-length leopard jacket with a black cloth back, hanging casually. The dress beneath has a black wool skirt and a jersey tunic-type top. Bonwit Teller, among others, has Vionnet's black velveteen coat with a black silk jersey dress that has a long panel in front. This, as it emerges from the coat, gives the effect of a stole. If you like a "dressy" suit with more flippancy, Chanel has one of Burgundy velvet with jewelled buttons and a peplum flaring sharply low in back (Saks-Fifth). Creed's suit in green (at Bon-



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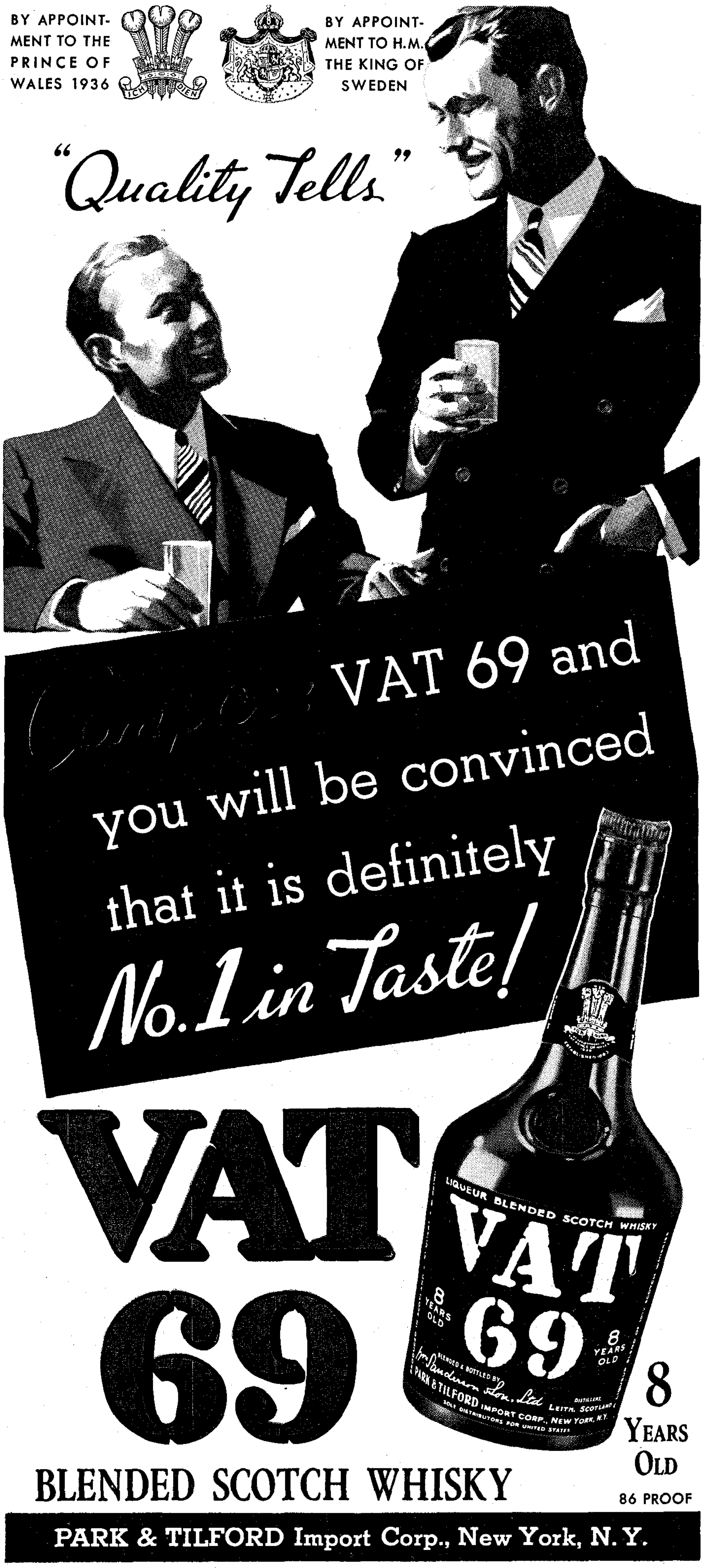

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wit Teller) has a turnover collar and a jacket that is fitted and flaring.

THE dresses worn under jackets are likely to be high-necked and as plain as a schoolgirl's uniform; there are also dozens of separate dresses with impertinent fillips to make your fur coat happy. Balenciaga is, quite rightly, the petted darling of the moment, not only because of his spectacular evening things (there'll be talk about them next week here) but because of the little, unpretentious dresses that are such delight. You'll find examples of them all over the place. Bonwit Teller has a great many. There is a dark-blue wool dress here with a seal peplum that can be removed. Most of the dresses are so exquisitely simple as to defy description. Schiaparelli has a dress that people seem to admire, with tight folds like an apron across the stomach, the apron splitting as it ascends in back to show the three tiers on the skirt beneath (Jay-Thorpe, among others). I like much better, however, a little black dress shown under her cloth-and-Persian coat at Bendel; the folds over the hips are pulled together and upward by a treatment that makes the material look as if it had been shirred on wide elastic; there are small grosgrain bows tying across this at the waistline. Jay-Thorpe have a couple of Francevramants with dressed-up touches—one with steel embroidery on the belt and around the armholes, the other of satin-backed crêpe with the material twisting to make bows in front of each hipbone. Bendel shows a flowing green crêpe from Dormoy with fullness low in back. This has an embroidered collar necklace which is one of the few I have seen that don't look cheap. And, if neither of these is dressed-up enough, Saks-Fifth Avenue has a cocktail dress of the type to make people say, "Just what I need to wear under my mink coat." It's street length, made of a bronze lamé, with long sleeves and inverted pleats releasing a flare front and back. Bruyère made it, and Bruyère is to be congratulated.

—L. L.

•

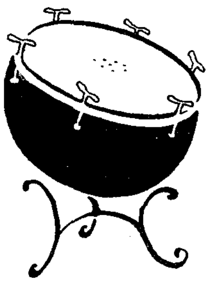
DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From a "Horrors of War" picture card given out with Bubble Gum*]

First was tried the ancient bastinado, an Oriental punishment long used, in which the soles of the feet are beaten with thin strips of bamboo until the victim approaches insanity. Following this terrible torture the Japanese applied electric wires to the men's bleeding, swollen feet! This new act of unfriendliness angered the Russian Embassy and did little to promote a state of peace between the two nations.

MUSICAL EVENTS

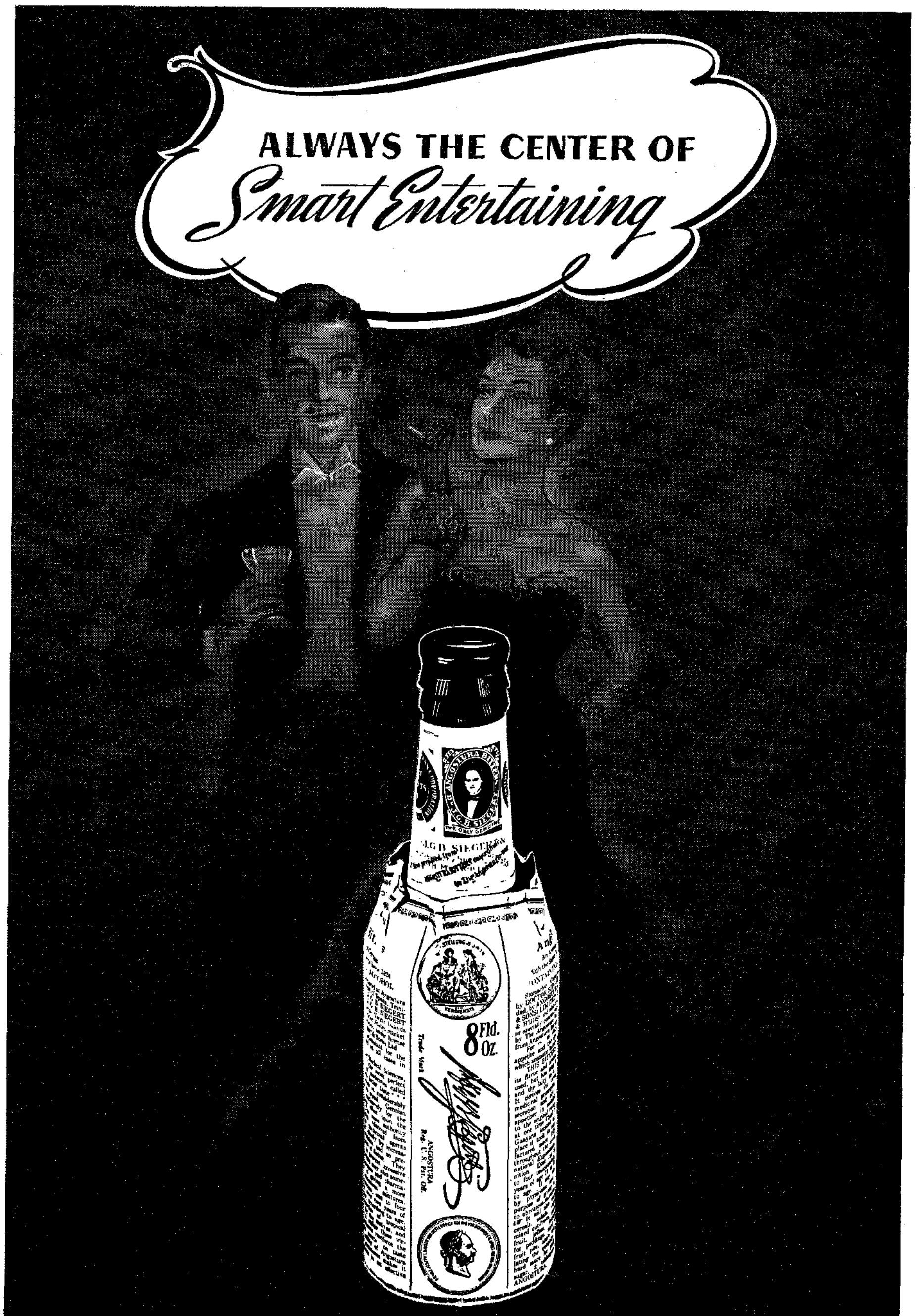
Curtain Up!



NOBODY presses a button, cuts a ribbon, or throws out a ball to open the music season officially, but the 1939-1940 Manhattan melodic mélange got under way efficiently with a week's activities by the International Congress of the American Musicological Society. The resident and visiting musicologists and their friends listened to speeches, attended concerts, went to the World's Fair for intensive research on Billy Rose's Aquacade and "The Hot Mikado," and dined (to music) all over town, from Fraunces Tavern on Pearl Street to the American Academy of Arts and Letters on West 155th Street. Although the Congress was more or less a private convention, the musicologists made admission to the entire program of lectures and concerts available to anyone for a dollar, and thereby established a new high in musical value for the money, which, however, didn't include meals.

Of the music offered especially for the Congress, some was a matter for scholarly discussion and some proved to be obviously eligible for general enjoyment. A concert of unpublished music by Handel, presented under the direction of J. M. Coopersmith at the Juilliard auditorium, introduced a remarkable cantata for solo voice and small orchestra, "Ero e Leandro." It isn't a 150-per-cent masterpiece, because some of the airs are the kind of ready-made craftsmanship that the self-starting Handel could turn out while one waited, but elsewhere there is the restrained dramatic force of a great composer.

Miss Florence Vickland sang the soli with simplicity and conviction, and Mr. Coopersmith conducted like a true amateur—meaning that he led the small ensemble with the power and persuasiveness of a man who loves and understands what he is doing. Before "Ero e Leandro," the stage lights were dimmed and a screen descended from the wings, leading some of the irreverent to suspect that Bingo might be part of the musicologists' varied enterprises. It turned out, though, that copies of the original manuscript were being projected as the music was performed—an interesting and valuable innovation. The operators of the pro-



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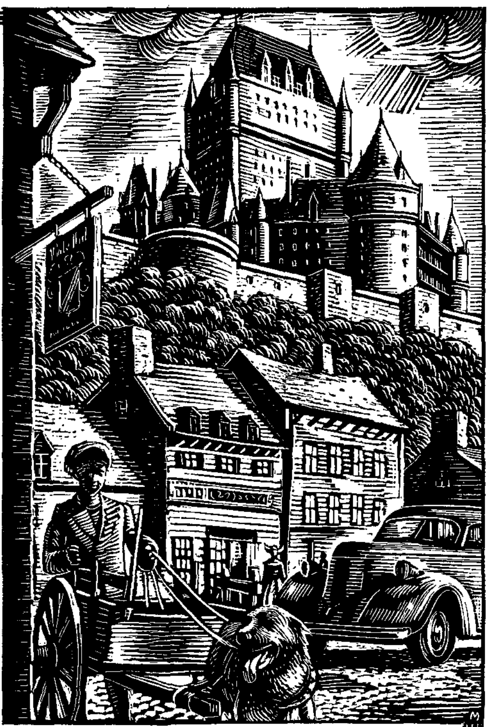

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jection machine managed the job of synchronizing the slides with the singing and playing with but a single slip-up.

Another novelty of uncommon worth was a cantata called "Handel, Non Può Mia Musa," a setting by Handel of verses in praise of Handel. It was as surprising in its way as a Bach cantata entitled "J. S. Bach, I Love You" would have been, and Handel proved his candor by supplying his own panegyric with deeply felt, un-selfconscious music. The rest of the evening ranged from good Handel to works that might have remained unplayed as well as unpublished if it hadn't been for the magic of the composer's name.

The Congress also introduced, in Fraunces Tavern, the Old Harp Singers of Nashville, who sang American music, running from Colonial meeting-house songs to modern versions of folk tunes. The Old Harp group, a mixed octet, seems to be an American equivalent of the English Singers, combining musicianship with informality. If they appear again, as they ought to, try to get around. They're excellent, and so is their learned and entertaining founder, George Pullen Jackson of Vanderbilt University.

BROOKLYN's season began with a production of "La Bohème" by the Hippodrome Opera Company in the Academy of Music. This was to have started a Fall Opera Festival, but unfortunate circumstances made it the entire Festival—for the time being, anyhow. The audience had a good time, it seemed, and there were at least two features a bit unusual for "La Bohème" hereabouts: the lively tempi of the conductor, Fulgenzio Guerrieri, and Miss Elvira Helal's emphasis on the lyric possibilities of Musetta's air.

LAWRENCE GILMAN's eminence as a great spokesman for great music was established many years before his death, and the words and the spirit of the man remain for us in his books. For those of us who had the joy of knowing him, there also remains the rare memory of an endlessly kind, tolerant, and inspiring friend. —ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

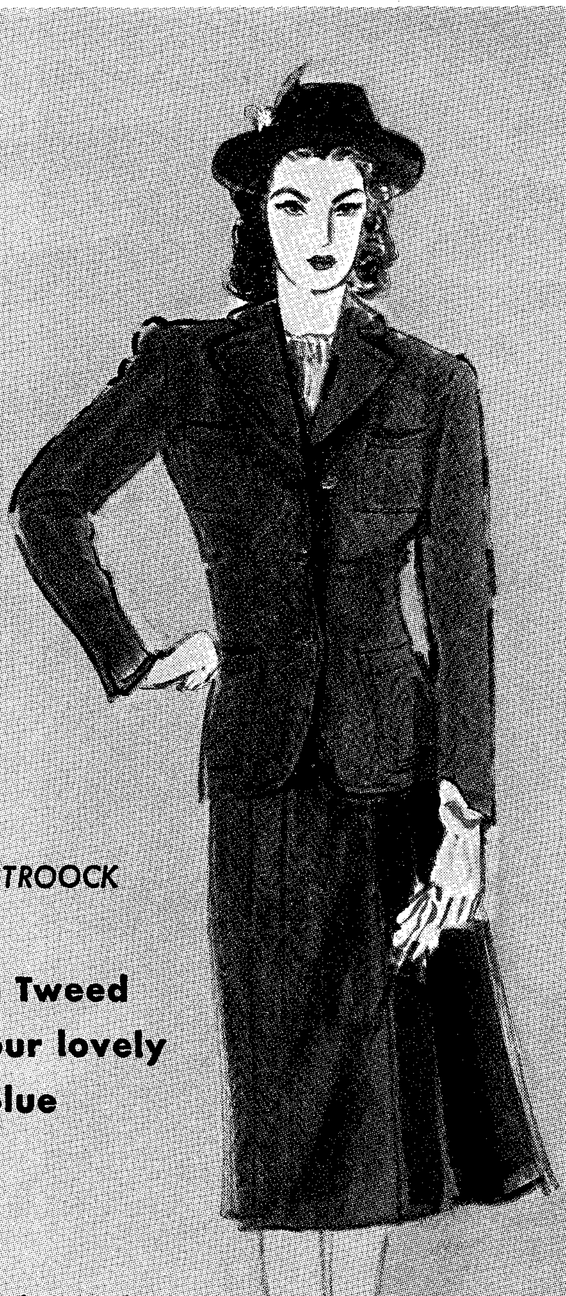
Repeaters and Newcomers

DUPLICATION is vexation for some record-collectors. For instance, if you own Sir Thomas Beecham's excellent performance of Beethoven's second symphony (Columbia set M-302), you may wonder why the same manufacturer now releases the same symphony under the direction of Felix Weingartner (set M-377). The answer is that Dr. Weingartner has recorded all of the Beethoven symphonies abroad (the sixth hasn't yet been released here, but Columbia has the rest of them in stock), and this issue of the second will be welcome to those who prefer their Beethoven symphonies unified by one maestro. There isn't much to choose between the Beecham and the Weingartner versions. In this case, I find Sir Thomas more interesting than Dr. Felix, but you can't lose on either album. No reason for owning both, however.

Dr. Weingartner also is involved in another recent duplication—Columbia set M-371, on which Emil Sauer plays Liszt's E-flat piano concerto while the conductor leads the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, of Paris (apparently there's no handy abbreviation for this ensemble), in a vital accompaniment. Even if you already have this concerto, the new release is worth acquiring because the almost legendary Sauer, born in 1862, remains an astonishing pianist. You may find traces of his age here and there if you listen for them, but they don't impair the effect of a genuine old-school bravura exhibition. Dr. Weingartner is, by the way, only a year younger than Mr. Sauer.

In his spare time, Dr. Weingartner has also recorded, with the London Philharmonic, Beethoven's "Consecration of the House" overture (Columbia set X-140), which seems not to have been available for disc-buyers here up to now. The music is good Beethoven rather than great. The performance is properly festal in tone, and by way of a bonus the set includes the music for Clärchen's Death from Beethoven's score for "Egmont."

THERE are in the record catalogues several albums of music from Stravinsky's "Petrouchka." These are now supplemented by the complete ballet score, directed by Leopold Stokowski, for whom The Philadelphia Orchestra does its customary miracles (Victor set M-574). Some of this music doesn't make much sense unless you know the action, but the manufacturers supply a useful leaflet for those who haven't memorized the details of the story. A straight duplication is Victor set M-576, which is Respighi's "Fountains of Rome," by John Barbirolli and the Philharmonic-Symphony. If you haven't the "Fountains" in your collection and



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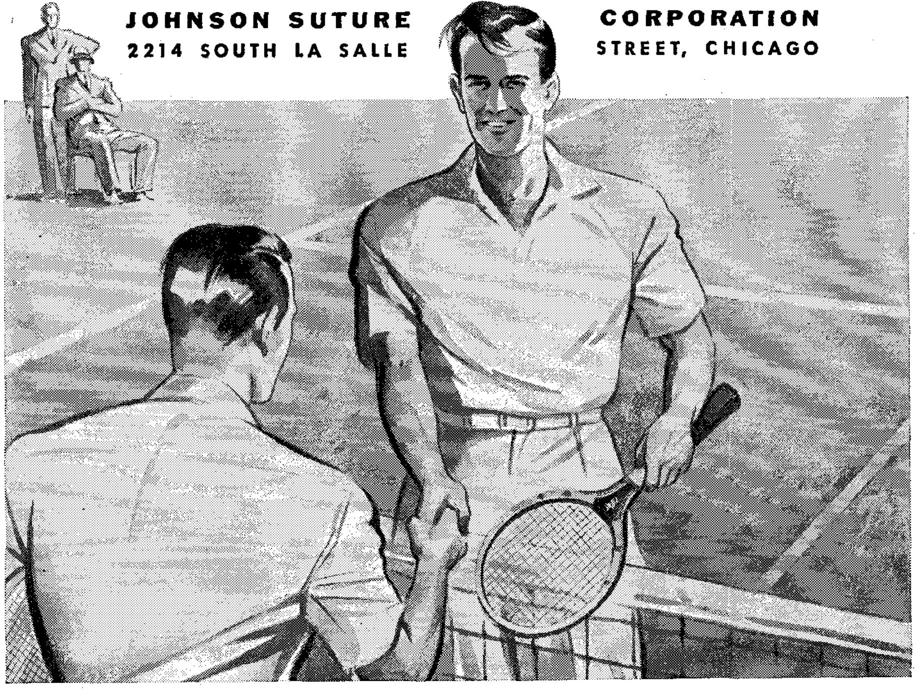


want it, Mr. Barbirolli's album is the neatest tonal job. Elgar's "Enigma Variations" have also been duplicated, the latest offering being by Sir Adrian Boult and the B.B.C. Symphony (Victor set M-475). This is the version to buy if you're starting from scratch, simply because technically it's the most modern recording.

Completing this tale of duplications, there is Gershwin's piano concerto, played skillfully for Decca (set 57) by Roy Bargy and Paul Whiteman's concert orchestra. The same pianist and conductor did the same music for Columbia some years ago; the new set has a larger, rounder sound. The orchestration again is a clever condensation by Ferde Grofé. I wish, though, that there might be a recording of the original edition, with the massed strings.

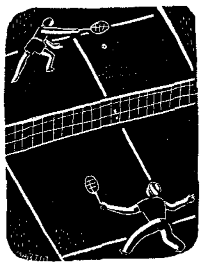
VICTOR'S complete first act of "Die Walküre" (set M-298), with Mme. Lotte Lehmann and the Messrs. Melchior and List, conducted by Bruno Walter, has been followed by a fairly complete presentation of the second act (set M-582). The new album, however, contains only five sides directed by Mr. Walter—the Siegmund-Sieglinde scene and the finale. The rest is in charge of Bruno Seidler-Winkler, who is thoroughly competent, and "thoroughly competent" applies also to the Brünnhilde, Mme. Marta Fuchs, and the Wotan, Hans Hotter. Mme. Margaret Klose's Fricka is more convincing than Fricka generally is. Mr. Melchior and Mme. Lehmann are as effective as they were in the first-act album. A change of cast on the last side, bringing in Alfred Jerger as Wotan and Mme. Ella Flesch for the few notes of Brünnhilde, isn't of much consequence.

NOVELTIES (on discs, at least): MacDowell's Indian Suite, in its entirety, beautifully done by Howard Barlow and the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony (Columbia set M-373). . . . Liszt's fantasy on themes from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," a famous finger-breaker, played by Simon Barer as if it were no trouble (Victor set M-577). This is one of the most brilliant of piano albums. . . . Roy Harris's interesting piano sonata and an attractive set of short pieces for children, the pianist being the able Mrs. Johana Harris (Victor set M-568). . . . Ravel's three piano compositions, known collectively as "Gaspard de la Nuit," by Walter Gieseking (Columbia set X-141). Add this to your Ravel library—or your Gieseking assortment. —R. A. S.

THE TENNIS COURTS

End of Summer

FOR most of the summer I have had a suspicion that Bobby Riggs wasn't quite the player he was cracked up to be, and when Adrian Quist beat him to win the Davis Cup for Australia, I began to think I might be right. Now, after watching Riggs win his first national singles championship, I know I was wrong. He is, in a word, good, and so is his record, I find on embarrassing reflection. In a season filled to the saturation point with upsets, he has lost, aside from his Davis Cup defeat, only one match in this country—to Frank Guernsey at Seabright. I don't envy the United States Lawn Tennis Association its task of ranking the first ten this year—a list, for instance, on which Frankie Parker's name might be anywhere from second to tenth, or conceivably not present at all. I wouldn't dream of making out a list of my own, but I trust that the U. S. L. T. A. will agree with me that Riggs is the Abou Ben Adhem of 1939.



THE last few days of the tennis year will have to be remembered, despite Riggs' victory, as Welby Van Horn Week. Without taking any credit away from the champion, I'd like to point out that in stepping his peculiarly cocky little way to the finals, Riggs had things pretty easy. Except for Felicisimo Ampon, his first and hardly dangerous opponent, he faced a succession of men (Larry Dee, Edward Alloo, Harry Hopman, and Joe Hunt) who had previously survived excessively long and exhausting matches. To reach the finals, Van Horn, on the other hand, had to play fourteen sets against Elwood Cooke, Wayne Sabin, and Jack Bromwich, and if he never wins another match in his career, which seems most unlikely, he can be proud of that three days' work. Against Riggs, he started off with the same slashing attack that had astonished Bromwich, and the gallery, which likes such a game, literally roared its appreciation. Van Horn is too erratic for his own good, though. He would confound Riggs with an unbeatable placement that had the chalk flying in the linesmen's eyes, and the next moment he would hit the ball a mile from any linesman, or line. Riggs, who is as smart a player as the nineteen-year-old Van Horn is eager, played with the coolness of a twenty-one-year-old veteran, and he won by using his opponent's own aggressive tactics.

Nobody believed that Van Horn, even considering his amazing string of successes, could beat Riggs. Because of that, and because Alice Marble seemed to be a sure thing, too, the crowd at Sunday's finals was relatively small. Miss Marble's match produced all the excitement, and Helen Jacobs was directly responsible for it. When Miss Jacobs dropped the first set at 6–0, knowing heads wagged and the spectators expected that they were to see another rout like the 6–0, 6–1 beating Miss Marble had handed poor Virginia Wolfenden in the semifinals. However, Miss Jacobs failed to coöperate. Helped by a strong wind that affected Miss Marble's driving game, Miss Jacobs, who couldn't hold her first five services, came from 3–5 to take the second set and then gave her opponent what must surely have been the greatest scare she has had all year by gaining a 4–3 lead in the final set before Miss Marble could do what everyone had expected her to do an hour earlier.

IT was an unhappy week for the Australians. People were grumbling about the fact that the draw seemed likely to provide a meeting of Quist and Bromwich in the semifinals. Wayne Sabin, however, disposed of that problem and Quist at the same time. Bromwich really should have reached the finals. Leading Van Horn two sets to one, he was on service in the fourth set with a 4–1, 40–love lead, and lost the game; on service again, at 4–3, he missed three easy overheads and thereby threw away his country's last hope of taking the national title. The Australians probably didn't mind this too much. They passed up Wimbledon because their only aim was to win the Davis Cup, and they won it. Perhaps nobody but Hitler knows when they'll be able to defend it. Van Horn, Jack Kramer, and their less illustrious contemporaries will be ready in a year or two to try to bring the Cup back home, but it looks as if they may be old men before they get the chance.

—E. J. K.

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TEE AND GREEN

Poor Putter

MOST of the people who watched the National Amateur Championship at Chicago last week came away with the impression that this year, at least, there was no doubt the title had gone to the best player in the field. Up to the final round, Marvin Ward, of Spokane, and Ray Billows, of Poughkeepsie, had almost equally good records in their scores. Billows, however, who was nine under par for 92 holes, had been beating his opponents by phenomenal putting, whereas Ward, who was twelve under par for 103 holes, had been playing better golf through the fairways and had, moreover, been facing keener competition. When they started the last 36-hole match of the week, Billows had certain advantages over Ward. Having been a National finalist once before, he was not in the least rattled by his opportunity, and having had a rather easy time against Don Schumacher the day before, he was in no danger of suffering an inclination to relax which Ward, who had barely managed to nose out Arthur Doering, might well have had. Nonetheless, the gallery made Ward the favorite and in locker-room bets the odds in his favor were 3–2.

There was, as it turned out, only one moment in the encounter when it looked as though Billows might win. This occurred when, at the ninth hole on the morning round, his second shot landed twelve feet from the pin, giving him a reasonable putt for a birdie. Billows, who had already been two down, had evened the match on the hole before. Had he sunk this putt, it is conceivable that things might have gone much better for him, but in trying to press his advantage he took three strokes instead of one and thus not only failed to win the hole but actually lost it. Disconcerted, Billows three-putted again on the next green. When he lost the long twelfth to Ward's birdie four, he was still only two down with plenty of time to catch up, but probably few members of the gallery would have cared to risk much on his chances of succeeding. The match speedily became a pursuit race which lasted until the thirty-first hole, where Ward took the

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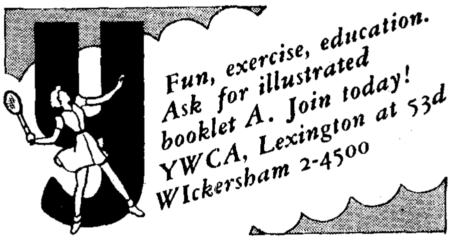

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neat, perfunctory two that gave him the title.

WHAT happened in the National may carry a lesson of some sort for golfers who try to improve their games by diligent application and training methods. Ward has never made a great point of preliminary maneuvers, while Billows, whose most spectacular success was undoubtedly his victory in the New York State Championship a couple of years ago, has since then been an indefatigable practicer. After leaving work in his Poughkeepsie printing plant, he spends an hour or so almost every afternoon hitting hypothetical approach shots along a stretch of rough on the course of the Dutchess Golf and Country Club. An even more unfortunate casualty was Tommy Tailer, who took to roadwork, calisthenics, and a diet this summer in order to improve his putting touch. At Chicago, Tailer failed by two strokes to qualify.

It now appears that the two most expensive golf shots of the summer were the extra ones taken by Ward on the eleventh hole of the last round of the National Open in June. Overlooked by most of the gallery which attended the finish of the event, they were all that prevented Ward from becoming the first golfer since Bobby Jones to win both the National Open and the National Amateur in the same year—a feat which, by the way, is considerably harder now than it was when Jones accomplished it nine years ago.

AT NORTH SHORE: Frank Stiedle, of Arkansas, amazing his opponents by over-driving the 353-yard eleventh green.... Willie Turnesa ruefully reading a telegram of encouragement from his six brothers just after he had been put out in the second round.... The Canadians, Thompson and Somerville, leaving Chicago the day before the finals to join, respectively, the air force and the field artillery. —N. F. B.

•

THE LIFE VIVID

[*From the Billboard*]

NEW YORK—T. W. (Slim) Kelly and associates have taken a 160-foot frontage adjacent to the Dufour-Rogers-Miller-Russell Rondevoo eatery and construction is almost completed for installation of Olga the headless girl and several stores. Kelly is linked with Dufour & Rogers in operation of the highly successful Nature's Mistakes, freak animalcade, which has the equally clicking two-headed cow blow-off.... Jang, the Boy With the Tail, is out of the D. & R. Strange as It Seems shop. Child labor trouble.

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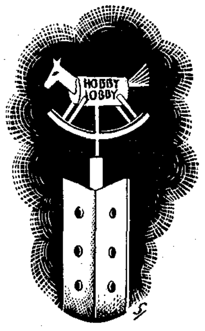
COMEUPPANCE FOR AN INFIDEL

THE Sunday that England and France declared war on Germany, I was in town and spent most of the day at the radio—as everybody did, I guess—and the radio chose to play some rather special pranks on me that day. For instance, after King George spoke to his people and the band played the British national anthem, I was standing at the door of my garden, and my throat ached and the ivy and evergreens and zinnias all ran together in a crazy sparkle when I looked at them. And at that moment a voice said, "We now return you to America," and a studio orchestra on WOR began to play Kreisler's "La Gitana."

There is no reason why "La Gitana," a gipsy air, should always take me immediately to London, and to a hot bath in Brown's Hotel one foggy November night, with the steamy fragrance of jasmine soap mingling with the smell of fog and the sound of the city outside the windows. But it does, and when I hear "La Gitana," there I am in London, in a fine warm bath.

The radio was, for me, even more personal in its choice of a musical interlude after Daladier's speech later in the day. I couldn't hear Daladier very well, but I clearly heard him say, "*Vive la France!*," and I had barely drawn a long, shaky breath before we were back at the American broadcasting station and the studio orchestra had drifted into Debussy's "First Arabesque."



Instantly I saw the *galerie d'hiver* in the school I used to go to at Auteuil, and the long row of cubicles, each with its upright piano, where we were locked in, one by one, in the afternoons to practice our music lessons. I saw Mlle. Cluzel, black-eyed and alert, pacing up and down outside the cubicles with a sharp, admonishing glance at each glass door as she passed, to make sure that no pupil was loitering at her task. We couldn't, mercifully, hear one another practice, but Mlle. Cluzel could hear all of us, and I remember a particular hell she went through when I was learning to play Debussy's "First Arabesque." I loved the piece and didn't mind practicing it, but Mlle. Cluzel's sentry duty outside the door spoiled the rhythm for me. She would prance by just as I got to the dreamiest part, and my fingers would automatically put Debussy into march time. Anybody who has ever tried to put Debussy into march time will understand why I soon gave that up and took to playing, whenever the teacher passed by, a tune somebody had sent me from America, called "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." It was one of Gershwin's first song hits, and it had a fine, bouncing rhythm ("I'll BUILD a stairWAY to PARadise") which fitted Mlle. Cluzel's pace so perfectly that even she became conscious of it at length. "*Qu'est-ce que vous faites là, Marguerite?*" she would yell through the glass door of the cubicle, and I would lift my hands and shoulders apologetically and return at once to Debussy's "Arabesque" until the bell rang, the cubicle doors were unlocked, and we could rush out to the garden to buy *sucre d'orge* (three sous) or *bouchées au caramel* (five sous) from Annette, who sold sweets from a basket every day at four o'clock.

While I was remembering the sun and the smell of lilac in that garden, the clatter of coins as they fell into Annette's basket, the radio voice behind me announced, "We will now take you to Paris, France." It needn't have bothered. I was already in France. I was in all the places, and with all the people, I had come to know and love there—in school and afterward, every time I went back to France: Jeanne, Marthe, Denise (who always began every other sentence with "*Figure*-toi, *ma chère!*"); a Basque town called Aïnhoa, where you sat in a rope swing under a cherry tree and drank a dark-gold liqueur called *izarra*; a hill in the moonlight at Juan-les-Pins, and five of us walking abreast, singing "*Quand un vi*-com-*te rencontr' un autre vi*-com-*te* . . ." People, places, and songs crowded into my mind, and I couldn't bear to listen to the radio any more. I turned it off and tried to read, but that was no good either, and I think it was then that I suddenly knew what I wanted to do. I wanted to go to church.

THIS was such an unusual sensation for me that I was inclined to inspect it at first as being slightly hammy. The thought of going to church hadn't occurred to me in years. My family were all Episcopalian, but my own youthful religious instruction had been sketchy, owing to my father's belief that children should be allowed to choose their own creeds. At one time he was, indeed, persuaded by a friend to launch my brother and me on a fairly thorough excursion into Christian Science, but I recall little of that period except that the Sunday-school teacher who undertook to convince me that man is made in God's image and likeness, and is therefore immune to imperfection, was stone-deaf. Now, for the first time, I *needed* to go to church, and I didn't just want to sit in one and meditate, either; I wanted a regular service, with music and a good bang-up sermon to tell me what I believed. At five o'clock I put on my hat and clean gloves and walked over to St. Bartholomew's, the church nearest my apartment.

The bronze doors were shut, and when I rather timidly pushed at one, I found it was locked. People passing on the sidewalk seemed faintly surprised at the sight of a woman trying to get into a church which was obviously closed for the day, and a girl who looked like a nice parlormaid out for a breath of air addressed me from the wall surrounding the lawn, where she sat with a dog on a leash. She spoke in a rich brogue. "St. Patrick's is always open," she said. I thanked her, and walked over to St. Patrick's and went in. A few people were kneeling at the altar rail, but the altar was dark and deserted, and the whole place reminded me irresistibly of the Pennsylvania Station. The people sitting here and there in the pews had that expressionless look of waiting for train time, and the patter of sightseers' feet was loud in the gloom. Near one door two women stood looking out across the yard toward the parish house. "That must be the window of Archbishop Spellman's kitchen," one of them said.

I went out to a drugstore and called up St. Bartholomew's—I would try it once more, I decided, hoping that it was just closed for the afternoon and would open for evening service. A girl operator answered me as crisply as though she had been speaking from Saks-Fifth Avenue. "St. Bartholomew's, good afternoon!" I asked her if there would be any service that evening, and she asked me incredulously to repeat what I had said. When I did, her voice sounded shocked. "Why, no!" she said. "Not *now.* Not until after Labor Day. It's not the season, you know."

"I thought maybe—on account of the war news this morning—"

"Oh," she said. "Well—no."

From St. Thomas a gentleman with an Oxford accent coldly gave me the same tidings, and he, too, mentioned that it was not the season. "The season for what?" I wondered as I thanked him and hung up. But then, I reminded myself, I had this coming to me. I had ignored churches for nearly twenty years, and it seemed the work of a just God that now, when I was a lamb ready for the fold, I couldn't get in, not anywhere.

It's kind of peculiar, though, I thought as I made my next stop at a stationer's to consult the church section of a Sunday paper; you'd think that *somewhere* on Sunday evening . . . There was nothing in the paper about any evening services, so I bought a copy of *Cue*, feeling slightly blasphemous, and looked up a church to go to, as one would look up a movie or a good show. *Cue* had nothing at all about churches, and I resorted to the Classified Telephone Directory, opening it at "Churches" and running a finger hopefully down the page. The French Protestant Church didn't answer the telephone; neither did the Federation of Churches, nor (I was feeling a bit wild by this time) did the Fur Center Synagogue, which I picked purely for its name, nor the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society on Bleecker Street. I dialled Information.

"Information, this is Sunday evening and war was declared in Europe this morning," I said. "Is there, anywhere in New York, a church that is holding any kind of service tonight?"

"What is the name and address of the church?" Information inquired.

"That," I said, "is what I would like to know."

"I am sorry," the voice said smoothly, "you would have to know the name and address of the church in order to obtain that information."

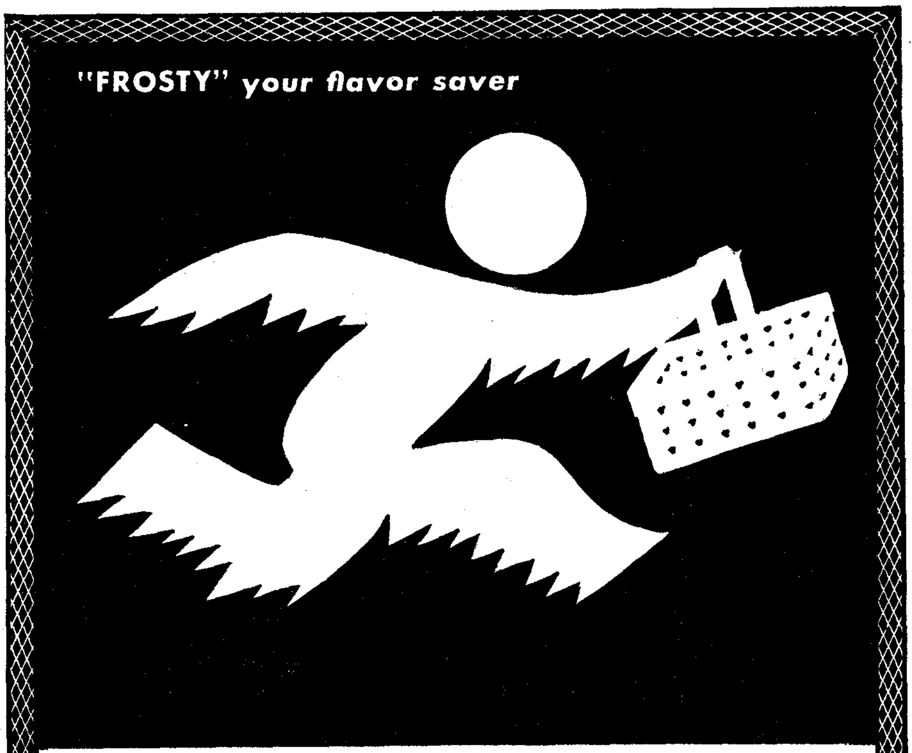
WITH the nickel I got back from Information, I bought a package of gum. It was almost seven o'clock, and I was tired and beginning to be hungry. I went to a French restaurant and had a fine dinner for a dollar, and then, chewing a couple of Beechies, I walked up to the RKO Fifty-eighth Street Theatre and saw "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island." The theatre was packed.

—MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

•

. . . she was a little blue-eyed slip of a thing, with blue eyes and a pink ribbon in her hair.—*From "Mr. Emmanuel," by Louis Golding.*

We didn't quite catch the color of that ribbon.



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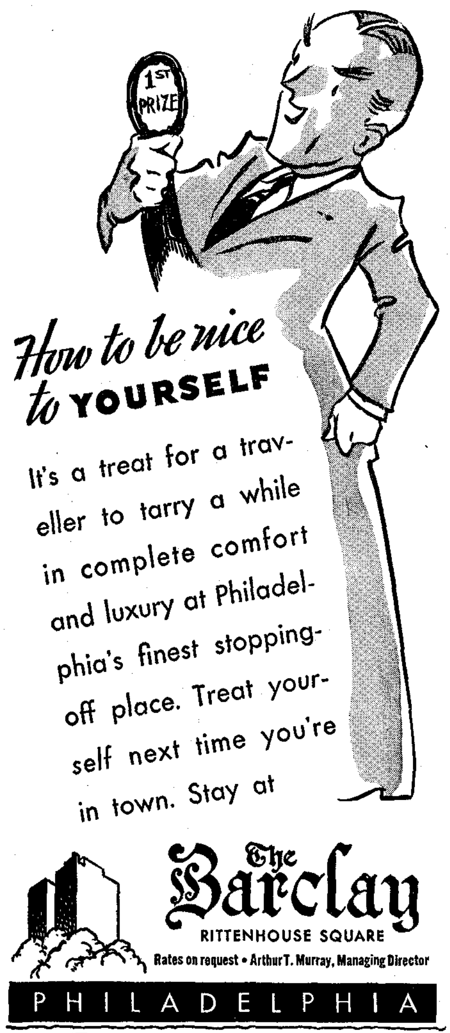
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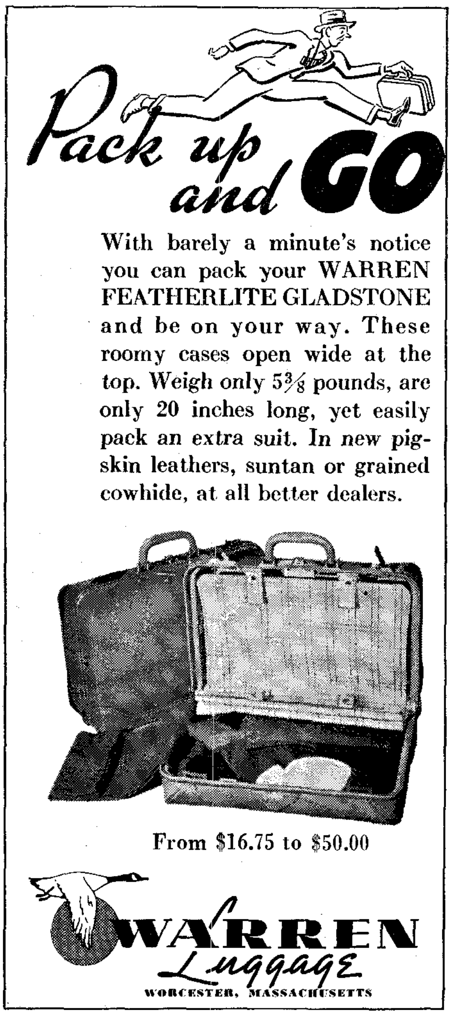
OUT OF TOWN

Troubled Waters

THE war has knocked the autumn-cruise business further galley-westward than most of us thought it would. It was logical that round-the-world schedules would be curtailed, that European pleasure trips would be dropped, and that ships of belligerent nations wouldn't do much unnecessary wandering. It seemed, on the other hand, reasonable to expect that the neutral European countries would take advantage of the supposedly safe Caribbean and keep their cruise ships running, but it now appears that most foreign lines have decided to call everything off. Not all of them, though; the Swedish American Line, for one, is pooh-poohing the jitters and has announced revised cruise itineraries, which it swears it's going to maintain. These will skip all belligerent ports (British Jamaica and Nassau and French Martinique, for instance) and concentrate on Haiti and Cuba. With the Swedish flag painted prominently on the sides of the Kungsholm and Gripsholm, the line is going ahead with its autumn plans. The Kungsholm is scheduled to sail on October 10th for eight days and again sail on a nine-day cruise on October 21st; the Gripsholm is expected to start out for a twelve-day run on November 22nd. The Holland-America Line wanted very much to follow suit and had a prolonged, neutral-port scheme all worked out. Intending to initiate it, the Rotterdam, comfortably filled, sailed for the South on the ninth of this month, and until last week the advices were that it would repeat the performance throughout October and November. Finally, however, the complications of booking people who were brave one day and timid the next made the line decide to give the whole thing up. The Holland-America people aren't talking about the future, but some of the personnel are hoping and betting out loud that we'll all calm down soon, so that Dutch ships can be in Southern waters again this winter.

WHAT the fate of Bermuda is going to be no one knows, but the travel men's guesses are that it won't be edged entirely out as a vacation resort. It seems reasonable to hope that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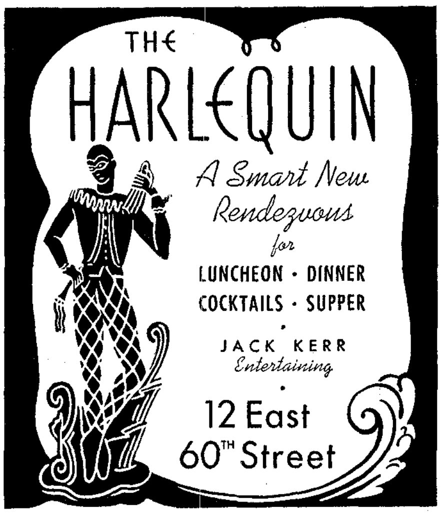
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either our own ships or those of some other neutral nation will, bit by bit as the year goes on, begin to provide service to the island. At the moment, there's very little service to Bermuda by water. The Monarch and Queen have been called elsewhere, and there are no immediate plans for sending them to the island. The Acadia may be sent to Europe for American strandees. The Canadian National's Lady boats, which sail to Bermuda from Montreal, Halifax, and Boston, have so far kept on, but the line won't promise a thing.

Meanwhile, Pan American keeps up its Bermuda flights right on the minute and has every intention of continuing; its clippers are full on nearly every trip. Although such big hotels as the Princess, Bermudiana, Castle Harbour, and Belmont Manor are closed, the Inverurie is open, and so are the Elbow Beach Hotel, Harrington House, Cambridge Beaches, and the Princess Cottage Colony. The guest houses, I have recently been informed, have no intention of closing so long as there are guests. The war has thus far brought about no change in the liquor laws and places like Twenty-One and the Ace of Clubs are running merrily. There is, though, one rub—you now have to have a passport and a British visa to land on the island. Passports aren't as easy to get as they once were, but fortunately, in the case of Bermuda, you don't have to prove "imperative necessity" for your visit. If you're merely a friendly tourist, the visa isn't hard to obtain, either. And remember that, under wartime emergency, the Governor has been given two hair-raising powers: he can keep an automobile (lots of them, if he wants), and he can allow women to vote.

THE American-owned lines haven't, so far as I can find out, let the war interfere with their plans in this hemisphere. Indeed, many of them look, perhaps optimistically, toward increased travel to the South before the winter is over. The Grace Line maintains its weekly sailings on eighteen-day Caribbean cruises, touching at neutral territory only—Curaçao, Venezuela, Colombia, Panama, and Haiti—and its weekly departures for the west coast of South America, through the Canal to Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Chile. The American Republics Line goes right on sending its fine, renovated ships on the regular run down the east coast to Buenos Aires. Quite unaffected, too, are Panama Pacific's service through the Canal to California and the Panama

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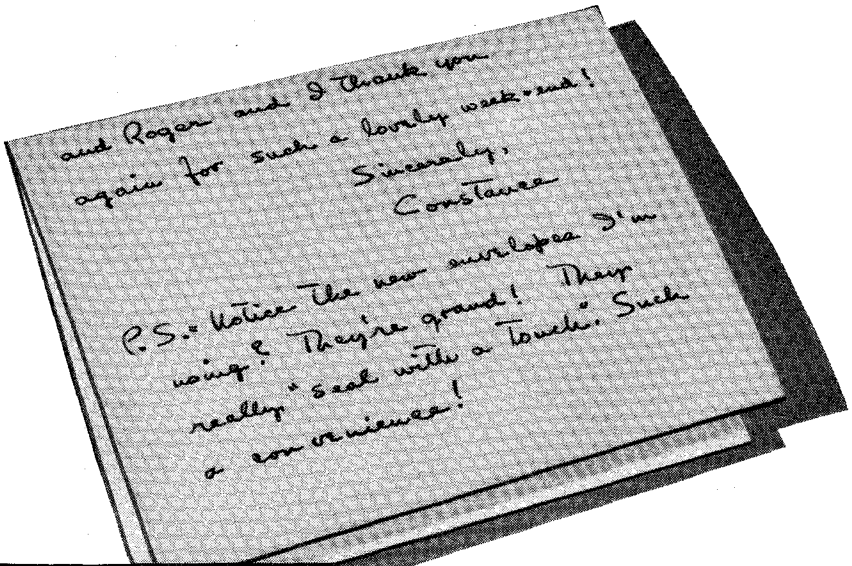

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again for such a lovely week-end!
Sincerely,
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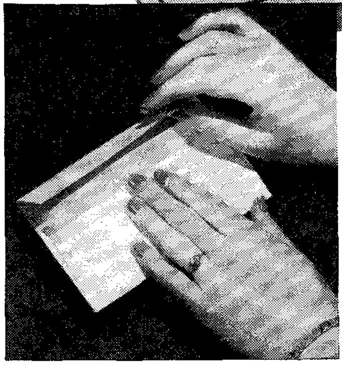

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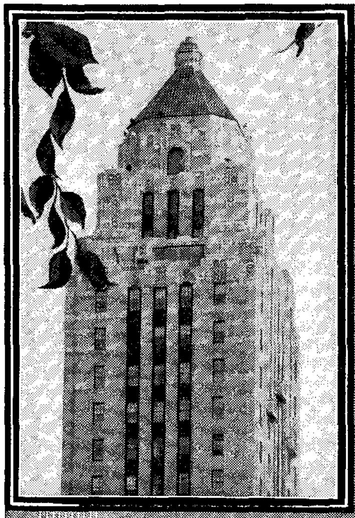

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Railroad's operation of its splendid new fireproof boats Panama, Cristobal, and Ancon to Haiti and the Canal Zone. Clyde-Mallory has temporarily lost its Iroquois to the transatlantic service, but United Fruit keeps plodding along with its familiar cruise schedule: fifteen days to Cuba, Costa Rica and the Canal Zone; fifteen days to Jamaica, Colombia, and the Canal Zone; twenty-six days to Cuba, Honduras, and Guatemala. The New York & Cuba Mail is operating normally; so are the Borinquen and Coamo, of the Porto Rico Line, one of which sails for eleven days every Thursday. Though the Queen Mary, the Normandie, and the Ile-de-France may sit gloomily off Twelfth Avenue, the Port of New York, you see, is not idle.

AND again, there's always Pan American. Except for the fact that its two transatlantic flights now end at Foynes, Ireland, and Lisbon, Portugal, instead of at Southampton and Marseilles, it hasn't dropped an air mile from its regular routine. Its routes still make a network over Mexico and South America, and the company expects some increase in its South American service as lines controlled down there by European interests find it necessary to retrench. This may be a good time to remind you that Eastern Air Lines has a Mexico Flyer, which carries you direct to the border at Brownsville, Texas, where you pick up the Pan American southbound planes. It leaves daily from Newark and takes just a little under fourteen hours. Eastern also provides connections from New York for the Pan American planes which leave from Miami for the Caribbean as well as South America.

A THOUGHT FOR THE UNCERTAIN FUTURE: Even though Canada is at war, it maintains that it is going to bid hard for the winter-sports trade this year and that it does not contemplate requiring passports. —S. R. W.

•

THE FORSAKEN BARMAN

Pity the poor bartender
In Childs Olde English Shoppe
Who waits all day for a customer
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He stands there idly dreaming
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—JANE SHELLHASE

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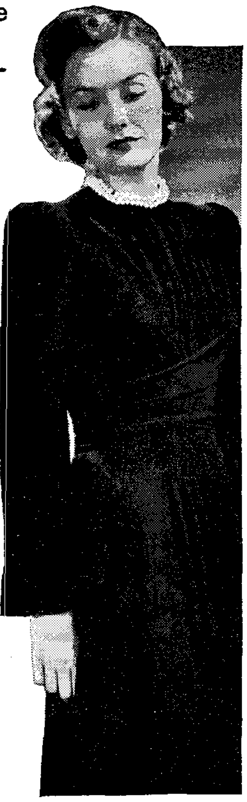

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"Fullness—somewhere!" insists Paris, and we'll take it on the front—shirred flat across the midriff.

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POLO

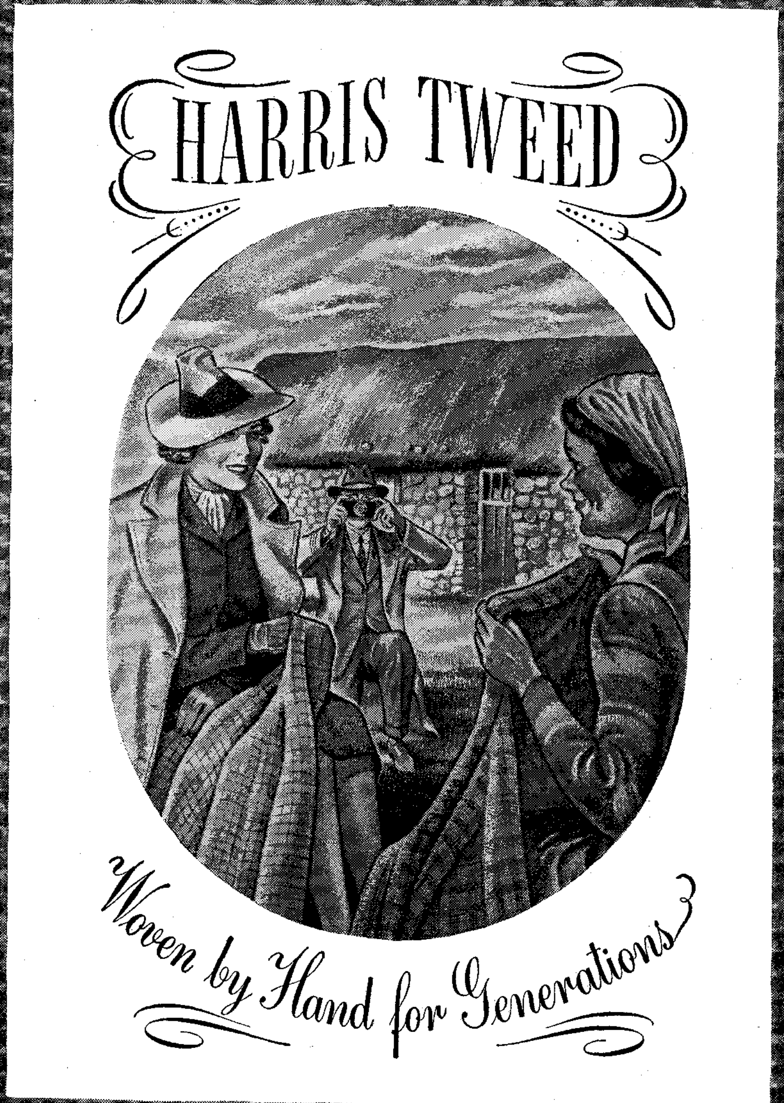
It Looks Easy

IF Jock Whitney's Greentree doesn't win the Open Polo Championship this Sunday, sideboard observers and tack-room strategists are going to be surprised. Coming back from Meadow Brook after last weekend, no one seemed to think that the final round of the tournament, in which Greentree will play Bostwick Field, would amount to much more than a formality. Enthusiastic prophets can be wrong, and frequently are, but there probably won't be any more betting on the game than there was on the Westchester Cup series in June.

The match between Greentree and the Texas Rangers last Sunday was easily the best this season. On paper, Charlie Wrightsman's Rangers seemed to have an advantage, for the side included Eric Pedley, whose name has been something to frighten little teams with; Cecil Smith, one of the four 10-goal men; and Winston Guest, who at times is quite as good as one. Greentree's combination was a new one, for Pete Bostwick, the erstwhile No. 1, was leading his own team this year and Gerald Balding had returned to England. The new Greentree front men for Tommy Hitchcock were Peter Grace and Bob Skene, and nobody could tell how smoothly they'd work into the combination, least of all Jock Whitney, whose injured shoulder still bothered him. It worked, though, for Grace was steady, and Skene didn't miss hits as much as his critics thought he would. As a matter of fact, Skene's goals in the third period gave his side the lead it held to the end. Although Hitchcock didn't pull any polo balls out of the ears of the Ranger ponies, he was always in position, and brought off any number of clever shots. Whitney also was in top form, more than once turning the attack with a neat bit of mallet work.

Pedley, however, wasn't quite the Pedley of the East-West matches five years ago, when he last played at Meadow Brook, or of the Internationals. Perhaps he isn't as good at No. 3—a position he tried for the Rangers—as he is at No. 1. Anyhow, he seemed to be constantly getting in the way of Smith at just the wrong time. Guest, who started out splendidly, slowed down toward the end, but obviously because of pony trouble.

The Rangers took the lead quickly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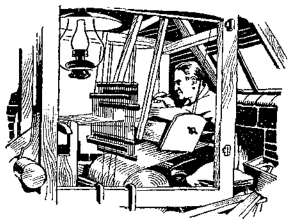

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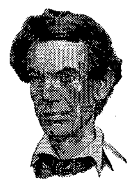

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but couldn't hold it long. With the Rangers leading 4–3, Guest made a perfectly amazing goal from about eighty yards out. Skene thereupon scored twice, and Hitchcock had three tries at a safety, knocking the ball in on the third try and putting Greentree in the lead. From then on until the end of the match, which Greentree won, 14–11, the Rangers were trying to catch up. I suppose there were more fouls and mad riding than there've been since the first International match, if you remember that. At any rate, Smith made five goals on free hits and Hitchcock made two.

Greentree was far better mounted than the Rangers, and that helped, too. If Whitney's team wins the championship, and I think it will, it won't be far wrong to say that it really was done last spring when he bought all the ponies of his cousin, Sonny Whitney. It had taken Sonny Whitney nearly four years to build up this string of mounts, which had helped him win the Open twice with the Old Westbury team. He intended to sell the lot at auction, but Jock Whitney saved him the trouble by taking them all off his hands.

NO one really was surprised when Bostwick Field beat Westbury in the opening round on Saturday. The surprise was that the match was so close. Pete Bostwick, Bobby and Ebby Gerry, and Tyrrell-Martin worked together well, but right from the start young Earl Hopping and Stewart Iglehart gave them plenty to do. Hopping, who weighs around two hundred and twenty pounds and is the heaviest man in high-goal tournaments, played the sort of game he did eight or ten years ago, while Iglehart was in the best form he's been in all season.

SUPERSTITION: Winston Guest wouldn't wager with Jock Whitney on the match between their teams, as he has every year for ever so long, because, he said, Whitney always beats him. Whitney would have won his bet this time, too. —BACKHANDER

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CORRECTION

In the following legal notice entitled: "DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES for the District of Rhode Island. United States of America, Petitioner, vs. 267.255 Acres of Land, etc.," the figures (267.255) were incorrectly published as 267,255 in the Providence Journal of Friday, July 28th. The correct acreage is 267.255.—*Providence Journal.*

Thanks for straightening us out.

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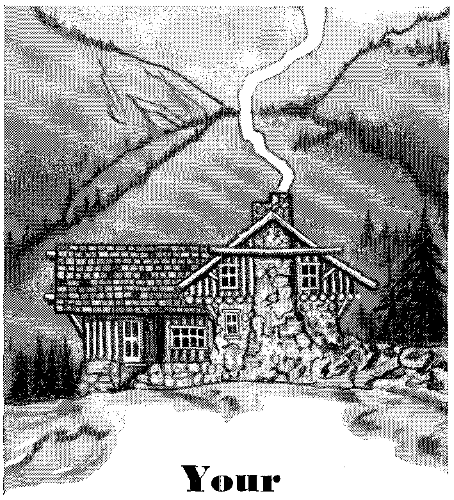

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Belgium, 1915

"NURSE EDITH CAVELL" is to be listed, I think, among the films that will be considered of interest in any serious history of the cinema which covers the period between 1918 and September 3rd of this year. Though it is just now released, it belongs, I suspect, rather to this chapter than to any that is to follow. It can be classed with such movies as "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Journey's End," though its immediate reception may be of a different character. Possibly it is the very kind of picture people will fear to see and wish to avoid at a time like this. Possibly it may be considered a test case of what the public taste will be this winter.

Aside from these points and from issues not directly relevant to the movie taken as a movie, such as its propaganda appeal and so on, the picture is magnificently handled. I remember only one false, or at least dubious, note throughout the production. That is in the scene with the British chaplain, a miscast rôle, where there seems an edging toward blatancy. The picture, for all its considerable beauty, is far too smooth to suggest a document, and in the balance of suspense, of tragedy, and of some slight humor, it bears all the earmarks of showmanship, such astute showmanship that not till you are out from under its impact do you hesitate a moment to appraise its honesty. Though impressive credit is given to the relatives and associates of Miss Cavell, and to the Imperial War Museum in London, and to the Department of State in Washington, the facts have been surrendered to the direction of Herbert Wilcox, who knows certainly the facts of studio life. The inevitable sheen of the whole production makes it suspect as history. The piece is in the great convention of the films. In a part probably fitted only to the great tragediennes of the classic theatre, Anna Neagle seemed to me impressive but uninspired. In her care not to overdo, she is majestic always, yet remote and impersonal, the imperturbable and beautiful martyr of legend. Perhaps because she is so determinedly separate from the ordinary course of life about her, the

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AGENT ON PREMISES

other players in the film gain an especial force of their own. Edna May Oliver, May Robson, and ZaSu Pitts, abandoning their usual tricks and stunts of comic value, which would certainly be incongruous in this picture, have never given anything more effective than they do here. They are the associates of Miss Cavell in the smuggling out of soldiers in defiance of the German Army, and, in their respective rôles, are plausible to the end. This business of the smuggling across the Dutch border, in detail and dramatic power, has, of course, been beautifully screened, being sure screen material, and every element of the pageantry of the German military court has naturally been employed. The film is certainly superior, and, as I said, many may not want to see it now.

AMONG the average films of the moment, I think I'd choose Edward G. Robinson's "Blackmail" as my pet. Not that it is a particularly brilliant exhibit for this gentleman to give us, or that it hasn't a good many sagging moments. However, there is a general air of excitement about it, and occasional spasms of good melodrama. It begins with some nice showy oil-well fires, and swings suddenly from Oklahoma to a Southern chain gang. Gene Lockhart, as a sloppy, slovenly, yet slick blackmailer, contrives something very pretty in the way of an acting stunt. Mr. Robinson himself is thrown into so much violence in fighting fires, being tortured in the chain gang, and escaping from the prison that his suave talent is wrenched all out of gear. He might almost as well have given the whole part right over to a stand-in. . . . Samuel Goldwyn has speckled "The Real Glory" with little flashes of the horrors of old Philippine warfare between the Americans and the Moros that can give you the shivers. Those natives stopped at nothing, and neither does Mr. Goldwyn. There are breathing spaces to quiet things down a little and allow Miss Andrea Leeds and Mr. Gary Cooper and other more or less sedate performers to keep their balance. . . . I am glad to be able to report that there is one comedy. After all these other items of martyrdom and pain and torture, "Honeymoon in Bali" seems quite a blessing in its way. It amounts to a nondescript absurdity, with Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray. It's sufficiently absurd, though, and the people involved saunter through it with easy badinage and good temper.

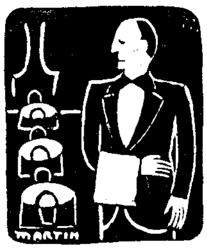
—JOHN MOSHER

TABLES FOR TWO

The Old and the New

CLINGING gamely to the philosophy of escapism, the night clubs I've been to recently have kept commendably aloof from patriotic music and toy-soldier favors. The war, in fact, doesn't seem to have affected the situation at all, except possibly in the case of one bouncer at a dimly lit midtown place who is telling people that he hopes he won't have to do military service in Italy because the sun there would probably disagree with him. Most of the big, formal places, holding off until the theatre season really gets going, are still painting and polishing and tearing at the upholstery, but plenty of less pretentious, if equally familiar, spots are open and waiting eagerly for you to drop in with that party of fourteen.

Among the people who rarely penetrate as far west as the other side of Fifth Avenue, one perennially popular place is Larue, at 45 East Fifty-eighth Street. It has two orchestras. One of them is headed by Joseph C. Smith, the only band-leader I've ever heard of who uses a middle initial. The other group is led by Eddie Davis, not to be confused with his more rowdy namesake of Leon and Eddie's fame. The staff at Larue manages to make night-clubbing seem an unusually dignified and quiet pursuit, and it's just the place for you if you cringe at the sight, or sound, of a loud trombone. The Coq Rouge, at 65 East Fifty-sixth Street, hasn't anything in the way of spectacular entertainment either, unless you count society singers as spectacular. At last reports, Anne Francine, a competent member of that maligned school, was scheduled to make a return appearance sometime this week. George Sterney's orchestra and the Tisdale Trio are still at their traditional posts. If you don't feel like eating or dancing, the bar is decorative and, unless you happen to meet up with a noisy crowd playing bagatelle at one of the corner tables, sufficiently restful. Armando's, at 54 East Fifty-fifth Street, has been a busy sports centre all summer, with the gay young bloods sitting around in the afternoons playing backgammon when the weather outside was too oppressive. Now the place is making a stronger bid than ever for the dancing trade with two bands—Frank Mandella's and Vincent Bragale's. It is Mr. Mandella's pleasure, on occasion, to jump down from his bandstand, guitar in hand, and lead the patrons in a lively conga. I have nothing against the conga, but it surely wasn't meant to be danced on a floor not much larger than Mr. Mandella's guitar.



One place that has laughed at tradition and got away with it is the Montparnasse, way uptown at Madison Avenue and Seventy-ninth Street. That's actually no further from Fifty-second Street, of course, than Madison Square, but some mid-towners I know feel that every time they head north from the Plaza Bar at night they are entering dangerous, uncharted territory. Montparnasse isn't at all worried about this; it has the loyal patronage of those upper East Siders who find it an exceedingly handy oasis. Everybody there seems to have at least two or three friends in the room, and you'll hear a lot of helloing and howareyouing all over the place. Hal Saunders has a small, serviceable band, and the dance floor, though it's not immense, is at least big enough for you to turn around on safely.

TO step back downtown, you probably don't have to be told that Hildegarde, with the assistance of Emile Petti's orchestra, is holding forth at the Café Lounge of the Savoy-Plaza, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. There's been a lot of to-do about this girl and her Tinkle Club, an unofficial organization conceived for the single purpose of dignifying the ancient and not always euphonic practice of pounding on a glass with a highball stirrer when somebody is trying to sing. Hildegarde makes a specialty of encouraging this competition, perhaps because she is so accomplished a performer that she can turn it off with the wave of a hand. I've never been crazy about her voice, but she has a certain ability to win over and hold an audience which so many other night-club singers lack, and that, when you come right down to it, probably means more than being able to hit a high note consistently.

THE first of the big places to open for the fall was the Rainbow Room, and three of the four items on its bill should be familiar if you're in the habit of visiting the Rockefellers' lair. Al Donahue and Eddie LeBaron are there again with their bands, and so is Jack Cole. He's the young dancer who studied under Ruth St. Denis and is, I understand, personally eccentric to the extent of wearing three pairs of socks at once when he's not dancing. The only eccentric part of his program, unless you consider everything East Indian eccentric, is a Balinese strip tease in which his two girl partners end up in long blue stockings and magenta corsets. The rest of the entertainment is provided by the Revuers, late of the Village Vanguard and mentioned in this department before. Their material hasn't changed and sounds as good in the clouds as it did in a cellar.

SCRIBBLES ON A TABLECLOTH: Several new and ambitious places are opening in the next couple of weeks. . . . La Martinique, on the site of the old La Conga, at 57 West Fifty-seventh Street, will be run by the male members of two dance teams—Dario and Diane and Ramon and Renita. The latter couple will dance, too. . . . Next Wednesday will see the unveiling of Ciro's, at 112 Central Park South, which has been functioning since June as a restaurant. It is a branch of Ciro's in London, recently closed for obvious reasons. . . . Sherman Billingsley, not to be outdone, has a new place coming, too—the Nine O'Clock Club, at 125 East Fifty-fourth Street. I hope that it will serve to relieve some of the pressure around Mr. Billingsley's Stork Club bar, which is becoming so jammed that an outlander passing by might easily take it for a bargain counter on Christmas Eve.

—CHECK

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Miss Lois N. Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Addison N. Williams of this town and an honor student in the Home Economics College of the Farmington Normal School, was united in marriage with L. Joseph Roy, Professor of Science at the School... on Thursday evening....

Mr. and Mrs. Roy left on Friday for Chapel Hill, N.C., where he is to preside on Wednesday at a conference on Marriage in the Family.—*Franklin Journal, Farmington, Me.*

Old "Under-the-Wire" Roy!

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From the San Diego Sun*]

The city jail camp and target range have been invaluable for relieving congestion in the city jail.

BOOKS

Inside Germany, China, and J. B. Priestley

AT their best, most thrillers congeal the blood or quicken the heartbeat. Rarely does one come along that, like Ethel Vance's "Escape," also absorbs the intelligence. A flip formula might describe this best-seller—I'll take any reasonable bet it *will* be a best-seller—as "The Scarlet Pimpernel" of the Hitler dictatorship. The two melodramas share the same theme: the escape, under almost insuperable difficulties, of a political prisoner. But the difference is profound. Baroness Orczy's slick confection bears not the crudest relation to the realities of the French Revolution. "Escape" has a great deal to do with the realities of Nazism. It's a thriller that balances itself on two levels. You follow avidly what is happening and at the same time find yourself paying close attention to what the happenings mean.

The story fits together like the parts of a watch. At its centre is the world-famous, middle-aged, enchanting actress Emmy Ritter, condemned to die under the axe of Hitler's headsman for a "political crime." Nothing, it seems, can save her, as her artist son, Mark (an American citizen), learns when he arrives in Germany. Or, rather, no single person can save her. But there is the prison doctor, a Nazi who is also an intellectual. He cannot bring himself to see her die. There is Fritz, the grumbling, unsentimental family retainer, who, when the time comes, cannot bear to see her die either. And there is the Countess, the mistress of a Nazi general, who finds in the end that the simple values Emmy Ritter stands for weigh more than the magnificent brutalities of her lover. These three, together with Mark, are drawn into a complex plot to free Emmy Ritter. I'm not telling you anything the title hasn't already given away when I whisper in your ear that they succeed.

It's a thoroughly unconventional yarn, with a very slight romantic thread, pretty solid characterization throughout, no stock figures—Fritz may even be said to be a genuine original—and not a line of phony sensational writing. It obviously wasn't conceived as propaganda or to get the reader all hot and bothered about Hitler's concentration camps and curious conceptions of justice. It was conceived as a story, using the concentration-camp background for whatever dramatic values it might possess. But the story is suffused with a ubiquitous social honesty, a quiet indignation that makes its point without preachment and without once derailing a tense narrative. Perhaps you won't remember "Escape" in six months, but right now it's something not to be missed.

As for "Ethel Vance," if she isn't a bang-up professional writer using a pseudonym, I'll cheerfully eat this magazine, color plates and all.

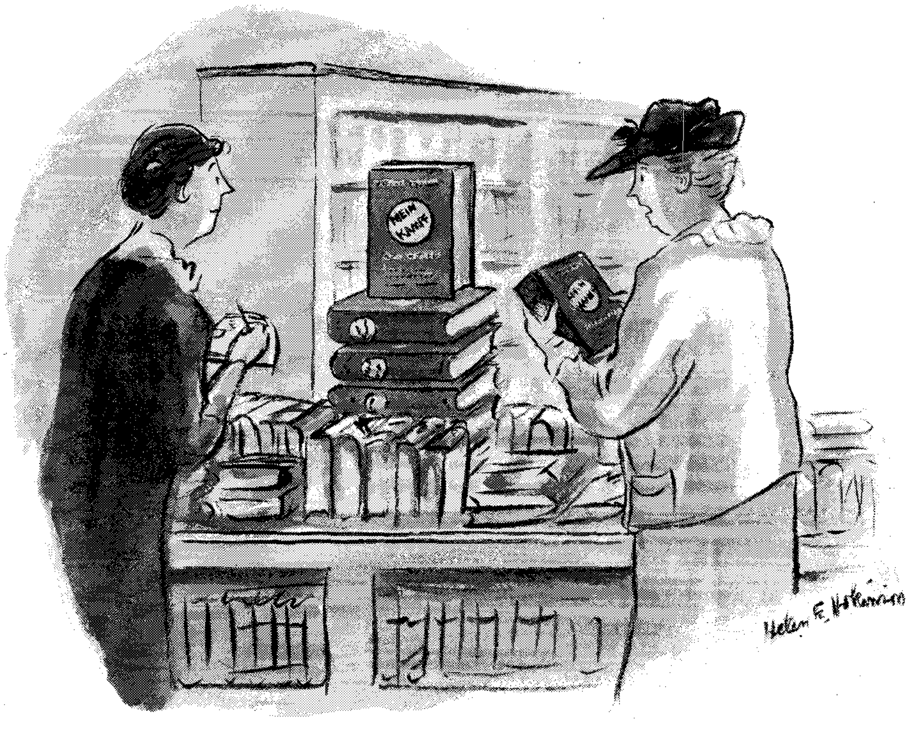
WHATEVER may be said of J. B. Priestley, it cannot be alleged that he fails to keep the reader adequately posted on his goings and comings. Two years have elapsed since "Midnight on the Desert," and now comes "Rain Upon Godshill," a further chapter of autobiography that brings Mr. Priestley practically up to date. If these biennial confidences continue, Mr. Priestley's going to leave mighty little for his biographers to do.

In "Rain Upon Godshill," he runs on, as readably and earnestly as ever, about pipe-smoking, airplanes, his trip to Egypt, the shortcomings of young literary critics, Jed Harris (he's a little miffed about Jed Harris), and his troubles and triumphs with his plays. We learn why he does not think much of Heywood Broun, and why he thinks a great deal of the Painted Desert, and what his opinion is of New Orleans, and how he whirled through twenty lectures in thirty days. We get his views (very nice) on Frank Case and the Algonquin, on Thomas Wolfe, and particularly on his own plays, whose merits Mr. Priestley is hardly guilty of overlooking.

All this is entertaining enough as gossip, but the real meat of the book lies in about fifty pages toward the end, in which Mr. Priestley settles down to a serious consideration of what is the matter with contemporary English life. I found this engrossing, not so much because it says anything very new but because Mr. Priestley's unaffected indignation (he's just discovered that what is wrong with England is simply the Right People) has a force and lucidity that more complex social analyses lack.

There's also plenty—perhaps a little too much—about J. W. Dunne's time theories and precognitive dreams—exactly the kind of apparently *terre-à-terre* mysticism to appeal to a solid Yorkshireman with no nonsense about him.

Mr. Priestley doesn't like reviewers much, so I feel a little cravenhearted in admitting that I can't return the compliment. I think "Rain Upon Godshill" a most diverting book, with much sound sense in it and just enough eccentricity to give it flavor. I hope it goes into many more editions, and if it does, will the publishers or somebody kindly correct the misspelling of a few words and phrases,



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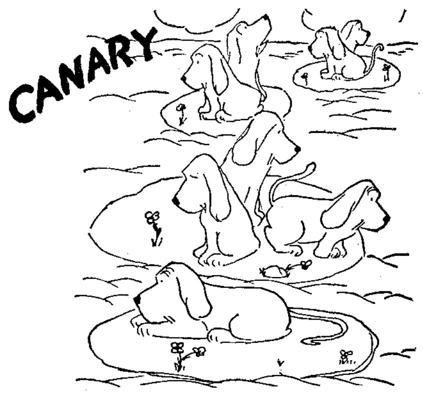

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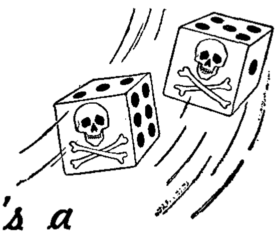

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ANTOINE

including René Clair, tesseract, crêpe Suzette, Northwestern University, Shepheard's Hotel, and "La Kermesse Héroïque." All very unimportant, Mr. Priestley, and the sort of thing that shows the vile stuff reviewers are made of.

FOLLOW up your reading of "Inside Asia" with Carl Crow's "The Chinese Are Like That," a collection of anecdotal little essays on Chinese life and character. Mr. Crow is a businessman who lived in China for many years without any special object except to make an honest living. He never ached, like the missionaries, to convert the Chinese. He never thought of them "imperially," as consular officials do. He just did business with them, watched them, and got to like them. He's no Orientalist and has practically no scientific educational equipment, but his observations seem considerably more sensible than those of such highly trained intellectuals as, for example, Bertrand Russell.

There's no organization to the book. It's a rambling set of brief disquisitions on such matters as Chinese habits of work, concepts of time, modes of agriculture, and methods of restraining competition without the aid of law. He explains why, in a set of a dozen Chinese plates, no two will ever be the same size and shape, and why, to the Chinese, three o'clock means any time between one and five. He discloses the mysteries of "squeeze," which is a complicated household servants' racket, and advances an interesting theory—that the Chinese are, as a race, hard of hearing—to account for their extraordinary delight in noise of all kinds. You learn how it happens that Mr. Crow's house coolie was passing rich on seven dollars a month and why the Chinese don't attempt to rescue drowning persons. Having read Mr. Crow, I know all about their beggar industry, their kidnapping business, their imprecations, and their connoisseurship in sunrises.

Mr. Crow is perfect when he's just setting one little odd fact after another. When he generalizes, he's not so good. He declares, for example, that "China is one vast reservoir of love of beauty, laughter, and an optimism which nothing can daunt." Which is the way G. K. Chesterton talked about the glorious Middle Ages. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN, by Francis Hackett. Mr. Hackett has made himself thoroughly at home in the period

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of Henry VIII and Francis I. They both appear full length in this book, along with many of their famous contemporaries and Poor Anne, whose ambition took her all the way up to the throne of England but could not keep her from the executioner's block. Perhaps the most effective character is King Henry, torn between his conscience and his appetites, but there are many others, from Cardinal Wolsey to Thomas Wyatt, poet and rejected lover. A persuasive historical novel, as rowdy and vital as the times it treats of.

FILES ON PARADE, by John O'Hara. Thirty-five more short stories from the author of "Appointment in Samarra," who knows as much about how America speaks and behaves as any writer today. Most of them first appeared in this magazine.

BLOSSOM LIKE THE ROSE, by Norah Lofts. Life in a New England settlement in the seventeenth century. Miss Lofts writes her tale of the hard-bitten, narrow-minded, stubbornly religious colonists in a clear, firm prose. A pleasantly tender love story provides the romance, and the Indians, described as murderous savages, provide the drama.

THE MOON TO PLAY WITH, by Elizabeth Dunn. An agreeable light novel concerning the shipboard complications between an actress on the verge of becoming passé, a Hollywood scout, a lovely American heiress, and a stern young surgeon whose girl has just jilted him. If you can't figure out the results without being told, you're no novel-reader.

LORINDA, by Marjorie Carleton. Miss Carleton's heroine begins as a pretty little village miss who has gone wrong. She has everything to learn, including how to wash behind the ears, but she ends as a wise and charming woman of the world. All right if you can believe it. Just for good measure, Miss Carleton throws in a glimpse of the Titanic sinking.

FOOTLIGHTS ON A HERO, by Sydney Thompson. The love and money troubles of an earnest young playwright, a famous actor, his double-crossing actress wife, and a nice girl. Entertainingly told, with no strain on your mind.

GENERAL

FORCES IN AMERICAN CRITICISM, by Bernard Smith. An acute, serious, but not solemn study of the fundamental relations between American life and American literature as the latter is reflected by our literary critics from the days of the Puritans to the latest Marxist. The general tone is materialist in the best sense. Mr. Smith is perhaps too ebullient in his indignation over those critics who do not share his particular social and political beliefs. His book, however, is not a record of mere opinion but a solid job, not unworthy of the comparison (made by the publisher) with the great work of Parrington.

ATOMS IN ACTION: THE WORLD OF CREATIVE PHYSICS, by George Russell Harrison. This is a book, by a professor who writes soundly and clearly, on how modern physics is being put to work—to create and store energy, bring agriculture out of its present medievalism, give glass new uses, contrive more efficient light, improve your radio reception, treat your diseases, condition the weather, and do other breathtaking stunts. High-grade popular science. Illustrated.

MASTER BUILDERS, by Stefan Zweig, translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. Nine long essays, of which six have previously appeared in English. The subjects are Balzac, Dickens, Dostoevski, Hölderlin, Kleist, Nietzsche, Casanova, Stendhal, Tolstoy. There is a certain vague unity binding these remarkable though somewhat cloudy studies.

A VICTORIAN IN THE MODERN WORLD, by Hutchins Hapgood. "A picture of the modern world strained through the Victorian temperament or, rather, the Victorian culture" is the author's description of his memoirs, which are prolix but interesting. Mr. Hapgood seems to have known most of the important labor leaders, writers, anarchists, and eccentrics of the last forty years and is especially detailed in his account of the American and international bohemian life that died in the late twenties. Illustrated.

SCIENCE TODAY AND TOMORROW, by

POLICE
TAKE COVER

Waldemar Kaempffert. Vivid scientific popularization by a man who knows his job. Exploding stars, life in the solar system, touring by rocket, Alexis Carrel, evolution since Darwin, what's inside the atom—there are eighteen essays on such subjects, all superior.

After Seven Years, by Raymond Moley. Very personal, frank, and full account of Mr. Moley's association with the President; of the origin, growth, and dispersal of the Brain Trust; and of what Mr. Moley seems to describe as the New Deal's secession from Mr. Moley. Absorbing reading for students of American politics, who must keep in mind that this is far from being an objective book. Illustrated.

Cape Horn, by Felix Riesenberg. A grand big volume for mariners, whether old salts or armchair sailors. Gives a complete narrative of the most thrilling voyages in the Cape Horn region, from Magellan to Mr. Riesenberg himself. There's a good deal of new geographical material, and several great sailors hitherto neglected are given proper chronicling. Illustrations, and colored frontispiece and charts.

The Glass Giant of Palomar, by David O. Woodbury, with fifty drawings by the author and sketches by Russell W. Porter. It took twelve years, plus incredible courage, intelligence, and resourcefulness, to produce the 200-inch telescope that will soon be ready to explore universes. Here is the story—highly dramatized and with the spotlight on personalities, such as George Ellery Hale—of the whole undertaking.

Abraham Lincoln. A biography in pictures—about 175 of them, many rare—with good accompanying text by Agnes Rogers.

Mexico: An Object Lesson, by Evelyn Waugh. Mr. Waugh writes very gloomily, not to say cantankerously, about Mexico, which he sees as going from bad to worse. His viewpoint is highly Conservative, to say the least.

After Twelve Years, by Michael A. Musmanno. Complete and gripping retelling of the whole Sacco-Vanzetti case. The author was voluntary attorney for the victims during the last five months of their lives.

Hardly a Man Is Now Alive, the autobiography of Dan Beard. Dan Beard's memory goes back a long way and he's able to talk about much more than Boy Scouts. Mark Twain

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SHE LOSES BY A NOSE! WET, SOGGY HANKIES DID IT! HASN'T THE GAL EVER HEARD OF KLEENEX TISSUES TO SOOTHE A SORE NOSE DURING COLDS? (from a letter by S. C., Chicago, Ill.)

"TEACHER'S PET... IS KLEENEX WHEN PUPILS FORGET THEIR HANKIES, SKIN THEIR KNEES, OR SPILL INK. (from a letter by E. S., Belcher, La.)

LISTEN, GIRLS, I'M NO CLOWNING FOOL.. WHEN IT COMES TO REMOVING MAKE-UP AND CLEANSING CREAM. KLEENEX TISSUES ARE SOFT, SANITARY, NON-IRRITATING TO MY SKIN. THEY DON'T CRUMPLE OR SHRED IN USE. (from a letter by R. W. L., Springfield, Ohio)

I FELL FOR KLEENEX WHEN GREASE SPATTERED ON THE LINOLEUM, I USED TO SLIP AND ALMOST BREAK MY NECK. BUT NOW I USE KLEENEX TISSUES TO WIPE UP GREASE SPOTS AND SAVE MYSELF FROM SPILLS. (from a letter by A. G. H., Fort Wayne, Ind.)

"TWO BUNDLES FROM HEAVEN... KLEENEX IS A HEAVEN-SENT HELP FOR KEEPING BABY CLEAN AND SWEET ...AND PREVENTING CODLIVER OIL FROM STAINING HIS CLOTHES. (from a letter by G. I. F., Jamaica Plain, Mass.)

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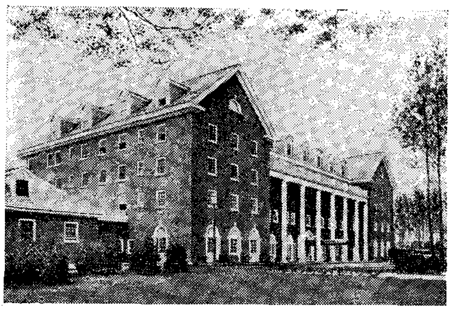

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ALEXANDER HAMILTON: PORTRAIT OF A PRODIGY, by David Loth. Well-rounded biography, not especially penetrating, of the American Pitt. Illustrated.

IN DEFENSE OF FRANCE, by Edouard Daladier. The Premier's speeches, from April 13, 1938, to May 11, 1939. The translator's name is not given.

ELIZABETH AND LEYCESTER, by Frederick Chamberlin. A lengthy, dull, but apparently scholarly biography of Queen Elizabeth's chief counsellor, whom the author believes was undeservedly maligned. Illustrated.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

TRAGEDY IN THE HOLLOW, by Freeman Wills Crofts. A travel-agency courier accepts a job aboard a tourist liner only to find that it has been converted into a luxurious gambling hell. Inspector French is on hand when a man is murdered during a shore excursion in Northern Ireland. Honest, straightforward tale, with a travelogue touch.

THE CORPSE WITH THE RED-HEADED FRIEND, by R. A. J. Walling. The time element is too important in this investigation into the death of Thomas Entwhistle on his country estate in England. All right for readers who carry stopwatches, but uphill going for the high-strung. Mr. Tolefree is the man who splits the seconds for you.

LIAR DICE, by J. S. Mosher. Wheels within wheels in Tientsin, with Bill Taylor, consul, spinning around like mad in the centre. Opium smuggling, Japanese complications, love, and murder should take your mind off the good earth. Written with authority.

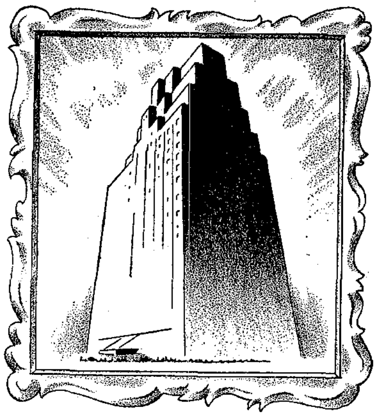
THE BLACK GLOVES, by Constance and Gwenyth Little. The Vickers family return, after five years abroad, to find a nest of horrid little cottages next to their property in New Jersey. Lissa Vickers Herridge's divorced husband occupies one, and there is a corpse in the cellar of the manor house. Fresh, humorous story.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the World Telegram*]

Southwestern College, Memphis, Tenn., has coupled the degree of doctor of literature on Dr. J. V. Moldenhawer, minister of the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 12th St., tomorrow.



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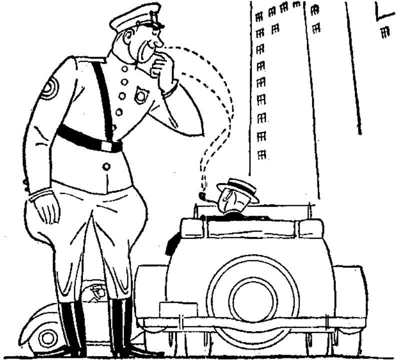

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